

WHOLE NO. 10124.

COME TO

WHISKARD'S

230-232 Dundas St.

Just received per special import, two large cases of Flowers and Hats.

Full lines of Violets in all shades.

Special purchase of double-fold fine Madras Muslin Curtaining, two-toned, worth 50c, Whiskard's price,

20c YARD

Silk Fringes to match, worth 15c, Whiskard's price,

10c YARD

New line of Watered Silk Baby Ribbon, only

2c YARD

Splendid line of White Twilled Sheeting, worth 12½c, Whiskard's price,

10c YARD

Fine Lonsdale Cambric, special,

15c YARD

Corset Waists, in gray and white,

25c PAIR.

Japanese Gold Tinsel Drapery

15c, 20c, 25c YARD

Just in, new lines of Jet Ornaments,

25c EACH.

Belting Ribbon, in black and colors,

15c YARD

Side Combs, 5c pair.

Small Fancy Back Combs, 5c each.

Oak Towel Rings, 10c each.

Curling Tongs, 5c pair.

Gordon Braid, 12 yards for 5c.

Vandyke Braid, 12 bunches for 10c.

Whiskard's

Live News in a Line.

Sir Henry Brougham Loch, Governor of Cape Colony, has been recalled as the result of a long standing difference of opinion with the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, the Premier and Minister of Native Affairs of the colony.

A deputation of Norman Senators and Deputies held a conference with Senator Gardand, French Minister of Agriculture, on Friday and demanded that the Government prohibit the importation of American cattle.

The Cairo Museum has seven brooms used by ancient Egyptian women. They are made of straw and closely resemble the same article in use today.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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.

The death occurred last week of Rev. John H. Orr, D.D., clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland. A model officer, he was held in great esteem.

A man was released from prison in England last week who had been under sentence of five years' penal servitude for having stabbed a woman. It is now proved the woman inflicted the injuries on herself, and she stands charged with perjury.

Just for one week \$4 will buy an oak finished extension table; solid oak lounge, upholstered in genuine hair cloth, only \$5. KEENE BROS., 127 King street, opposite market house.

A boon to the residents in the north is the new butcher shop, 560 Richmond street, where first-class meat can be procured. W. A. FORTNER. ywt

The Formula Revealed.

A carefully disseminated prescription of Ipecac, Senega, Yarrow, Santa, Southern Star, Tamarae and Tolu with Marate of Ammonia is FOUR T's, the great cough cure. Any doctor will tell you there is nothing better for a cold. Price 25c at Szrno's Drug Store.

The oldest coin known is in the mint collection at Philadelphia. It was coined at Aegina in the year 700 B. C.

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe.

Some men go to extremes—but very many pursue a mean course.

Some men seem to think there is no solid comfort in anything but liquids. Nobody can help noticing the shortcomings of the man who is always behind time.

A man who would "fight his weight in wildcats" will often flee from a woman's prayer.

Business Begun

By Debating the Address in Reply to "the Speech."

Patron Haycock Makes a Breezy Address.

No Remarks from the Leader of the P. P. A.—Mr. Marter's Speech and Reply by Sir Oliver Mowat.

(Special to the "Advertiser.")

LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER.

TORONTO, Feb. 22.

Today has seen the first of the debates of the eighth Legislative Assembly of Ontario—the preliminary measuring of swords which goes by the name of the debate on the address. It is a very formal affair as a rule. That it was not formal today was chiefly owing to Mr. Haycock, who, if he perseveres in his course, will make as great an impression on the staid sobriety of the House as his party has into the politics of the country. The keen-eyed, rugged-featured leader of the Patrons is a capital stump speaker, and he imported some of his campaign methods into his first speech in the House with a decidedly breezy effect. Otherwise the speeches were not remarkable, for none of the speakers said anything very startling, and the debate was in the familiar form of mover and seconder, new members, both making their maiden efforts, the leader of the Opposition making his comments upon the policy of the Government.

The Premier replied, and this time a few remarks were made by the leader of the Patrons.

No speech was made by the leader of the P. P. A., so possibly Messrs. McCallum and Gurd have not yet settled the delicate question of leadership. As the members took their places, the change in the situation was very marked. The bank of Government supporters to the Speaker's right is still compact, though there are two—Mr. McPherson, the Patron, and Mr. Haggarty, the independent—who are not supporters of the Government, and who yet sit on this side of the House. But to the left the change was striking. Last session there was a fairly solid bank of Conservatives, now there are but a melancholy two dozen, occupying a bare quarter of the House. Where last session the striking figure of Mr. Meredith occupied the corner seat, Mr. Marter sits. Mr. A. P. Wood is there no longer; Mr. Clancy, the faithful deliver into figures, has disappeared; Mr. E. F. Clarke is no longer to be seen—well nigh the whole Opposition front row is there no longer.

The sturdy colony of Government supporters who used to hold the lower end of this part of the House is shrunken, too, and is represented by but six, while in place of the solitary Mr. Meredith, who last session used to sit in the remotest corner, there is a phalanx of thirteen Patrons, separated from the Conservatives by the Liberals. The two P. P. A. members sit in the center of the left of the House.

Nor is this the only revolution, for old faces have vanished to an unprecedented extent, there being no less than 46 new members. Of the speeches but little need be said. Mr. John Craig, of East Wellington, opened the ball with a speech in which he reviewed the Queen's speech, and it may be noted in reference to the promised extension of the system of registration, really tried in the cities and towns, urged its further extension to the rural constituencies.

Mr. Donald McNish, of West Elgin, seconded in a speech that was a veritable creditable maiden effort, and in which he made a stinging reference to the work of the P. P. A. in the recent election and to the quietism which that body has received from London and Kingston. He rapped the Conservatives, too, smartly with reference to the "calf with a cough," which respectable quadruped, he said, amid laughter, was likely to survive the public usefulness of its assailants.

Mr. Marter's speech contained little that was new. He made a courteous and appreciative reference to the late Hon. Mr. Fraser, and by way of reply to Mr. McNish's sally on the topic of the calf brought up the silver medal bull story. Once more he reiterated his former charges of extravagance, and accused the Government of having won the London election by a union of the prohibition and liquor votes, but didn't himself take any very emphatic ground upon that issue.

In reply Sir Oliver Mowat defended the Government from the charges made by Mr. Marter of extravagance, and in reference to his remarks upon the election at London pointed out the fact that even without the liquor vote Mr. Hobbs' majority would have been very large, while he also observed that he was aware that liquor men should be disfranchised. He further remarked that Mr. Marter had been the recipient of the liquor vote in North Toronto. He defended the Ontario Agricultural College from some insinuations of Mr. Marter's, and closed after a speech which, if not exhaustive effort, was an effective answer to the attack upon the Government.

Mr. Haycock spoke last. His stump speech manners clung to him in rather an amusing manner, though it was purely a kindly feeling that he inspired. He began with the orthodox, "Mr. Speaker," but added the heterodox, "and gentlemen." He told a campaign story. He remarked that the platform of the Patrons was not like that of a railway nearly as useful merely to get on—and in various other ways contravened the ordinary habits of the House. The climax was reached when he expressed the hope that the reporters heard him, and, appealing to the press gallery, asked of the astonished occupants thereof if he was audible. Nor would he be satisfied until a succession of nods told him that they were quite alive to what he was saying. Indeed, as a matter of fact, he was very clearly heard. He said some good things, however, in reply to Mr. Marter's claim that the Patrons represented Opposition to the Government. He remarked, "I don't just see how he figures it out." In an irresistible style and not unkindly way, he expressed regret that his party had made greater broads upon the Conservatives than upon the Liberals. Their presence there was not a protest against the Government, but an indication of greater freedom of thought. They were not obstructionists. He turned on the Government next, and in comment on the establishment of the dairy farm in Algoma, remarked that he hoped dairy farms would not be found necessary in Halton and West Wellington until the bye-elections were over. With reference to the report of the fees commission, he suggested that the occupation of the witnesses examined be told; and upon the topic of prohibition he said that personally he was the servant of the people who voted so overwhelmingly in favor of prohibition. In short, the speech was that of a decidedly

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The carpenters, brickmasons and plasterers are already at work. The sound of the hammer and tinkling of trowel will be heard around our premises for some weeks to come.

Two Great Stores

72 and 174 Dundas Street,

To be made one. Telling you of the past may not interest you, but we have just closed our seventh year of steady

PROGRESS

Progress built on correct principles--NO FAKES, NO FALSE STATEMENTS and NO EXTRAVAGANT EXAGGERATIONS.

WITH PRINCIPLES

Such as these we have engrafted the confidence of our patrons.

BUILDING SALE.

Every department is to undergo a complete change. It means moving of goods, inconvenience to us, and probably to our customers. A large amount of

SPRING GOODS

Already in place. Stocks are very heavy. We don't want to cart from place to place at contractor's command more than is absolutely necessary. We commence

The Sale of Our Life

TUESDAY NEXT, FEB. 26th.

Store will be closed Monday, 25th, to complete

MARKING DOWN GOODS.

All-Wool Dress Goods, - - - - -	5c	American Prints, beautiful patterns, - - - - -	6½c
Crum's Best Prints, alnew, - - - - -	10c	Double All-Wool Serge, - - - - -	20c
Factory Cotton, 7c, for - - - - -	5c	Best Shakers, wide, 10c, for - - - - -	7c
Ladies' Vests, 75c, for - - - - -	35c	Best Standard Shirtings, 12½c, for - - - - -	9c
36-inch Apron Gingham, 10c, for - - - - -	8½c	White Cotton, wide and heavy, 10c, for - - - - -	8½c
Mantle Cloths, \$1 and \$1 50, for - - - - -	50c	Cashmere Gloves, 35c, for - - - - -	19c

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS—

172 and 174

Bayley's DUNDAS STREET

shrewd man, and when he gets used to the atmosphere of the House will no doubt be effective.

This ended the debate, and the resolution to send "a humble address in reply to the speech from the throne" was passed without opposition.

A few bits of business were then transacted. The Minister of Agriculture invited the House to visit the Agriculture College at Guelph on Wednesday, and the Premier announced that the financial statement would be made \$135 71 respectively in the previous years. The total expenditures are: Toronto asylum, \$102,010 65; London, \$129,407 27; Kingston, \$76,944 45; Hamilton, \$107,566 66; Mimico, \$76,645 46; and Orillia, \$62,018 85. London shows an average per capita cost of \$127, coming inco, on the Brantford institution for the education for the blind, and on the Belleville institution for the education of the deaf and dumb. The report of the asylums for the insane shows that males and 66 females, the number being a little less than in past years. The total expenditure for 1894 was \$35,344 69, as against \$34,954 55 in 1893. The year 1891. There are, however, 104 outstanding applications for admission, which will wipe out the decrease. The number of lunatics and idiots in residence at the close of the year shows an increase of 166 over the year before, while

the average daily number of inmates has risen from 3,674 in 1893 to 3,899 in 1894, an increase of 155 in the year. The total expenditure shows a decrease of \$19,601 91, which is chiefly due to improvements effected in the furnaces.

An increase is shown in the Toronto and Orillia institutions, but the per capita cost shows a great decrease. The per capita cost of maintenance in 1894 was \$127 22, as against \$142 43, \$137 16 and \$135 71 respectively in the previous years. The total expenditures are: Toronto asylum, \$102,010 65; London, \$129,407 27; Kingston, \$76,944 45; Hamilton, \$107,566 66; Mimico, \$76,645 46; and Orillia, \$62,018 85. London shows an average per capita cost of \$127, coming inco, on the Brantford institution for the education for the blind, and on the Belleville institution for the education of the deaf and dumb. The report of the asylums for the insane shows that males and 66 females, the number being a little less than in past years. The total expenditure for 1894 was \$35,344 69, as against \$34,954 55 in 1893. The year 1891. There are, however, 104 outstanding applications for admission, which will wipe out the decrease. The number of lunatics and idiots in residence at the close of the year shows an increase of 166 over the year before, while

ing \$176 29, as compared with \$176 11 last year. A convention of graduates, which was held during the past year, was attended by 170 men and women, who all showed the benefit they had reaped from the school.

After the close of the debate on the address, interim appropriations amounting to \$500,000 were voted by the House.

NOTES.
The petitions have already begun to come in. A number of municipalities are asking for local option in taxation, and for reduction of toll on toll roads, and for a deprivation of municipalities of the power to exempt manufacturers from taxation.

The united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry ask for an amendment of the liquor license law, whereby hotel-keepers will be forbidden to advertise balls in connection with their hotels, the petition pointing out that much evil results from holding these entertainments on premises where liquor will be freely supplied. The following have been appointed license commissioners for East Middlesex: John Kennedy, Ilderton; Alfred Bailey, Thornedale; Joseph McDougall, Pond Mills.

The Patrons appointed Mr. Kidd, of Carleton, secretary. This means that

he will discharge the duties usually performed by a whip, though the new party as yet fights shy of the Parliament word. Mr. Senn, of Haldimand, was appointed to the position at first, but he has been unseated, and Mr. Kidd was appointed in his place. He will hold the position for the present.

The press gallery elected officers this afternoon. Mr. Charles T. Long, of the Ottawa Citizen, late of the Empire, was chosen president; Mr. Joseph E. Atkinson, of the Globe, vice-president, and Mr. J. H. Woods, of the Mail and Empire, secretary.

New Drug Store.—Anything you want in the drug line. Telephone No. 1013, or call at C. Symonds', chemist and druggist, 464 Dufferin avenue, corner Maitland street. ywt

CYPHENE BLOOD POISON
Cure for Skin Diseases, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Acne, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair-Falling, Write Cook Kennedy Co., 207 Nassau Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proof of cure. Capital \$500,000. Patients cured nine years ago today sound and well. 100-page book free.

The Advertiser

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JOHN CAMERON,
Pres't and Managing Director.

London, Saturday, February 23.

God is his heaven,
All's right with the world.
—Browning.

SNAP-SHOTS FROM THE CONVENTION OF THE CITY HIGH TAX LEADERS

There is a good deal that will interest the general public in the report of the London Conservative Association meeting which has been published in the organ of the party, albeit much that was said is suppressed. As usual, the meeting was barred to "Advertiser" reporters, the doors being tiled. But the published report suggests not a few reflections on the great change that has taken place in the city in recent years.

In the first place, Sir John Carling has finally been crowded out of public life. He told the convention that the act was voluntary on his part, but there can be no doubt that if Sir John could have relied on a support such as he was wont to get, he would again have allowed himself to be nominated. Four years ago he came near being set aside for another, when he was willing to be a candidate, and no doubt he reasoned that if he could not get the unanimous support of the Conservative Association it would be better for him to retire in advance, and that course he has now pursued. Mr. Richard Bayly told the convention that Sir John Carling was the strongest candidate the party could put up. There is no doubt that this view was honestly entertained by all the other experienced campaigners, but the old man has been moved by the logic of events to draw out of the race.

The candidates who are left to go before the convention are Mr. Thomas Beattie, Mr. Wm. Jones, Mr. Henry Macklin and Dr. Moorehouse. As explained by a member of the association to a friend last night, there is no very abiding faith on the part of the inner circle that either of these candidates will be able to defeat Mr. C. S. Hyman, M. P., when a man with the prestige of Sir John Carling was unable to do so. But this gentleman asserts that the defeated candidate will receive a salute in the shape of a senatorship. There is little certainty of that, compact being carried out, however, as the new Government to be formed after next Dominion general election will not be distributing senatorships as rewards to defeated Conservative candidates.

Mr. I. F. Hellmuth said the coming election would be for "blood," and that the "first blood" had been drawn by his political friends. He is easily satisfied. Away back in November Mr. Hellmuth went on the platform in support of Mr. Essery, and at every stage of that campaign he expressed himself as drawing the blood of the Liberals. If boasts of the majority that Mr. Essery would get meant anything. Moreover, the Conservative rank and file were told in that campaign that they must win the Provincial election and "seize the City Hall" if they would win in the Dominion election. They tried hard to accomplish both feats, but failed in each instance. "Blood" did not draw. The bye-election came off, and the majority for Hobbs was 803. We heard no more of the "blood" in that campaign. History will repeat itself in the coming campaign. The municipal elections came off, and as confessed by several speakers at last night's meeting, the Conservative managers made it a party struggle. No doubt of it. But did they draw blood? Not a bit of it.

By the way, when the mayoralty election was on, Mr. Wm. Jones, who ran against Mayor Little, got hundreds of votes from Liberals whom he canvassed on the ground that it was a non-political contest. At the meeting last night Mr. Wm. Gray, president of the Young Conservative Club, and others, acknowledged that the Conservative leaders had run the mayoralty campaign on party lines. How do the hundreds of Liberals in No. 3 ward and in every ward of the city, who supported Mr. Jones on neighborhood and other non-partisan grounds, like the manner in which it is confessed the wool was drawn over their eyes?

Ex-Mayor Essery spoke before Sir John Carling. Mr. Essery caused a mild sensation when he said that he would not withdraw till he saw who else stood, and declared that he would "even the matter if the man who knifed him came out." This reference to the last Provincial election, in which Mr. Essery was defeated by the overwhelming majority of 803, was well understood by those present. And today they tell us that Mr. Essery's threat had its de-

stred effect, as a few minutes afterwards the "man" retired, and Mr. Essery dramatically withdrew his name from among the number of the nominees. Though most of the speakers spoke regretfully about Sir John Carling's retirement, it is noticeable that Mr. Essery said nothing that would indicate regret that the old man had been crowded to one side.

Several of the speakers endeavored to make believe that the Liberals desire to crush the manufacturing industries of the country. This is a misrepresentation that will be believed by no intelligent man in London. A good half of the industrial establishments in this city are owned by Liberals, who have faith in the Liberal policy of a tariff for revenue only, and untaxed raw materials, and who would be the last men in the community to do anything to retard the legitimate progress of our manufactures. The same remark holds good of the workmen of London. They know that this city made greater progress under a tariff for revenue only than it has done under the high tax policy. Of course, we expect men who are members of monopolies to be opposed to the Liberal policy. But it is always safe for the masses of the people who enjoy no special Government privileges to tax their fellows for their own benefit, to watch the side on which the monopoly is to be found, and vote the other way. When it is proposed to readjust or reduce the tariff in any shape, we always have the men who are interested in unnecessary taxation putting on a poor mouth and threatening to shut up their shops if their political friends are not permitted to rule and to place the tariff as they demand. But we have many independent manufacturers in London; we have thousands of thinking workmen, who know that the over-taxation resulting from the "N.P." and the crippling of the smaller industries in the interests of the centralized monopolies in Toronto, Montreal and elsewhere have done great injury to the independent industries of the country. Moreover, over-taxation has reduced the incomes of the customers of our factories, and has thus caused short time and lack of work everywhere. Workers of London know this to be true, and no oil magnate can convince them to the contrary. Why, with our vast natural riches, and our constantly developing territory, there should be plenty of work and plenty of remuneration for the labor of everyone, but there will never be that while a few are favored at the expense of the many. But a change of men and methods will soon take place.

Sir John Carling gave the net debt of the Dominion as \$241,000,000. But that was the net debt in 1893. We have lived a year since that time, and the men in power at Ottawa have added to the net debt millions of dollars. It now is over \$249,000,000. What a hum there would be in business today if the money thus unnecessarily taken from the workers could be again put into their pockets! Instead of that happening, however, the deficit in the revenue of the year will be between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000, which the new Government will have to provide for, as the men now in power are afraid to face this deficit and impose new taxes to provide for it. This is the chief reason why Parliament did not meet months ago. How great the courage thus exemplified!

Something was said about the Seat Steal of 1892, and it was represented on the one hand that all those who were opposed to that outrage vilified Sir John Carling and Judge Elliot, and on the other that the bad voters had a right to be put on the lists by Judge Elliot because "two Liberal lawyers" had sent them a wrong notice. Take the alleged "vilification," and mark how invalid the defence! On one side, holding that the notice sent by the Liberals was ample, and that it would be an "intolerable scandal" if the ends of justice were defeated by such a decision as that of Judge Elliot, we have: Chief Justice Hagarty; Chief Justice Armour; Mr. Justice Street; Mr. Justice Falconbridge; Mr. Justice MacLennan; Mr. Justice Burton; The county judges in Frontenac, Kingston and elsewhere.

On the other side we have the solitary Judge William Elliot, who pretended to be waiting for the decision of the superior court judges named above, in order that he might respect it, but who when he found that bogus votes were necessary to support his partisan views, as he was accused of voicing them in his editorials in the London Free Press, resolved to ignore the decision of his superiors, in face of every British precedent!

The London Liberal lawyers who were sneered at by the men who profited by the London Seat Steal are undoubtedly in good company when their law is upheld by such eminent jurists as those named above. But what respect is it to show to an old London Conservative like Mr. Justice Street to charge him with vilifying Mr. Carling because that judge refused to be a party to the theft of Mr. Hyman's seat, and condemned the deed by which it was accomplished?

MUST CANADIANS GO BACK TO PRIMITIVE DENIAL OF COMFORTS?

Mr. Cochrane, a high-tax M. P., speaking at Collingwood, told the farmers that they were well off—that what they need to do is to live as in the primitive days, and not spend their money on luxuries. He did not say what he regarded as luxuries, however. But was it to bring back the primitive hardships of the pioneers that the "N. P." was passed? When it was carried the farmers were promised high prices for everything they had to sell, the manufacturers were promised ample markets

and high prices, and the workers were promised high wages and steady work. In view of these facts such pleading as that indulged in by Mr. Cochrane is puerile in the extreme. The farmer will not continue to support unnecessary and extravagant taxation by any such plea. The people have a right to all the benefits that modern progress can confer on them, and they would have them if the many were not taxed for the benefit of the few.

—I will risk my political existence to do right.—Hon. Wilfrid Laurier.

BIG PRIZES.

The editor of the New York Herald has gone a fishing! His tempting bait will be plump sums of money, and his fish pond the American literary domain. What a commotion among the finny tribe of quill drivers, darting hungrily hither and thither at the sight of a large fat worm, impaled from a hook, slowly descending through the calm waters from the regions above! What a waving to and fro of little tails and quivering of small vertebræ among the minnows, while thick and fast gather the pike and catfish.

Six thousand dollars is to be awarded by Mr. Bennett in prizes to native novelists and poets, and \$10,000 for a great American novel. The great American novel! We hope he may get it! Genius is shy game, though, and has even been known to refuse to rise at a bait of ten thousand dollars. It remains to be seen what Mr. Bennett will land—a speckled trout or a maskalonge. It remains to be seen if ten thousand dollars will be competent to lure from the waters a story which will be a rival of "The Manxman," and even attempt to cope with Du Maurier's latest.

It is all very well for Mr. Bennett to waddle down to the duckpond, like a stout-aproned Mrs. Bond, with plenty of onions and plenty of sage, crying: Come little ducklings, Come to be killed. For you must be stuffed. And my customers filled.

The question is, "Will they?" Just as like as not they won't. That is, the plump ones won't—the real birds of genius. They will stay out in the middle of the pond, and look knowingly at the onions and sage, while their lean and more scrappy companions are rushing about trying to bag the prize.

This is but one more of those sad and instructive instances of the crankiness of genius. The thing doesn't seem to know what is good for it! It is the prosaic person who finds it difficult to contemplate with any degree of patience or calm the follies of genius. A poet is a poor, helpless sort of makeshift for a man, anyway, he thinks; but when one learns that there is a chance that he may earn \$1,000 if he only chooses to put his pen to paper, there revives in the soul of the busy, hustling, practical man a very mild, though not unkindly interest in the fortunes of one who is after all a fellow-creature. Walking down town, if he is not in too much of a hurry, he may even take the trouble to slap the poet on the back, saying, "Now's your chance, old fellow. I hear that so and so is offering big prizes for things done in your line. Sail in and get one; glad to see you win."

It is rather difficult to make the prosaic gentleman understand that the poet, with the aid of that mysterious afflatus in getting up the divine fire, is as cold and helpless as the kitchen range before the maid appears in the morning. Of this the prosaic personage usually understands nothing. When is a man's bosom ever to burn, and his face glow, if not at the prospect of a neat little sum in hard cash; and if these fellows must get their eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," and play such tricks with useful and respectable members of the bodily organism, let them do so when there is a prospect of earning enough by the gymnastic to pay an optician.

It would be very convenient and profitable for the genius were he able to control his muse and make it work for him, and just when and how he likes. But this never was and never will be; and if some genius does not walk up and claim the \$1,000 for an epic poem, do let Mr. Bennett flatter himself that he, and he alone, was the primary cause and inspiration of a sweet song. This happy, poet, novelist, or whatever he may be, simply happened to be on the top when the prizes were offered; and if the poem is really an epic which carries off the prize, it will be found that some trivial little circumstance such as a wind storm, a March violet, or a sunset, was at the bottom of it all.

—In the Legislature yesterday Mr. Marter kicked back because Mr. Hobbs was elected in London, and Mr. Essery left at home. The Conservative leader thinks this shameful treatment to mete out towards him. Too bad, but the people of London have not, in recent years, been electing members to suit his views.

Health is wealth. It is secured by using Dr. Price's Baking Powder, because it's absolutely pure.

GOT RID OF AN ADMIRER.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Feb. 23.—Mrs. Minerva C. Taylor, a seamstress, shot and killed William Henry Harrison at her house on South street yesterday. Harrison had annoyed the woman by persistent attentions.

Coughs and Colds.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try BOWEN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective remedy. They contain nothing injurious and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back, and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell.

A LUXURIOUS WEDDING.
And Preparation for Anna Gould's Marriage to Count Castellane.
—Will Wear a Crown of Jewels—An Elaborate Trousseau—Archbishop Corrigan to Officiate.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—Invitations were sent yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. G. Gould for the marriage of Miss Anna Gould to Count De Castellane.

The ceremony will take place at noon on Monday, March 4, at the home of Anna and Mrs. Gould, No. 87 Fifth Avenue. It will probably be performed by Archbishop Corrigan. There will be present at the service only the relatives and very intimate friends of the couple. A small reception and breakfast will follow. Miss Gould will wear a gown of white satin, with trimmings of the rarest point lace. Her bridesmaids, Misses Kittie Cameron, Hon. G. H. Addie Montgomery and Bernice Harrison, will wear costumes of white cloth, trimmed with sable, and small black hats dressed with pink roses.

Count De Castellane will serve as a Prince. The Marquis De Castellane is expected to arrive from France this week.

THE BRIDE TO BE CROWNED.
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Motors, Dynamos for Incandescent Lighting and Electric Fans.

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126-128 DUNDAS STREET.

TERMS CASH.

CHAPMAN'S

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From 7 to 10 O'Clock.

For this the last Saturday Night Fair in this month, we are offering very special inducements for those who cannot make it convenient to do their trading during the week. COST and PROFIT is lost sight of entirely. We are looking for the volume of trade TONIGHT.

HOSE—Children's All-wool Hose, worth 15c, Tonight 10c

HANDKERCHIEFS—Fine Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, worth 10c each, Tonight 3 for 25c

HOSE—Ladies' All-wool Cashmere Hose, plain, worth 50c, Tonight 40c

GLOVES—Colored and Black Kid Gloves, worth 75c, Tonight 62c

VESTS—Ladies' Ribbed All-wool Vests, worth 90c, Tonight 63c

HANDKERCHIEFS—Fancy Lace Handkerchiefs, worth 25c each, Tonight 3 for 25c

ELASTIC—Colored Garter Elastic, worth 8c, Tonight 5c

LADIES' WHITE WEAR—For Saturday Night Fair: Ladies' White Skirts, 50c; Ladies' Night Robes, 45c; Ladies' Corset Covers, 20c; Ladies' Drawers, 25c, Tonight

COLLARS—Gents' Rubberine Collars, worth 12½c, Tonight 3 for 25c

GLOVES—Gents' Unlined Kid Gloves, worth \$1, Tonight 75c

UNDERWEAR—Boys' Union Underwear, worth 35c, Tonight 25c

UNDERWEAR—Men's Wool Underwear, worth \$1 suit, Tonight 85c

CAPS—Men's Tweed Caps, worth 25c, Tonight 19c

JACKETS—Men's Cardigan Jackets, worth \$3, Tonight \$2

MITTS—Boys' Kid Mitts, worth 60c, Tonight 40c

SHIRTS—Men's Blue Knit Top Shirts, worth 75c, Tonight 62½c

GLOVES—Men's Lined Kid Gloves, worth 85c, Tonight 65c

OVERCOATS—Men's Overcoats, worth \$10, \$11, \$12 and \$13, Tonight \$5 50

ULSTERS—Your choice of 50 Men's Ulsters, worth from \$9 to \$13, Tonight \$6 50

PANTS—Great sale of Men's Pants. Pants worth \$4, for \$2 75. Pants worth \$3, for \$2. Pants worth \$2 50, for \$1 50. Pants worth \$2, for \$1 40. Pants worth \$1 75, for \$1 25. Pants worth \$1 25, for 98c, Tonight

SUITS—Great sale of Men's Suits. Suits worth \$10 and \$12, for \$8. Suits worth \$8, for \$6. Suits worth \$6, for \$4 50. Suits worth \$5, for \$4, Tonight

SUITS—Children's Suits, worth \$2 50, Tonight \$1 75

SHEETING—Twill Sheet, yard wide, worth 12½c, Tonight 8½c

SHAKER FLANNEL—Striped and Plain, wide width, worth 7½c, Tonight 5c

BLANKETS—5 pairs only very large Blankets, full 7 pounds, worth \$3, Tonight \$2 25

SERGE—All-wool Navy Serge, for Boys' wear, worth 38c, Tonight 30c

FLANNEL—Gray Flannel, plain or twill, light or dark shades, worth 20c, Tonight 15c

BLANKETS—6 pairs large size Blankets, union warp, unshrinkable, full 6 pounds in weight, worth \$2 50, a great snap for any wanting Blankets, Tonight \$1 88

SHEETING—Bleached Twill Sheet, soft finish, worth 25c, Tonight 19c

SILKS—8 pieces only Silk, in beautiful evening shades, worth 50c, Tonight 25c

SILKS—1 lot of Remnants of Silk, beautiful assortment of colors, all good goods, worth 75c yard, Tonight 35c

CURTAINS—Great Lace Curtain Sale at bargain prices, Tonight

CASHMERES—1 lot of Cashmeres and Crepons, in evening shades, slightly damaged by water, worth 50c, Tonight 20c

DRESS GOODS—5 pieces Colored Dress Goods, worth 12½c, Tonight 5c

CREPON DRAPERY—The very newest thing, in the newest shades, worth 30c, Tonight 20c

ART SATEEN—In beautiful shades, worth 20c, Tonight 17c

ART SATEEN—Worth 15c, Tonight 10c

ART MUSLIN—Worth 10c, Tonight 3c

FURS—Half price, Tonight

JACKETS AND ULSTERS—Worth from \$10 to \$16, Tonight \$5

WRAPPERS—A Beautiful Wrapper, fast colors, worth \$1 75, Tonight \$1 25

A LUXURIOUS WEDDING.

And Preparation for Anna Gould's Marriage to Count Castellane.

—Will Wear a Crown of Jewels—An Elaborate Trousseau—Archbishop Corrigan to Officiate.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—Invitations were sent yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. G. Gould for the marriage of Miss Anna Gould to Count De Castellane.

The ceremony will take place at noon on Monday, March 4, at the home of Anna and Mrs. Gould, No. 87 Fifth Avenue. It will probably be performed by Archbishop Corrigan. There will be present at the service only the relatives and very intimate friends of the couple. A small reception and breakfast will follow. Miss Gould will wear a gown of white satin, with trimmings of the rarest point lace. Her bridesmaids, Misses Kittie Cameron, Hon. G. H. Addie Montgomery and Bernice Harrison, will wear costumes of white cloth, trimmed with sable, and small black hats dressed with pink roses.

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That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining vitality, and the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. It is six for \$3. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

Winter Pastime.

Local Nags Show Their Heels on Queen's Park Track.

London Hockey Players Win at Ingersoll—13 to 4.

Eight Prize-Winners in New York's Dog Show Poisoned—Various Sporting Events.

THE TURF.

WINTER RACING.

A couple of races between local nags took place at Queen's Park track yesterday afternoon. The first was a match race for \$50, paced in three half-mile heats. The horses matched were Hueston's Bay Jim and Mann's Cyclone. Hueston's horse won all three heats. An open race for a fancy whip, half-mile heats, best three in five, was won by Brenner's mare, with Coursey's horse second and Sharkey's horse third. There was a fairly good attendance of horsemen.

CURLING.

SARNIA DEFEATS LONDON. Sarnia played again with four links of the London club at the Simcoe Street Rink today, and left for St. Mary's in the afternoon. The score was:

RINK NO. 1.		RINK NO. 2.	
LONDON.	SARNIA.	LONDON.	SARNIA.
E. G. Humber	Paul Jones	E. G. Humber	Paul Jones
T. A. Brown	E. H. Mann	T. A. Brown	E. H. Mann
C. H. Harris	J. H. McGregor	C. H. Harris	J. H. McGregor
H. Heston, skip.	20 John Chester, skip.	H. Heston, skip.	20 John Chester, skip.
RINK NO. 3.		RINK NO. 4.	
H. Fyfe	Capt. McDougall	H. Fyfe	Capt. McDougall
C. W. Davis	E. H. Mann	C. W. Davis	E. H. Mann
H. Henderson	Thos. Cook	H. Henderson	Thos. Cook
J. F. Evans, skip.	17 J. McGibbon, skip.	J. F. Evans, skip.	17 J. McGibbon, skip.
RINK NO. 5.		RINK NO. 6.	
G. C. Trebilcock	J. McHenry	G. C. Trebilcock	J. McHenry
P. G. Grew	J. Thompson	P. G. Grew	J. Thompson
T. Gillian, skip.	21 B. Symes, skip.	T. Gillian, skip.	21 B. Symes, skip.
RINK NO. 7.		RINK NO. 8.	
H. McBride	J. H. Rowan	H. McBride	J. H. Rowan
J. W. Jones	A. Gibson	J. W. Jones	A. Gibson
D. H. Hewar	A. Crawford	D. H. Hewar	A. Crawford
D. Regan, skip.	19 Hamilton, skip.	D. Regan, skip.	19 Hamilton, skip.
Total.....17	Total.....20	Total.....17	Total.....20

After this game of yesterday afternoon the Forest City curlers entertained the Sarnia men at the Levenshulme House.

SARNIA LOST AT ST. MARY'S. At St. Mary's, on Friday, the home club (four links) defeated Sarnia by 31 shots. Sarnia 55, St. Mary's 86.

SKATING.

REPLY TO GRIFFITH.

Bert Thomas says in reply to Charles Griffith's so-called challenge, that he does not consider the city championship of London in question for this season, it having been decided in the three heats, two of which were won by Bert Thomas, but he is quite willing to skate Chas. Griffith a race at any date convenient to both parties and satisfactory to Mr. Lancaster, the manager of the Westminster rink.

RACING IN WESTMINSTER RINK. Three attractions at Westminster Rink drew a big crowd last night. There was roller skating on ice, a boys' skating race and the finish of the race between Brown and Lea. The roller race, which was called first, had four starters—A. Brown, Whit Thomas, R. Peacock and J. Jefferson. The distance was four laps, and the audience were kept laughing heartily by the ludicrous maneuvers of the skaters. A. Brown came in first, Whit Thomas second, R. Peacock third, and J. Jefferson fourth. In the boys' race four started—Bert Thomas, R. Forner, P. Moore and P. Sims. Bert Thomas was expected to beat the others by three laps, which he did, coming in first (time 7:20), with P. Moore a close second, and P. Sims third. L. Forner dropped out early in the race. The race between Brown and Lea followed. Brown started off first and held the lead for the first 34 laps, when Lea passed him,

leading in the next eight laps, when he fell and Brown finished first.

THE KENNEL.

DEAD DOGS. New York, Feb. 22.—Eight dogs were poisoned with strychnine in the dog show this morning. There has been more or less jealousy among the exhibitors of pet or toy dogs since the show began, and the distribution of prizes did not help matters. The dead dogs, which belonged to Mr. Senn, are: Belle, the winner of the first prize in the open class for Prince Charles spaniels; Mikado, the second prize Japanese spaniel in the open class for dogs; Japanese spaniel, Yokie, winner of second prize; Ki Ku, third in the open class for bitches, and Chin and Lady De Lena, both King Charles spaniels, were also poisoned, as was the Yorkshire terrier, Brandy. Mr. Senn said the loss amounted to \$1,500. Mrs. Senn was almost heart-broken.

CANADIAN WINNERS AT NEW YORK. New York, Feb. 22.—The American Field Cup at the dog show, valued at \$100, for the best American-bred sporting spaniel, was won by Geo. Douglas' Black Duke, Woodstock. The Sackett Cup, value \$30, for the best brace of Cocker, Geo. Douglas' Black Duke and Woodlawn Princess, Woodstock. Five dollars, for best American-bred Cocker spaniel dog, Geo. Douglas' Black Duke, Woodstock. Five dollars, for the best Cocker spaniel pup, Geo. Douglas' Bell Boy, Woodstock. Brierwood pipe, for the best Cocker spaniel stud dog, with two of his pups, Geo. Douglas' Black Duke.

HOCKEY.

LONDON AT INGERSOLL.

Seven London hockey players, picked from the senior, junior and bantam teams, went to Ingersoll last night and gave a team of that town some pointers as to the proper way to play the game. It was just a friendly match, and London had a decidedly easy time. They played superior hockey to their opponents in every respect, and came home with a victory of 13 to 4. In the first half the visitors took the Ingersoll goal man by storm, and shot the puck home nine times, most of the goals being made in one or two minutes, while the home team could only secure two. The second half was of only twenty minutes' duration, to allow Londoners to take train for home. It opened by Blackwood breaking his skate, and to even up matters Steven was removed from the London side. The first half was more brisk than the first half, and the crowd became hilarious. Beltz accidentally struck one of Ingersoll's players. The game was stopped, and Fred was in apparent danger. He protested his innocence of any ungentlemanly act, and the play proceeded. The result of the match was, London 4, Ingersoll 2; total, London 13, Ingersoll 4. Davis, of the home team, is a member of the Ayr club, and played with the latter in their championship matches last year. The team were:

LONDON.		INGERSOLL.	
Goal	Goal	Goal	Goal
Point	Point	Point	Point
Cover Point	Cover Point	Cover Point	Cover Point
Smith	Smith	Smith	Smith
Hault	Hault	Hault	Hault
Lucas	Lucas	Lucas	Lucas
Forwards	Forwards	Forwards	Forwards
Blackwood	Blackwood	Blackwood	Blackwood
Referee—Campbell Becher, London.			

THE WHEEL.

RECORD BREAKING RESUMED.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 22.—Oscar Olson, of the Garden City Bicycle Club, broke the world's one-mile indoor competition record today, doing the distance in 2:19.25 seconds on a nine-lap track.

SOME MISQUOTED QUOTATIONS.

Mistakes That Are Frequently Made Even by Well-Informed People.

For those who agree with Henry Clay and prefer to be right rather than to be popular, these misquoted quotations have been prepared. It is hoped that they will be of material aid to seekers after truth. It is scarcely credible, but experience has proved it to be so, that not one well-educated person in one hundred can quote correctly Coleridge's line, "Water, water everywhere." The almost universal rendering of the next verse is: "And not a drop to drink." What Coleridge wrote was: "Nor any drop to drink." An equally well-known quotation suffers in the first line instead of the second.

"Twas ever thus from childhood's hour," is the most popular reading. What the poet actually says: "Oh, what a time that was," etc. This particular bit also has a certain number of quotations which intersect the adjective "happy" between "childhood's" and "hour." "Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed," is the condensed and prevalent perversion of Morton's lines. "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed." One of the most interesting of the mistakes that are heard every day comes from no less a source than Shakespeare. As generally quoted: "Now is the winter of our discontent," is made to mean "at this present time we are suffering," whereas the following line, "made glorious summer by this son of York," shows that the "now" qualifies the verb "made," and this of course gives the words a diametrically opposite meaning.

The household rhyme that is known throughout Christendom, "Now I lay me," etc., has been in the past the subject of much discussion. The facts seem to be these: In the edition of the New England Primer, which was published in 1777, the first verse read: "Now I lay me down to take my sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

In the edition of 1784 the first line was altered to read: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and the remaining lines were left unchanged. But in the 1814 edition the second and fourth lines of the first stanza were altered by the substitution of the pronoun "thee" for the article "the." It is matter of common mistake that Samson said he had slain a thousand men with the "jawbone" of an ass. He said nothing of the sort. In Judges xv., 15, he says: "With the jawbone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men." Even with this text before their eyes, people will fail to notice that the word "bone" after "jaw" is omitted in the last line of the verse. These examples are, of course, only a few of the many that might be collected. They are, however, so common that mistakes which occur in their use should enforce upon the mind an invaluable rule—namely, never use a quotation until you have verified it. In ordinary conversation a departure from this precept may possibly be tolerated, but in written matter never.

It's the surest—Dr. Price's Baking Powder—because it's absolutely pure.

The University Trouble.

TORONTO, Feb. 22.—The council of Toronto University on Monday will appoint a committee to meet a committee of students to discuss university affairs. The conference will probably be held on Wednesday.

Influenza is prevalent throughout England.

A fishing boat arrived at Folkestone Friday morning, bringing one of the Elbe's mail bags.

A Parsee sacred fire has burned, unextinguished, in the temple at Leigule, Persia, for twelve centuries.

A Great Victory Scored.

Sergt. Willison M. Copp subdued by Disease, Finds Victory in South American Nerveine.

Four Years of Doctors' Medic Failed Completely—Four Bottles of This Great Discovery Eked a Perfect Cure—A Remarkable Case from Maritime Provinces.



SERGEANT WILLISON COPP, OF NEWCASTLE, N. B.

The martial spirit is strong in him, nature and all delight to learn of successes of the "bold soldier boy." Even he, however, will not always stand successfully the shower of bullets and the dangers of the battle field. Disease will often claim him as his own. In Sergt. Willison M. Copp, of Newcastle, N. B., we have a trustworthy representative of our Canadian militia—a young man who is ready to dare and do his country. He would not, however, be in the position he is today—a sold under the Queen's banner—had it not been for South American Nerveine. Four years ago he was taken ill with general debility and nervous prostration. Though during this time he strived to improve his condition, following counsel of the best physicians of Maritime Provinces, and taking many remedies, his case grew worse, until year ago he was seized with a grippe, apparently, to prove the last straw to break the camel's back. His system was in no fit condition to stand a siege of this trouble, and his case became so desperate that, to use his own words, "Friends and relatives despaired of my life." Every helper having failed, and at his worst, he was induced to try South American Nerveine. It would have been unfair to most medicines to have given them a trial under such conditions. But this great discovery was equal to the occasion. Like a Wellington, though odds were desperate, victory was secured. Mr. Copp says he has used just four bottles of Nerveine. These have completely cured him; and, knowing the desperate nature of his case, he exultantly waves the flag and says, "This remedy is the best on earth." The sick and the dying may take hold of South American Nerveine with the sure confidence that they are placing their trust in the remedy that will bring them relief. The cases are numbered by the thousands in Canada where Nerveine has practically snatched its victims from the brink of the grave.

A Letter From Mr. Watkin-Mills

The Eminent English Basso.

London, Ont., Dec. 17, 1894.

MESSRS. HEINTZMAN CO., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—I would like to tell you how much I appreciate, from an artist's point of view, the very excellent Boudoir Grand Piar supplied to me for my concert in London, and the magnificent Concert Grand that you furnished me for my concert in the Misy Hall, Toronto. The tone is sonorous, the singing and sustaining quality just what we vocalists appreciate, and I feel that anyone in quest of a really first-class instrument cannot do better than secure a Heintzman & Co. Pianorte. I am, dear sirs, faithfully yours,

R. WATKIN-MILLS.

In this letter of Mr. Watkin-Mills is furnished the strongest evidence of the high position taken by the Heintzman & Co. Pianos among the most renowned artists of the world. The letter speaks for itself.

SHOWROOMS
236 Dundas Street
London, Ont.

Can You Keep a Secret?

NO!

Then tell everybody that we are doing

BICYCLE, GUN, LOCKSMITHING, RUBBER STAMP WORK, AND GENERAL REPAIRING.

D. McKenzie & Co.

333 RICHMOND STREET—OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

GOVERNMENT

School of Art

Has Reopened.

Classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 7 to 9 p.m. in Freshman, Model and Mechanical Drawing, Modeling, etc. Fees for 36 lessons, \$3. Extra classes for China, Oil and Water Color Painting, Monday, Friday and Saturday, from 2:30 to 4:30 p.m.

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

S. & S.

THE WEATHER TO-DAY:
Fair and mild.

IT'S A TIE

We are offering at 5c—a gentleman's four-in-hand. We have a lot of them; dark colors, spots, etc. Any kind of a tie is worth 5c, but these are worth much more. There are other gents' furnishings we are offering at very close prices. Unlaundered Shirts, reinforced pure linen fronts, can now be had at 50c and 75c, instead of \$1 and \$1.50. We guarantee this to be a well-made shirt and good value. We have received a special line of gents' all pure linen collars. New styles, and the prices are new, too; new for such high class goods. Our Gents' Balbriggan and Natural Wool Underwear should be inspected. If you inspect it you will surely buy, because our prices are not fancy. We do such a large business that we can afford to sell on close margins—and that's the way we sell.

YOU WANT

Goods for spring—Prints, Cottons and the like? Well, we're ready for you. Our spring importations are coming to hand every day now. Those at present here include Prints, Fancy Cottons and Woolen Dress Goods for spring and summer wear. Every lady should see the patterns in their newness and completeness. Those who come first are liable to pick the pretty ones, though they are all that and very good value. In Cotton Underwear we are offering special value in Ladies' Ready-Made Night Gowns, Skirts, Drawers, etc. These are made very attractive with lace and embroidery trimmings. Our stock is very complete, and in white wear we have all the garments that a lady requires. No matter in what department you buy or when you buy you always are sure to get good value for your money from

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

149 and 151 DUNDAS STREET.

THE STATE OF TRADE

As Outlined by the Commercial Agencies.

Surprising Success of the Latest United States Loan—More Confidence Felt, but Little Actual Improvement Shown.

DUN & CO'S REPORT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says the surprising success of the new loan and the great confidence it has given to investors on both sides of the water, business men here encourage many to believe it is the beginning of a real recovery, although Government revenues are still deficient, and that domestic trade shows scarcely any gain as yet. The industries are not enlarging production, nor have prices of farm products increased, but a very important source of apprehension and hindrance has for the time at least been removed. The volume of domestic trade represented by exchanges is not much larger than last year.

The failures for the week numbered 208 in the United States, against 288 last year; and in Canada, 36, against 61 last year.

POOR BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Bradstreet's on Saturday, Feb. 23, will say: "General trade in the United States during this week has been more irregular. The success of the latest emergency bond issue has revived confidence in some quarters, but in the general financial situation, what in the general financial situation, Country orders received at the principal centers in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are of moderate volume only. The results of last year's business are unfavorable in many instances. The outlook thus far is not particularly favorable. In Nova Scotia trade is quite dull in many lines. New Brunswick advises that the heavy snowfall in the woods checks lumbering operations."

JAS. PERKIN BUTCHER,

239 Dundas Street.

A CALL SOLICITED

Gentlemen—All will convince you that we keep the very finest goods

RICHMOND STREET, CAR

Light Overcoats and Pants

a specialty

PARK AVENUE

Prices very moderate. Repairing done

cheaply. Open evenings

W. SLATER

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. SURGICAL

appliances and supports for deformities of all kinds. I have had 25 years' experience and the limbs I now make are second to none. All work guaranteed.

Write for terms before purchasing elsewhere. JOHN BOYD, Lucknow, Ont.



R. J. Y. & CO.

PERHAPS YOU'LL REGRET

After our Overcoats are all gone that you did not buy one when we were selling them so cheap. Some very decent overcoats selling at \$5, that were nearly double the money. Nothing wrong with them in either style or fit. We simply want to clear every Overcoat out of the house by 1st March. Two months yet to wear them and all next winter ahead. Buy one now and save your money in doing so.

See to-day What \$5.00 Will Do!

YOU WANT A SUIT

Of Clothes for yourself or perhaps for your boy. We sell Suits for both men and boys and we sell them cheap too. Not cheap Suits but good Suits cheap. We have just got in a

Lot of New Suits

And to keep things moving, we will give you choice of

100 Tweed Suits For \$7.50

Worth Nearly Double.

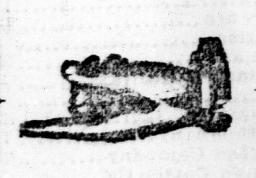
COME THIS WEEK.



Have You Seen—

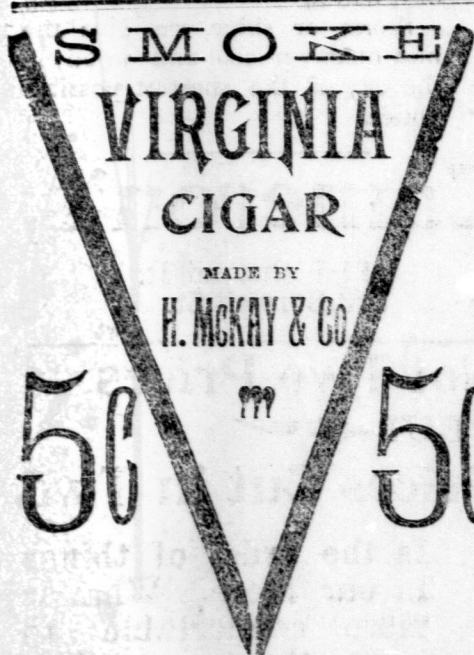
OUR RANGE OF PANTS

AT
\$1.00
\$1.25
\$1.50
\$2.00



Nice Patterns, Good Qualities, Wear Guaranteed.

R. J. Young & Co



FOR SALE BY
H. MCKENNA, 225 Dundas Street.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

Overcoatings, Suitings, Trouserings,

Newest Shades, Closest Prices

—COME AND SEE THEM—

Harry Lenox,

Cor. Richmond and Carling Sts.

HOME NURSING HINTS.

THE PATIENT'S ROOM AND HOW BEST TO ARRANGE IT.

The Importance of Thorough Ventilation in the Care of the Sick—Nell Tells How to Secure Abundance of Pure Air Without Draft.

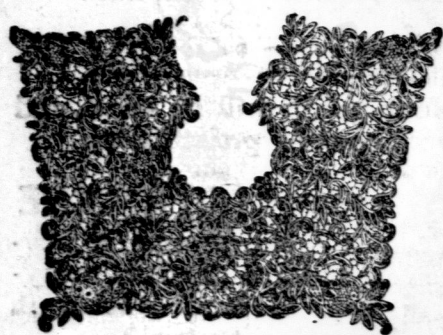
In regard, first, to the room: Have it as large and cheerful as possible, with a southern or eastern aspect, to get the benefit of the morning sun. If your patient is not suffering from a contagious disease there is no reason why floor and walls should be bare. Fresh, dainty paper and quiet-toned carpet add much to the appearance, as well as actual comfort of a room. The dust raised in sweeping a carpet may be urged as an objection. Well, go over your floor every few days with a cloth wrung out of warm, soft water. Then when you sweep, take a newspaper, soak in water, wring very dry, tear in little bits, and scatter over the floor, and you will be surprised how little dust rises. Keep a whisk broom and dust-pan handy, and take up all the bits of lint, dust, etc., and you will not need to sweep nearly so often.

One of the most important things is the proper ventilation of the sick room. Nine times out of ten the window will be the only means, and when you attack that you find that it won't open at the top, and when opened at the bottom there is a direct draft on the bed. The open fireplaces of our grandfathers' time were a boon to humanity, for with their capacious throats they ventilated their rooms with nifty. Remember that pure air and plenty of it, without drafts, is of paramount importance to your sick one. If your window be such as I have described, get a piece of board three or four inches wide, to fit snugly under the frame of your window when the lower sash is raised. The air then comes in between the upper and lower sashes. Or, raise the window three or four inches and tack to it two thicknesses of gauze or cheesecloth, with a layer of absorbent cotton between, fastening it down to the window sill at the other side. Any woman with a head and fingers ought to be able to do matters that the air of the sick room will always be pure, and yet her patient not exposed to cold. The only time when the window should be closed is when the patient is getting up, being bathed, or having clothes changed.—Nell, in *American Agriculturist*.

Hand-Made Lace Collars.

Large ones are now being lavished by our wealthy sisters on the recently-revived taste for large lace collars. The leading modistes cut the shapes to suit a particular style of garment, then skilled artists design patterns in lace to suit the varying shapes. In many cases the designs are adapted from real old point of different kinds, especially Venetian and Flemish, and busy fingers are set to work to carry out the designs from machine-made braids brought out expressly in great variety to suit these styles of lace, these same busy fingers needing only an ordinary needle and linen thread to weave these filaments which are so exquisitely lovely and so laudable in their effect. When executed in cream color it is sometimes hard to distinguish them, without a very close examination, from valuable specimens of real lace.

The entire cost of making one of these collars will not exceed eight dollars; the simpler patterns calling for less material may be made for about five. When finished carefully they are worth, according to the elaborateness of the design, from thirty to one hundred dollars, but it must be remembered at the same time that they are worth nothing at all if every stitch is not placed exactly where it belongs. The expenditure of \$5 includes the pattern on paper muslin traced by hand in ink, so that friction in working will not obliterate the forms. It should be fast-



COLLAR IN VENETIAN POINT.

ed on to a sheet of wrapping paper, not too thick, but of the kind that does not tear easily. This gives the necessary firmness required to avoid risk of puckering. The illustration is a magnificent specimen of modern lace-making, closely resembling an exquisite piece of old Venetian point. The braid should be sufficiently heavy to give a certain weight to the finished work, for anything like flimsiness would greatly detract from the beauty of the design. Rings and buttons of various sizes are combined to give finish to the work, and cannot in this instance be dispensed with, as they form an integral part of the pattern. A variety of lace stitches are employed to fill the spaces; they may be varied at pleasure, avoiding only those that are entirely solid. The bars are buttonholed and enriched with picots. These bars are somewhat tedious to work in comparison with twisted bars, but they are incomparably superior. This particular shape allows the dress sleeve to rise high between the points front and back.—Sara Hadley, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Half and Half.

"You don't seem to hold a very high opinion of the latter-day woman."

"I don't. She has ceased to be a lady, and has not yet succeeded in becoming a gentleman."—Life.

Wouldn't Be Popular in the U. S.

An old Greek law prevented the husband of a divorced woman from marrying a woman younger than the discarded wife.

WOMEN IN THE ARMY.

Many of the Heroic Deeds Performed by the French Cantiniere.

In the list of decorations given by the French Minister of War on January 1st, there appears the name of Mme. Cordier, the cantiniere of the Seventy-Second Regiment of Infantry at Amiens. She received the military medal. Judging from her heroic acts she is well worthy of it. She distinguished herself during the war of 1870-71, and after the capitulation of Sedan she saved several officers by hiding them in her wagon. Before that she followed her regiment to Africa and took part in more than one expedition. Mme. Cordier is one of the oldest cantinieres. The oldest of all is Mme. Vialard. She served thirty-seven years, went through four campaigns, and received two medals. She is a Lorraine woman, and began her military career in the Crimea.

One of the most celebrated cantinieres was Mother Joay. She was in the Crimean, the Italian and the Mexican campaigns. Generally she went on foot, and supported all the fatigues of the march like a man. She was the cantiniere of the Third Zouaves, and died at Blidah at the age of seventy-four years. She also received the military medal.

Mme. Vialard, whom we have mentioned above, received the military medal in 1866. Before her, Mme. Madeleine Trimoreau, the cantiniere of the Second Regiment of Zouaves, received the same decoration for her conduct at the battle of Magenta. As long as she had any cognac in her little cask she went from rank to rank reviving the wounded and exhausted soldiers, and displaying contempt for the whistling bullets, which sometimes tore her short dress. When the last drop of cognac was given out she took up the gun of a wounded soldier and accompanied the Zouaves in their bayonet charge without receiving a scratch.

Since the month of August, 1890, an ordinance from the war ministry has forbidden the distinctive costume of the cantinieres, and, in addition to this, the Minister decided that they should not appear on parade with the troops, but should remain with their wagons. Consequently we were obliged to bid farewell to the pretty tri-color uniform, the red and blue dress and white apron so often made famous on the field of battle, and which more than one military painter has immortalized in his pictures.

In old engravings the vivandieres are represented as old women, with energetic faces and a masculine air; and, as a matter of fact, such they very often were. Mingling with the conscripts, speaking familiarly to the old soldiers, they acquired masculine habits. But in some regiments, and especially the cavalry regiments, the cantiniere was the pride of the regiment, and we might cite one regiment of dragoons, for example, in which there were seven that had the reputation of being extremely beautiful girls. Their green uniform and white apron were very becoming to them. In addition, they were excellent horsewomen, for they were obliged to ride on horseback when the squadrons to which they were attached were called to arms.

The history of the vivandieres, if it were written, would contain more than one thrilling chapter and many thrilling pages. On more than one occasion they distinguished themselves by their courage. Like the soldiers themselves, they loved the number of their regiment, and their wagon was often used as an ambulance. Under fire they followed their battalion, picking up the wounded and quenching their thirst, and often consoling the dying.

As one can easily imagine, under such conditions the life of the cantiniere is not without danger. Many of them were not spared by the bullets. Mme. Rajan, the cantiniere of the Second Algerian Rifles, received four wounds during the last Franco-German war, and another cantiniere, Mme. Massey, was also wounded. In regard to this latter, there is one act of heroism that is mentioned by the *Courier des Etats Unis*. The mother of a soldier in her battalion asked her to watch over him. He was killed. Mme. Massey ran up to him, kissed him, and, crying out, "You shall be avenged!" rushed to the front rank in the place of the dead soldier, and was among the last to fire a shot.

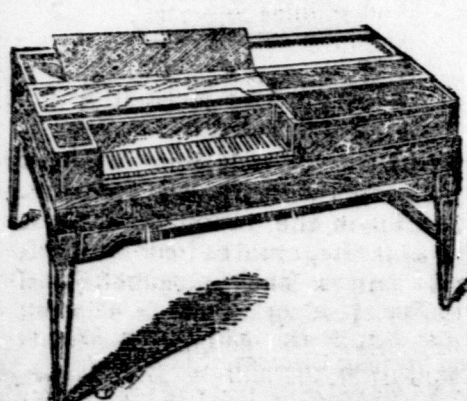
Mme. Telman, cantiniere of the Second Regiment of Zouaves at Reichshofen, lifted up Col. Dietz, who was badly wounded, and died so under the very lances of the Uhlans. She took part in a memorable defense of Bitche. The poor woman is now blind.

Finally, we have Mme. Bondu of the Thirty-Fourth Regiment of the line, who distinguished herself in the combats of Patay and Coulmiers.

A few days after these battles, in which she displayed the most remarkable courage, she gave birth to a son. Speaking of the baby she said: "That's a chap that will never be afraid of the rattle of artillery!"

There are also cantinieres who are decorated with the Legion of Honor, among them Mme. Jarrethout, the cantiniere of the Free Shooters of Chateaudun.

An Historic Piano.



AN HISTORIC PIANO.

An illustration of a piano which was made for the Duke of Kent, and frequently used by the Queen in her childhood.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

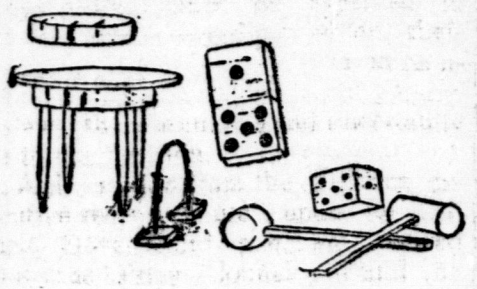
A RAINY DAY FUN SHOP

SOME EXCELLENT NURSERY AMUSEMENTS FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

What May Be Done With Corks for Restless Boys and Girls—A Sure Remedy for Rainy Day Fretting by the Little Folks.

Every mother knows the trials of that day of downpour when restless babies drive her and nurse to the edge of distraction, and when all wonted diversions fail any longer to amuse.

Has that unhappy lady any idea that if she will send nurse down to the pantry for the box of old corks, which she thriftily lays away against time of need, whimsy will disappear as if by magic from the small bosoms, and so rapidly will



CORK PLAYTHINGS.

the hours pass that there will be a cry of surprise when nurse comes to announce the arrival of supper and bed time?

"Corks!" the lady mother says: "What on earth have they to do with keeping children quiet?—unless one uses them to cork up naughty, fretful mouths!"

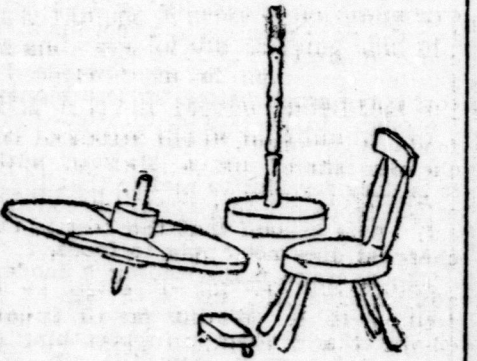
First spread on the nursery table a big newspaper to catch all the messes that are to be made. Next get a bottle of good thick mulligee, a sharp pen-knife, a box of matches, Bobby's box of water-color paints, a hairpin or two, some old visiting cards, the pin cushion, and a stout pair of short but sharp-pointed scissors. All the nursery population will begin to be interested at seeing these preparations, and when they are completed chairs can be drawn up all round and the announcement made that the rainy-day amusement shop is open for business.

Perhaps the best thing to begin with is the cork out of the mustard pot, which is large and flat. Snip the sulphur heads of four matches, leaving them square at the ends. Sharpen the other ends a little, make four incisions with the pen knife into the under side of the cork, stick the pointed ends of the matches into these, and at once the attentive circle about the table begins to see that another little table is swiftly coming into being. Cut out a circle of visiting card somewhat larger than the mustard cork, paste it on top of the cork, and there stands a beautiful piece of nursery carpentry; a table complete. A small square bit of cork with four short bits of matches used as legs makes a good stool, and by taking the cork that once served to stop the mouth of a little glass jam jar and sticking in four matches for feet and two more on the upper side for a back, with a bit of cork at the top of these one has at once a delightful chair to go with the table and stool—furniture which no doll would be too proud to use. The next piece of manufacture might be a beautiful teetotum, and here Bobby's paints begin to come into play.

Cut a match in half; sharpen one end a little. Cut a thin slice crossways from a claret cork and stick the match through the middle of it, pointed end first. Cut out a circle of card board four times as large as the cork, and draw two lines at right angles across the disk. That will leave it divided into four quarters and these quarters are to be painted blue, yellow, green and red. Bore a hole in the centre of the disk and slip the blunt end of the match through it until the card board rests upon the cork. Next cut another, but rather thicker slice from the cork, bore a hole in the centre and stick the blunt end of the match through, pressing it down till it touches the card. This will leave about an inch of match to be taken between finger and thumb for spinning this fascinatingly beautiful teetotum.

Cutting long slices through the middle of the cork leaves pieces, which, with the aid of Bobby's paints, can be turned into a beautiful set of dominoes, and by cutting out square pieces one can make a beautiful set of noiseless dice to be used with the backgammon board.

But perhaps the nicest toy of all made in this nursery shop, which has for its sign, "Old corks taken in exchange for



CORK PLAYTHINGS

new playthings," it is the set of parlor croquet. To begin this heavy but fruitful labor, cut out eighteen small squares of cork. Bend into a curve a hoop—a miniature of those used in lawn croquet—nine hairpins; and these with each end stuck into one of the squares of cork will stand upright and serve as table wickets of the game. Cut slices crossways from the visagere bottle cork, and into the middle of each of these stick a match, whose end has been sharpened for the purpose. This can be painted around with rings of contrasting colors, as is done to the goal stakes of lawn croquet.

Next, for the mallets hunt about in the cork box for four small ones of even size—those from the small medicine phials serve nicely if they had not been stained by drugs. These, if a nice shape, need not cutting at all. Matches will serve as handles for these mallets, and a band of color must be painted around each so that players may distinguish their own mallets.

Sarge old sugar-coated pills, beautiful balls for this nurse, with a stripe of paint on one, but if all the pills were goby the last time he ate too and had a tummy ache, then a pinch up between the thumb and forefinger of the table's palm will make very good balls and will take a stripe of paint.

There is no more fretting here. The tools can be put in a newspaper, with the waste and bits of cork folded and the waste basket, the teetotum and when they are tired of the croquet begun. The corks helped in all the processes of cure and have learned how to whole set of toys themselves many rainy days thereafter. When they begin to get bored, however, they can show others—chessmen, mice, dices, hobby horses, even good and bad men, if she has a little shabty brush, and pen knife.

Was Put Into a Dead Man. Daniel O'Connell's earliest disappointment happened shortly after he was called to the bar. In an inn, where he had been made jester more as a compliment to him than from any other cause, was that of the validity of a solemn oath, he was very lo, and O'Connell, in examining him to talk on, hoping he would much. The man had altered that he saw the deceased sign.

He continued, "I saw him sign it, there was life in him at the time."

His expression was repeated so frequently O'Connell was led to believe that he had some peculiar meaning. His eyes upon the old man and sally: "I have taken a solemn oath, before God, to speak the truth and nothing but the truth. The eye of God is on you. The eyes of your neighbors upon you also. Answer me the virtue of that sacred and solemn which has passed your lips, waestator alive when he signed the oath."

"I was struck by this solemn address. His lips quivered, his limbs trembled, and he faltered the reply:

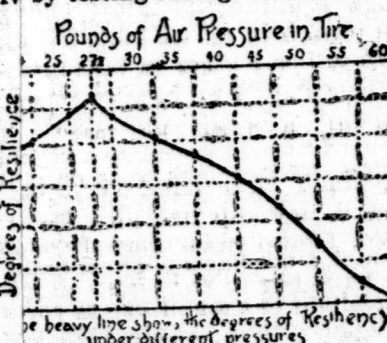
"I was life in him!"

His expression was repeated in a yet more impressive manner. Again he tried and stammered forth his stock phrase:

"I, by dint of clever leading and snuff, O'Connell drew from him that a pen had been placed in the man's hand, and the legate high guided it and traced the sign. But to meet the exigency of legislation, a living fly had been placed in the dead man's mouth. Thus was in him" at the time.—*Youth's Companion*.

Resilience of Pneumatic Tyres. A question of the resilience of pneumatic under various degrees of pressure of considerable interest to the many of present-day cyclists, says a writer in the *Bicycle News*.

Figures given below have been arrived by testing racing and roadster



tyres are the best known makes. Of course the natural resiliency of some tire considerably more than others, but does not affect the figure. In any test the average at all pressures. In any test the result was the same, viz, the highest point of resilience was obtained by an air pressure of 27 to 28 pounds.

Tests have been the means of discerning a peculiar coincidence, viz., that resilience of the majority of air tires the same at twenty pounds as at forty pounds; this being so, my advice is to keep the pressure as low as is consistent with the weight to be carried.

Temp too hard means to sacrifice comfort, and from my own experience there is liability to puncture a properly inflated tire than one blown very hard. I believe that hundreds of tires have been ruined by too much inflation.

A pound pressure shows a resilience of 84 per cent, which steadily rises until with a 25-pound pressure 85 per cent of resilience is obtained. At 27 1/2 and pressure, 91 per cent is reached. This is the acme of resilience, and in this point a steady decline sets in. At 30 pounds, 87 per cent is reached; at 40 pounds, 85 per cent; at 45 pounds, 82 per cent; at 50 pounds the drop is rapid; 77 per cent; at 54 pounds, 74 per cent and at 60 pounds pressure only 67 per cent of resilience is obtained.

The Vow of Four Brothers.

An interesting custom has been faithfully observed this season at Hochst on the Rhine. Four brothers named Schaffer ascended the tower of the old castle on Christmas night and played upon instruments at midnight the melody of the Hymn of Praise ("Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe"), etc. The four brothers joined in the Franco-German war of 1870-1871, and then made a solemn promise that if they should be fortunate enough to return to their native place they would play every Christmas in the tower this "Hymn of Praise." They returned, happily, to their homes and every year the brothers meet in the tower and keep their vow.—*London Daily News*.

Here, There and Everywhere.

FRANCE has compulsory elementary education, yet out of 343,000 young men called for military service 20,000 could neither read nor write, and 55,000 more could only sign their names.

SLATIN BEY, who was Governor of Darfour when Gordon was killed, and ever since has been a captive among the Mahdists, is reported to have escaped and almost to have reached the Italians at Kassala.

A VIENNA specialist was recently summoned to Temesvar to decide whether the bishop's leg should be amputated or not. The train was stalled in the snow, but he consulted with the Temesvar doctors by telephone, and the leg came off.

A MINIATURE Gospel of St. John has been issued to the Japanese troops measuring 2 3/4 by 7-8 inches. It was specially prepared on very thin paper by the three Bible Societies at work in Japan—the British and Foreign, the American and the Scottish.

THE name of the great English musician Purcell is to be kept green at Westminster Abbey, where he was organist two centuries ago. A festival is to be held in his honor next November. Besides this, it has been decreed that once a week during the whole of the present year one of Purcell's anthems shall be sung at the abbey.

IT IS said that the weaving of threads of aluminium in textile fabrics results in a practically non-oxidizable, inexpensive material that is free from chemical action, and can be washed without fear of injury. It can be applied to the finest and heaviest fabrics, as the thread can be made round or flat, or in any shape convenient for wearing.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, speaking of success in opera, in answer to a question as to what one quality more than another was required to be a great singer, said, "Will, will, will." She says that strong and unswerving will power can overcome all ordinary obstacles and place the possessor in a position which would elicit or even positive genius would not win for her without that indomitable energy which must characterize a successful singer.

GEN. BARATTIERI, the Italian commander in Abyssinia, who recently took Kassala and routed Ras Mangasie, comes from the Trentino, which is part of the Italia Irredenta, still in Austrian hands. He is 54 years old, and when a boy of 19 was one of Garibaldi's thousands in the march through Sicily, after which he joined the regular army as a captain. He has been a deputy in Parliament, and was for several years editor of the *Rivista Militaire*.

At St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, an ingenious hot-air bath is now in use for the treatment of sprains, inflamed joints, due to gout or rheumatism, and similar affections. It consists of a copper cylinder about three feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, which will hold an arm up to the shoulder or a leg up to the middle of the thigh; it stands on an iron frame, and is heated by gas burners placed underneath, so that the temperature can be raised to 300 or 400 degrees Fahrenheit. The patient is placed in an arm chair at one end of the cylinder, the limb to be treated is introduced, and the joint made tight by a rubber band. No discomfort is felt up to 250 degrees, until the perspiration sets in, when the moisture has a scalding effect, which is relieved by opening the further end of the cylinder and letting the moisture evaporate. A sitting of 45 minutes. The immediate effect is a greatly increased circulation in the part treated, profuse local perspiration and relief from pain.

THE requisites of protective painting for structural iron work have been made the subject of careful investigation by Mr. Wallis, of the Association of Engineers, Virginia, and the results of his studies in this direction have now been published. He recommends, as essential, that the first coat be of red lead ground in raw linseed oil, and used within two or three weeks after mixing, being also kept thoroughly mixed while in use, this coat drying in from 24 to 30 hours. If the finish is to be black, the next two coats should be made up of a paste composed of 65 per cent. of pigment and 35 per cent. of raw oil, the pigment to consist of 65 per cent. of sulphate of lime, 30 per cent. of lamp-black, and 5 per cent. of red lead as a dryer, the whole being thinned to a proper consistency with pure boiled oil. If the finish is to be red or brown, the paste should be composed of 75 per cent. of pigment and 25 per cent. of pure raw oil, the pigment to consist of 65 per cent. of sulphate of lime, 40 per cent. of oxide of iron free from sulphur and caustic substances, and 5 per cent. of carbonate of lime as a dryer, the sulphate of lime to be fully hydrated. The estimated cost of such paint, ready for use, is about 60 cents per gallon.

I WAS CURED of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Sydney, C.B. C. I. LAURE.

I WAS CURED of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

I WAS CURED of Sciatic-Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Berlin, Nda. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

NEW BOOKS.

The Ralston's cloth, by M. Crawford, 8s; Little Irons, pp., Thos. Hardy, 7s; Sidney Little Saxton, pp., R. B. Beldred, 7s; Never More, 7s; Modern Buccaneers, 7s; Science in Arcady, Grant Allen, 7s; Peter Ibbotson, by Geo. Du Maurier, 7s; Under the Red Robe, by Weyman, 7s; Gentleman of France, 7s; My Lady Rother, 7s; Montezuma, R. Haggard, 7s; People of the Mist, 7s; office and pocket diaries 1893; Whitaker's Almanac, 1893, cloth 9s, paper 5s.

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ALEX MILNE Telephone 773.

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

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London Soap Co.,

Dear Sirs,—Please find inclosed coupons for book No. 20 in Handy Classics. I have used your

SWEET HOME SOAP

for quite a while and find it the best. I recommend it to all my friends. I am fond of reading and think you offer a good one. I have tried so many things like this and got cheated that I thought you offer too good to be true.

Yours truly, MRS. ISAAC WAY, Merlin, Ont.

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28 pounds Redpath Granulated Sugar and 5 pounds First-Class Tea for

\$2 10 Cash.

FITZALLEN, Grocer,

Corn Shellers

Best in the Market.

SLEIGHS, 15c and up.

Skates, All Kinds,

—AT—

A. Westman's, 111 Dundas Street.

Branch Store, 654 Dundas St., London.



BACON, HAMS, TENDERLOINS, KIDNEYS, SWEETBONES, HEARTS,

The Canadian Packing Co. Store, Richmond St.

Don't pay \$100 for a

BICYCLE

When you can get as good a machine for \$75 from Wm. Payne & Co.

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Also a special line of Wheel Chairs for street use.

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Ward Commercial Agency

MERCANTILE REPORTS.

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Personal attention given to slow pay accounts

162 St. James Street, Montreal.

26 Front Street West, Toronto.

Citizen and Home Guard

SUPPLEMENT TO DAILY ARTISER---SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

Motto for the Week:

"I pity the man who has never failed; he has missed seeing God from one of the finest views of him."—[Rev. J. M. Gibbon.]

Spiritual, not a "Spirit" Heaven.

Ordinarily it would seem as if there would be nothing very remarkable in the fact that the distinguished pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, this city, should preach a sermon from the text in John xiv., 2,—"I go to prepare a place for you." It is a good text and has often been preached from. But either because of the distinguished character of the preacher or by reason of the peculiarity of his views, a sermon on this text delivered on Sunday of last week attracted the attention of the newspaper press. In this sermon, we may premise, the preacher insisted upon the material nature of heaven, making it as substantial as the city of Jerusalem of the present day. In printing their respective reports of the sermon on the following day the Tribune headed its account in large capitals—"An Interesting Heaven;" and the Times announced to its readers the news that "Heaven Is a Locality"—as it undoubtedly is.

We do not take up the theme at the present time for the purpose of bringing together all the evidence showing heaven to be an actual, material locality—to do that would require a volume—but rather to direct attention to one of the greatest misconceptions of the time—the misconception that both heaven and the resurrected saint are immaterial products—spirit creations—heaven being in the speech of some "purely a state," and the resurrection body a ghost, or as it is termed, "a spiritual body." It will be evident at a glance that these two great results are interdependent and of like character. That is, if the resurrection body is immaterial, then heaven is wholly unsubstantial, and is therefore only a state; a ghost body does not need a substantial "mansion," and there is no occasion for Christ to "prepare" one for its occupancy. Conversely, if the bodies of the saints are material and tangible, then they can not only make use of mansions but will need them.

First, and briefly, as to the resurrection body. It is "a spiritual body," it is not a spirit body—which is quite another and very different thing. A spiritual body is not a spirit body, but a body adopted to the wants of a perfect spirit. Christ took such a body with him into heaven; but it was a material body—one that could be and was both seen and handled. What marks the difference between a spiritual and an earthly or "natural" body is not that the one is immaterial and the other material, but that one is incorruptible and the other corruptible; the opposite of spirit is not matter, but corruption. This distinction is unperceived in many quarters, and has led to false conceptions of matter and spirit and of the heavenly state as well.

Secondly, as to heaven. As the believer in entering heaven is not unclothed but clothed upon with his "house," that is from heaven, so he requires a locality, a place suitable for him, and, as Christ tells us, "mansions." The necessity of the case and the express declarations of the Master call for a tangible, substantial, material heaven; and why should it not be so? When God entered upon his great creative work he formed matter; and when he had made a world he fashioned this same matter, even the dust of the earth, into a man, and breathed into him the breath of life, "and man became a living soul." God, then, having so honored matter, in the first creation of the world's genesis, why should he dishonor it in the new creation?—having originally made man a living soul wedded to a material body, why should he put aside one part of his nature as if imperfect? The fact not to be forgotten is that God never discards his types. They are met with in a world of surpassing loveliness in the vegetable and animal creations. Take from the universe sin and corruption and everything that would destroy or hurt, and every hill becomes God's holy mountain, every valley a depression through which flows a river of paradise. As a physical body is no mere accident of our being, so a physical place is no accident of our environment; on the contrary, wonderful in their adaptation and mutual interdependence, each is a necessity for the other; if Eden was created for Adam, no less was he placed there "to dress it and keep it."

Naturally, and along parallel lines to other forms of error, this perverted sense of the nature and functions of matter and spirit manifests itself in two extreme schools—those who dishonor God in his own work by spurning everything, as if matter was essentially of the earth, earthy, and had no place beyond the stars; and those who, with whom matter is all, think spiritual only a

manifestation of matter in motion, who thus dishonor God who created both mind and matter and who married them, thenceforth to be united forever.

No; as our preacher has said, a world that is simply a spirit world is not a world that we can think about with any safety, or that we are qualified to have any interest in. There is no warrant in Scripture for thinking that the more unlike this world we imagine a thing to be the more heavenly it is. From out the shadow of this perversion let every believer in Christ place himself as he appropriates the comforting and blessed truth that beyond all earthly disappointments lies a hand of surpassing loveliness, a fitting abode for spiritual beings—a land where eyes shall gaze in eyes long closed, shall clasp hands long cold, and where the tongue long silent shall breathe forth words of love in the old familiar tones never again to fall unheard upon the cold, dull ear of death. Into such a land may Christ bring us all in his own good time!—[The Christian Work.]

The Red Cross Society.

A very highly valued correspondent, and one of the best authorities on the subject, writes the Outlook appreciatively of a recent mention in these columns of the Red Cross Society, and incloses the following item concerning that society in Japan. The facts mentioned below correspond with the information received from other sources. While there seems to be little doubt that occasionally the Japanese have given way to their former barbarism, yet, on the whole, they have shown the influence of Christianity and civilization in a very remarkable degree. Our correspondent writes as follows:

In a letter from—, dated from Osaka, Dec. 10, she says: "After the army, the most popular institution just now in Japan is the Red Cross Society. The common people who do not understand English seem to be ignorant of its Christian significance, and speak of it as the 'Red Ten-Letter Society,' as the cross is the character for ten in Chinese and Japanese. The Emperor is its most enthusiastic patron, and all officials, excepting the lowest are obliged to belong to it. There are a large number of Chinese prisoners at Osaka. An official of the local government asked the missionaries to go and see how they were treated. They wore the Red Cross Society clothing, with the badge of Christianity on their arms. We had Chinese Bibles and other books for distribution, and both Chinese and Japanese attendants were delighted with them and with the sympathy of the Americans. We must praise the Japanese for their kind and just treatment of the Chinese and Koreans and their noble aims. Of course there is an inordinate desire for praise, but the nation is taking great strides forward and entering into the races with Christian nations."

Writing Sermons Asleep.

One of the most remarkable and puzzling stories of somnambulism has recently come to light. The subject was a young ecclesiastic at a seminary. The bishop of the diocese was so deeply interested that he went nightly to the young man's chamber. He saw him get out of bed, secure paper, compose and write sermons. On finishing a page he read it aloud. When a word displeased him he wrote a correction with great exactness. The bishop had seen a beginning of some of these somnambulist sermons and thought them well composed and correctly written. Curious to ascertain whether the young man made use of his eyes, the bishop put a card under his chin to prevent him seeing the paper, but he still continued to write.

Not yet satisfied whether or not he could distinguish different objects placed before him, the bishop took away the piece of paper on which he wrote and substituted several other kinds of various colors. He always perceived the change because the pieces of paper were of different sizes. When a piece exactly like his own was substituted he used it, and wrote his corrections on the places corresponding to those of his own paper. It was by this means that portions of his nocturnal compositions were obtained. His most astonishing production was a piece of music written with great exactness. He used a cane for a rule. The clefs, the flats, and the sharps were all in their right places. The notes were all made as circles, and those requiring it were afterward blackened with ink. The words were all written below, but once they were in such very large characters that they did not come directly below their proper notes, and perceiving this he erased them all and wrote them over again.

A BROTHERLY TESTIMONIAL.—Adorer (feeling his way)—I—er—suppose you sister does not like my coming here so often, does she?

Little Brother (confidently)—Oh, you needn't worry about sister. She can endure most anybody.

A Spade Spade

Do Not Things be Called by Their Right Names?—Do Not be a Moral Coward—Right and Wrong Views Regarding Charity—The Right Ought Always to be Parliamentary.

How much wholesome accounts is it that there should be word for an ugly thing, one involving condemnation and disgust, even expense of a little coarseness, rather than one that plays fast and loose with moral principles of morality, maintainable, and shifts the divinely landmarks of right and wrong.—[A. Trench.]

We are not accustomed to think of plain speaking as a duty. Men and women who have enough to call things by their names are generally known as "uncharitable" and "coarse," as they are part of Carlyle's "Gy," society is apt to hold them in abhorrence; while the male woman who softens language degree of gentle falsehood thatters to mankind's enfeebled sins is estimated as a "perfect man" or a lovely woman.

Since Richard Che Trench is by no means as popuwardays as many less vigorous writers, I place his true words at the head of this arduous task that someone may be induced to read the whole of his chapter of morality of words. No modern writer can presume to add anything to his hand, some and scholarly censure of those weakly fastidiousures who cannot call a spade a spade. But the arduous list of ill-used misused words, with his observi thereon, is by no means compend the immorality of the catalogues are harmless imparison with others unnoticed by

Conservative, for inst, meant, originally, tending to pre, and, as a noun, meant one who opposed to political changes—ason the opposit: of revolutionary a word. But nowadays every dispyt ignorance, stupidity, obstinate narrow-mindedness and meanness subject whatever will be digd by its perpetrator and his fellowers as conservatism. A man whojects to the higher education of en will tell you with a wise air tha is conservative; the man who thir, woman ought not to have the sawages a man gets for the same work] cover his meanness and selfishness with the same high-sounding wordje man who objects to a woman eing her livelihood by the exercise of talent God may have given her—us it be a talent for sewing, teaching cooking—covers himself with gloy posing as a conservative. A people who know better, but lack thourage to do better, will tolerate tsort of verbal immorality in others d even perpetrate it themselves. Believe that if we would stop cag such opinions and the holders thf conservative and apply to them s suitable adjectives as stupid, norant, narrow-minded, contemptil the world's progress would be neasurably hastened. Is anyone dy to help me try the experiment?

Peculiar is another word thon the lips of some mistaken souls ses its true meaning and becomes a ritable substitute for hateful or m. In every community you will find one or more persons, generally won, make it the business of their es to be as mean as they possibly u be. They are often of good social sition and always church members; et the heathen to whom they help send missionaries could teach them ow to improve their manners and th morals. They are quick to repay adness with injury and courtesy withult, and wherever they go they lee behind them a trail of wounded tings, broken friendships and scarof all sizes and depths. Yet if anytmdare complain, he is met by thesoothing protest, "Oh, well! Mary ipeculiar, you know," or "We must nke allowance for people's peculiaritie." Of course no one minds being calli peculiar. To be peculiar i the next thing to being original. Ad so Mary indulges her peculiarities o the extreme length of mean anthefulness of which she is a ble and, while saying the Lord's Prayer every time she goes to church, she sends most of her week-day time in deferring the fulfillment of that petition thich says, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." If kind friends would only give Mary's conduct the epithets that properly describe it, and Mary herself the treatment she properly deserves, what a blessing it would be!

"But," says a shocked reader, "what about Christian charity?"

I reply that Christian charity has nothing to do with such a case. When a woman from the back-woods or the slums commits a breach of courtesy toward me, or violates the canons of well-bred society, it is my Christian duty to overlook and make allowance,

But when a woman who has had advantages of birth and civilized training equal to my own walks into my parlor and tells me that my children look like Sioux Indians, that my best friend is a woman of bad character, and that I was invited to Mr. Blank's dinner party only to fill a vacant place, then there is a call for Christian self-respect and Christian sincerity on my part, and it becomes straightway my Christian duty to drop the "peculiar" lady from my visiting list, and thus give her more leisure to display her peculiarities to those who find a pleasure in excusing inexcusable things—a very dubious sort of virtue, let me say.

A great deal of what we call Christian charity is, in plain English, very un-Christian moral cowardice. We tolerate insult, humiliation and rade-ness, and say to the world of resentful sinners: "Behold! how great is the length and breadth, the depth and height of my Christian charity!" And all the while, if you are honest with yourself, you know that the motive actuating you is not charity, but the meanest of cowardice. You are afraid that if you quietly drop the "peculiar" person from your circle of friends, the malicious tongue that spits venom on the reputation of your neighbor will attack yours next; that stream of "false witness" that flows from those lips may turn in the direction of your door; that the base insinuations that have prejudiced you against other women will be whispered against you. So in fear and trembling you throw the weight of social influence on the side of the "peculiar" woman and against her innocent victims, and thus make yourself one of those who "call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness."

It is a little singular that the sweet charity we bestow so graciously on grown-up sinners is entirely withheld from little children—the beings of all others who have an indisputable right to expect it of us. How promptly does the impertinent, the ill-bred child meet his just deserts. If he be our own, there are switches and slippers and dark closets for his reformation. And if he be a neighbor's—especially a neighbor who is not in society—how quickly do we instruct our darlings to ostracise him from the charmed circle of their back yard. How firm and decided and heroic we are in calling our precious pets into the house whenever the "bad boy" or the "bad girl" appears on the scene of their innocent play.

Ah, if we were only brave enough to use such wholesome sincerity in our intercourse with the "bad man" and the "bad woman," there would be few peculiar people outside of lunatic asylums, and life would become infinitely more agreeable than it now is.

There is another word, whose Latinity so cloaks its real meaning that a very shameful thing seems very innocent and respectable. The word is prejudice—pre and judicium, a judgment beforehand, a judgment before knowledge, or to put it still more plainly, a judgment founded on ignorance. Can there be anything more worthless, more contemptible, than such a thing? Yet men and women, apparently perfectly sane, rational beings in all other respects, will unblushingly acknowledge a prejudice against a certain thing or person. Their manner would indicate that a prejudice is something that no well-conducted person can afford to be without, or something that only a very superior person can get up. They not only govern their own course of conduct by an opinion founded on ignorance, but they would like to force the whole civilized world to be governed in the same way. A prejudice! If you have one, hide it as you would the skeleton in the closet. Do not let your bosom friend know you have it. Treat it as you do the blot on your 'scurcheon. Mourn over it in secret, and think of it when you kneel in church to acknowledge your " manifold sins and transgressions" against Almighty God. And finally feed the uncanny creature to death as soon as possible on a good, wholesome diet of absolute truth and certain knowledge, two things that are sure death to all prejudices.

There has always been to me a great charm in those clumsy German words *bismarkensvertete, erhebungs-linien*. They are so plain, so frank, so all-expressive. They bear the same relation to a Latinized or a Gallicized word that the rude plaster models in a sculptor's studio bear to a draped and finished statue. There should be in English some word of this kind that would give the meaning of prejudice in all its repulsive, disgraceful hideousness. The use of such a word would

make the wheels of every reform fairly spin. There would be less of expressed opinion and more calm research and study; our newspapers would not teem as now with articles written by women who declare that they don't know anything about a certain question of the day, that, moreover, they don't want to know anything about it, and yet they are totally opposed to it; there would be less argument and more work, and the reign of reason would at once set in.

Suppose we begin to use opinion-founded-on-ignorance instead of the word prejudice. Try the effect of it at the first opportunity. Say with your politest air and most winning smile: "Ah, I see you are governed by an opinion founded on ignorance." Then mark the lowering brow and offended start of the man who would only have smirked in flattered complacency if you had accused him of a prejudice. Dress makes as much difference in words as it does in people.

If we call a thing by a name which makes it appear to be something it is not, we are lying. If any reader feels shocked at my coarseness in using that emphatic word, let him tone up his nerves by re-reading the quotation at the head of this article. Our aversion to calling things by their right names has brought us to such moral decadence that the name of an odious thing is more shocking to us than the thing itself. The words lie and liar are striking examples of this. The words themselves are strictly tabooed in polite conversation, while the liar and his lies are treated with distinguished toleration and exquisite courtesy.

"Sister told a lie," exclaimed a small boy, rushing into the parlor one day when I was calling on his mother. "O, Tommy!" exclaimed his shocked parent, "what dreadful language!" And when "sister" was called up and her guilt established by credible witnesses, no special horror was manifested at her being a liar, and poor Tommy got the largest share of the reproof for calling a lie a lie, and was strongly admonished never to use such a word again, but to say "story" instead.

I do not believe there is a case on record of a man being knocked down for lying. This punishment is reserved for the man who merely calls his fellow man a liar. Centuries hence, when some philologist writes on the Study of Words, he will cite, as a proof of the moral degeneracy of the nineteenth century, that it was a worse offense to mention a lie than to tell one.

One day last summer, in the board of lady managers, a member stated an ugly fact in unequivocal language.

There was a great hue and cry. "But isn't it true?" asked a spectator.

"True? Yes; but such language is unparliamentary."

"But the truth ought to be parliamentary," persisted the unlearned one. Parliamentary law does not govern society, but one would think it did to hear the evasions and shifts practiced by people who cannot call a spade a spade. Who can measure the harm done to a child's moral nature, when he is instructed to call a lie a "story"? No wonder he comes to think that a lie is next door to a fairy tale, and that in telling one he elevates himself to the rank of a juvenile novelist of the realistic or romantic school, according to the nature of his "stories."

It goes without saying that not compatible with the sternest verbal sincerity, then good breeding is the most immoral thing in the world. If politeness demands that we call a thing that which it is not, then politeness is nothing but gross insincerity, and polite society but a vast human machine for the manufacture of lies.

"I will never believe," says Kingsley, "that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful, unless he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it." And the first step in this attack is that we recognize the evil and the disgusting by their own evil, disgusting names.—Kate Field's Washington.

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it upon another spirit.—[Margaret Fuller.]

A Phonographic Ghost.

If you sleep in the house of a wizard, you must be prepared for experiences out of the common. So thinks a gentleman who once passed a night under Mr. Edison's roof.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by the sound of a voice at his elbow. "Midnight has struck!" it said, in hollow but resonant tones. "Prepare to meet thy God!"

The guest was out of bed in haste. He must be the victim of some hallucination. There was no one in the room. His would be a fine case for "psychical research" people. But even whilst these thoughts were passing through his head, he was making for the door. In the hall he met Mr. Edison, who reassured him by saying: "Don't be scared, old man; it's nothing."

Total Abstainers

Who would know that the Abstainers' Graded Plan used by

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gives insurance at a lower guarantee cost than any other plan of any company in existence and before insuring their lives if they are wise they will write for particulars to head office or consult an agent of the company.

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About People.

Paderewski's father, who died a short time ago, was 64 years old, but looked 80. He was made prematurely old by a seven years' imprisonment in Siberia.

A recent writer on Lord Rosebery says the Premier is never so happy as when he can gather his four children round him of an evening and read Scott's poems aloud to them.

One of Robert Louis Stevenson's great heroes was the Duke of Wellington. He used to say that the best thing ever said of Wellington was this: "He did his duty as naturally as a horse eats oats."

The wife of the new French Prime Minister, M. Ribot, is an American woman. She was born in Chicago. Her maiden name was Burch. She left America when but 5 years of age, and has since resided in France.

It is not generally known that there is a son of Darwin, the famous naturalist, in the House of Commons. The distinction is enjoyed by Major Leonard Darwin, who carried the Lichfield division of Staffordshire at the general election of 1892.

Madame Magnusson, who is visiting America for the purpose of raising funds to establish a high school for the girls of Iceland, her native country, wears a black dress embroidered with gold, made after a fashion that her countrywomen have been wearing for 900 years, the same gown often passing from one generation to another.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who was unjustly incarcerated in an insane asylum for fourteen months, declares that she will make it her life work to expose the treatment of sane people in asylums. She is about to publish a book relating her experiences. She is deeply interested in the case of working women, especially those who have been reduced from wealth to poverty.

An interesting little attention on the part of the young Empress of Russia towards her mother-in-law is recorded. The St. Petersburg Calendar for 1895 places the members of the royal house in the following order: The Czar, the Empress-mother, and then the young reigning Empress. The public at first took this for a misprint, but it is now known to have been done by the special wish of the young Empress and the ready consent of the Czar.

The most interesting relic offered at the sale of the late Mr. Edmund Yates' library was the writing slope used by Dickens, who was an intimate personal friend of Mr. Yates, into whose possession the desk came after the death of the great novelist. For the possession of this darling relic, which Mr. Yates prized above all else, there was very spirited competition, and eventually it was knocked down to Mr. Bancroft for 100 guineas, amidst loud applause.

Mr. Winston Churchill, the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, is about 20 years of age, a trim, well-built figure of a man, and gives promise of high ability. There is every chance that in his case the erratic genius of the Churchills will be toned and solidified by the American shrewdness of the Jeromes. He was educated at Harrow, and left there after a brilliant career when he was 18. He possesses a wonderful memory, and on one occasion astonished his friends by reciting off 2,000 lines of verse without a glance at the book.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe says that Robert Louis Stevenson's love of adventure was inherited from his mother. She is described as a remarkable person—a fine-grained, wiry, active little Scotch woman, wonderfully young looking for her age, and filled to the finger tips with romance and the spirit of adventure. Persons who have traveled with the family say that the elder Mrs. Stevenson looked younger than her daughter-in-law, and that whenever the party found themselves in danger—when there was the prospect of an upset, a shipwreck, or any other accident—the old lady was in the front of the line.

Social Reforms

Of the Day---With the Thinkers
and Workers.

Latest Intelligence from W. C. T. U. Fields of Labor.

"Golden Rule" Band of Mercy.

January, 1895 brought to a close our fourth year of work in connection with the "Golden Rule" Band of Mercy. The year just closed has been the best one in the history of our band. Not only has the interest in the lessons been well sustained, but it has found expression in numberless kind deeds to all with whom the members have come in contact. The band has, owing to the crowded condition of the school, literally become two bands, each of which receives a regular lesson fortnightly, so that instead of three-quarters of an hour spent in the work it has been found necessary to spend an hour and a half. Seventeen regular meetings have been held during the year, at which we have spoken of the structure and habits of squirrels, pigs, bats, rats, etc. These talks have been thoroughly enjoyed by the scholars, and have, in several cases tended to foster a love for natural history which will not be uprooted. In order to try and secure the active co-operation of the parents in our work, and so make every home a complete band of mercy in itself, an evening meeting has been held once a month, when parents and children come together. The attendance at these has been fairly good, and we are sure that the seed thus sown will bear fruit some day.

The annual meeting was held on the evening of March 21, and was pronounced a decided success. Short addresses were given by Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Cummings, and Miss Sims, after which Mr. R. S. Baird presented six books donated by this society. At the close of the meeting a treat of fruit and cakes was given the band by several lady members of the Humane Society. Needless to say, the treat was highly appreciated. We are year by year raising our standard of work, and for the past four months acts of kindness done in the home have not been recorded. We wish in this way to teach the children that it is their duty to do all they can for those at home. We have always felt the need of employment for the band during the long vacation in summer. This year we asked the members to look after coops where chickens were exposed for sale, and, if necessary, offer to fill their dishes with water, to supply the sparrows and other birds with fresh water daily, and to attend to canaries whose cages were hung in the glare of the sun. This plan at once commended itself to all, and at the close of the holidays some 60 reported that they had not once forgotten their promise. Whilst we are very much pleased to be able to state that the aged and infirm are invariably treated with the respect due to them and helped by all in many little ways, we know it will rejoice the hearts of all to hear that kindness and consideration for the dumb creation is growing rapidly.

The total number of acts of kindness for the year is 2,369, and of this number fully two-thirds are connected with animals. Many an interesting story is simply told at our meetings of some real kindness done to some sufferer, not for price nor reward. One small boy found a sick dog, carried it to school, parted with his last copper to buy meat for it, nursed it carefully all day, and finally announced his intention of adopting it because it had become so used to him. This is but one case out of scores.

Our visiting committee has also rendered excellent service. It looks after our own sick members and also attends to sick children through the ward. The Old Folks' Home is a special charge, and many an hour is spent there by our girls, while the boys do their part by running messages or carrying anything that is needed by the inmates. The number of visits paid is 671. This represents a considerable amount of time saved from play, and it is but just to the scholars to say that their time has been given both willingly and cheerfully. While Band of Mercy work, like every other work, has its failures as well as its successes, we feel that on the whole, the success far outweighs the discouragements. The change wrought from week to week is but slight, sometimes indeed unrecognizable, but when we contrast our class of today, with our class of four years ago, we find it almost impossible to believe that so much could be accomplished in so short a time.

Change here, as everywhere else, is the order of the day. New faces are continually appearing and old ones disappearing. Our aim is to so interest the new comers that they will become good scholars, and to so drill the older scholars, that they will act as missionaries in this good cause, in whatever school they may be placed. We desire to place on record our appreciation of the services rendered the Humane Society by Misses How and Sims, who have helped on the good work daily by precept and example. We would also return thanks to all friends who have assisted us many ways during the year, and to the Humane Society for its interest in the

band and for its gift of books from time to time. W. M. WILLS, President "Golden Rule" Band of Mercy.

Items.

Since the Provincial Union year opened in November the following unions have been organized:

Markdale, Grey county—Organized by the county president, Mrs. (Rev.) Rogers, of Owen Sound; president, Mrs. Pickell, corresponding secretary, Mrs. P. McCullough.

Auburn, Huron county—Organized by Miss Phelps, of St. Catharines; president, Miss Susie Blair; corresponding secretary, Miss Young.

Woodgreen, Middlesex county—Organized by the county president, Mrs. Cora Calvert, of Napier; president, Mrs. Wm. Weeks, Glenora; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Cook, Woodgreen.

Sombra, Lambton county—Organized by Miss Annie Livingston; president, Mrs. Nellie Austin-Stokes; corresponding secretary, Miss Emma Stokes; treasurer, Mrs. Geo. Smith.

Port Rowan, Norfolk county—Organized by Miss T. Armstrong, of Port Rowan; president, Mrs. MacGillivray; corresponding secretary, Miss E. Wood; treasurer, Mrs. Arthur Brown.

A convention, representing the five unions of Perth county, recently convened in Stratford and formed for the first time a county organization. The names of the officers appointed have not yet come to hand.

A correspondent in loses a clipping (taken from we know not what source) which will well bear reprinting:

"Sir William Gull states that in conditions of fatigue it is a mistake to fly to alcohol; much better to drink water or take food. He himself, when fatigued, eats the raisins instead of taking the wine, and he adds, I have had a very large experience in that for thirteen years. He further states that a great deal of injury is being done by using alcohol in what is considered very moderate quantities. 'It leads to degeneration of tissues. It spoils the health and it spoils the intellect. I do not think it is known how alcohol acts on the human body, but I know it as a most deleterious poison. A very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it.' 'It produces many diseases of the liver, from which arise disordered conditions of the blood, then diseased kidneys, diseased nervous system, or gout, or diseased heart. I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol.'"

"If Sir William Gull is right in thinking that a great deal of injury is done by the use of alcohol in what is considered a most moderate quantity, what shall we do of the injury that is done by the 'soaking' use of alcohol, which is involved in taking it between meals, before breakfast, and at all sorts of odd times?"

Take note of the fine description of a lumber camp, given by a feminine resident of one. Anything that helps us, as workers, to understand the surroundings of those for whom we labor must deepen our interest, and make more real the prayers that follow the literature box or the comfort bag.

CURFEW BELL.

The new Provincial superintendent of Curfew Bell—Mrs. S. G. E. McKee, of Barrie, writes:

"To 'care for children' is a branch of our work which appeals to the heart of every W. C. T. U. woman, and in order to carry out to a practical issue our hopes for them it is important that every available aid be used.

"One of the most valuable helps outside of home training is the ringing of the 'Curfew Bell.' This has come to be one of our lines of work, and is found to be of great benefit to those who are allowed to look for amusement on the street; and if we would do good to young children we must keep them from the consequences which follow such a school.

"At our last convention it was unanimously decided on recommendation of the plan of work committee to give every possible assistance to Mr. Kelso in his work of looking after the interests of Ontario's neglected and dependent children. This can be done by agitating for a Children's Aid Society in every town of 4,000 inhabitants, by finding out good women who would give a home to a homeless child, and by sending Mr. Kelso the names of ladies in different townships who would act as local correspondents. This important Christian work should be dear to the hearts of all our women—the hopes of the future are wrapped up in the children—and if we ever expect to lessen the terrible curses of drunkenness and crime, it must be by protecting and caring for the young, and securing for them healthy moral

environment. Any necessary information regarding child-saving work can be obtained by addressing Mr. J. J. Kelso, Parliament Buildings, Toronto."

Manifesto

To the Prohibitionists of the Province of Ontario:

Another step has been taken in the settlement of the question of the jurisdiction of Provincial Legislatures over the liquor traffic. The Supreme Court seems to be equally divided.

It is of the utmost importance that this matter should be speedily settled. The immediate future of our cause in Ontario depends upon the final decision regarding it. The Provincial Legislature cannot be expected to enact laws regarding which their authority is uncertain. Even in reference to the passing of local option bylaws, there is anxiety and uncertainty as to our position.

A deputation from the Alliance executive recently waited upon the Ontario Government and was assured that the Privy Council would be pressed with all possible dispatch, and it is hoped that a decision will be arrived at in June of the present year. We shall then know exactly where we stand, and will be in a position either to call upon the Provincial Government to redeem the pledge given a year ago to prohibit the liquor traffic as far as the courts would warrant them in going or else to urge upon them a radical reform of our licensing system, so as to restrict the liquor traffic far within its present limits.

In view of this uncertainty it has been thought wise to defer the annual convention of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance until the decision of the Privy Council. There will then be issued immediately a call for a general convention to which every temperance and prohibitory organization, every church and young people's Christian society will be asked to send delegates, and at which the whole situation will be considered with the full knowledge then in our possession, and we can decide upon a definite policy of immediate aggressive provincial prohibition work.

In the meantime a most important duty is upon us. A general election for the House of Commons will be held before long, and it is imperative that Prohibitionists should be thoroughly organized and active so as to make that election tell for the advancement of their cause.

It is to be regretted that neither of the political parties as such, has taken the position upon this question which its importance demands, and which the advanced public sentiment of the Dominion would warrant. The Government at Ottawa refuses to deal with the subject until there has been an opportunity to consider the report of the Royal Commission, a report which has been most unreasonably delayed, and which, judging from the composition and course of the commission, is not likely to be fair to our cause. The Liberal party has declared in favor of a Dominion plebiscite, which policy that party still advocates, although votes have already been taken in most of the Provinces, clearly showing an overwhelming public opinion in favor of prohibition.

It is manifest that to obtain a fair consideration of the prohibition question in the Parliament about to be elected, we must secure the return of members who can be depended upon to support our cause altogether regardless of party exigencies, who will put their prohibition principles before any mere partisan considerations.

The representative National Convention held in Montreal in July last, adopted a political platform embodying the following resolutions:

That Prohibitionists ought to firmly stand by the position that in political matters they will support only known, avowed and reliable Prohibitionists.

That to aid in securing the nomination and election of such candidates, our friends everywhere are urged to organize prohibition clubs, which will take advantage of every opportunity to plan and work for the carrying out of the objects above set out.

That it is also recommended that in order to secure the nomination of prohibition candidates, our friends take a more active part in political organization so as to secure the nomination, by all parties, of men who can be depended upon to support our cause, giving it to be understood distinctly that any other candidates will have their active opposition. That no candidate for Dominion Parliament or Local Legislature receive our support who will not publicly pledge himself to work in the interest of prohibition at every opportunity, regardless of fealty to his political party.

That where such prohibition candidates cannot be nominated by any political party, our friends nominate independent candidates, and make special efforts to secure their election.

The carrying out of the important plan of action detailed in this platform must devolve upon the friends of prohibition in the different localities, who are again earnestly urged to take immediate steps to see that there is before the electors in every constituency a candidate who complies with the conditions above set out.

In every constituency where such action has not already been taken, there should be held forthwith a conference of representative prohibition workers to consider and decide upon

what ought to be done in regard to the matter. A "call" for such a conference, signed by a few representative churches and temperance societies, should be kept such action entirely free from political partisanship.

The liquor is still rampant in our Dominion with us down with an awful disaster, wretchedness and the consequences of which fall on many who are entirely innocent of any complicity with that traffic. It is to these do our utmost to help. There is sentiment against this evil. We want suajating, determined, judicious as the necessities of the case. Let there be no time lost in doing to the call.

Organize the election and preparatory convention need not interfere each other. They may help her.

In view of the urgency of the present situation and the opportunity that it offers for helping on the prohibition movement, you are earnestly and respectfully urged to consult your friends, and do what you can to secure the working out of the plan which have been laid down.

On behalf the alliance executive committee
JOHN CLAREN, Chairman,
F. S. E. Secretary.

A Lumber Camp.

The lumber limit a few years ago was a quiet stretch of solid pine (Cargold) covering an area of over 2,000 miles. For about six years health has been carried away at the rate of 1,700 logs a day, and it is now four or five years longer. Ten years of wholesale slaughter, and over to Uncle Sam's dominion enough of N. P. The colony of hard work, contentment rustic pleasure. From 5 o'clock morning until dark at night, the sound of the axe, the hammer and the saw, mingled with the sound of escaping steam moving train shouting men. Here trees are, logs cut, trains loaded and bound rolled away to the river with a rapidity. It is a grand sight to see these great log-freighters wind like long brown serpents, gliding over a level bit, now puffing and panting and slipping as they go a steep grade, on whose crest they struggle fiercely for a moment, then, with a scream of victory, proudly down the other side with a "stick" on the hill, and then they go back a few miles and take a run at it, or they run part of the load into the siding and go back the rest. As the track is simple through the dense forest it is always danger to be approached from fallen limbs and trees, the chief source of danger is the track itself, for when say, twenty large logs are placed on a truck seven feet wide there must be some piling done.

The of the train on its winding, uneven will, perhaps, start a log, which is descent starts others, and in a moment eight or ten of these half-ton miss are hurled about the head of the doted brakeman, who dodges and jumps to avoid them, or, perhaps, with a sudden dexterity, leaps on one as he goes and is left behind, happy if he has escaped uninjured. Or, maybe, the log is in front of the car, and then it is a scene of logs, wheels, trucks and bolts in terrible confusion until train can be stopped.

But though in every department of lumbering the men are exposed to constant danger, caution, or fear, seem to be unknown to their hardy natures. Careless they shoulder their axes, and in a darkness of a winter morning and sorrowfully they watch the descending monarch of the forest; although broken limbs, lodged branches and detritus, follow his descent with deadly fitness and uncertainty, even though the poor fellow pays with life or limb his rashness, the rest show no signs of fear than if they stood in quiet garden.

In camp, their lives are primitive in the extreme. One needle, one spoon, one tool, and, perhaps, one toothbrush, will do for a good many. Their food is good, and well cooked, and, perhaps, nowhere in the world will you find a more suitable bill of fare, or a more appreciative crowd of boarders than those of these camps.

The dining hall may be dingy and poorly lighted; the only napery may be black oilcloth; instead of egg-shell china and crystal we may only find tin plates, tin cups, tin spoons, and iron cutlery; and yet I doubt if the most fastidious epicure ever enjoyed a meal so do these rough, hardy men enjoy the delicious soup, roast beef, feathery biscuits, puddings, pies, and cakes, which "Jim," the cook, takes such pride in placing before them. In every camp the most important man is the cook, and we cannot wonder, considering that from 3 o'clock in the morning until the last straggler has had supper, his head, heart, hands and feet, are planning and working for the comfort of the men.

After supper, bed is the next order; but if they can avoid the vigilance of

"Dan," many a good story is told, and many a good song is sung. "Give us a song, Jack," cries one, and Jack, good-natured, if not musical, answers modestly, "Ver know I can't sing, boys," but immediately begins. His voice breaks, slides, and slurs, but he fills up any difference between the words and the tune, with a slow nasal e-e-e. Thus:

"Now the Flying Cloud was as nice a ship as ever sailed the sea-e-e, She could out sail any vessel-l-l from the old countree-e-e."

His modesty vanishes as he gets warmed up in the song, and he often has to be stopped by thunderous applause.

Then there is the never-ending fun of the "circus." Each man represents some animal, and the roaring, growling, grunting, braying, cawing, cackling and barking is deafening. Sleep claims one after another until nothing can be heard but the regular breathing and snoring of these weary, hard-working, good-hearted fellows. And the same angel who closed the little eyes long ago when they were little rosy-cheeked boys, and had lispied their baby prayers, and cuddled down in their soft white beds, now bends over rough, scarred, hardened faces with (some of them) profane lips, as they lie on their rough gray blankets amidst their life in this wild Canadian forest. And I doubt not but the record is far brighter, doubt not, but that of many a man, elegant, rich and good in the eyes of the world. What one of them said of T. Pickard, the contractor: "He is rough as a tamarac swamp, but his heart is as big as a washtub," may be said of many of them, and so fine is their sense of honor that a lady would no more need fear a word or look of insult than she need fear a blow.

There is one personage who does the washing, washes, mends, darns and overhauls their clothes, and they look upon her as a real friend, as she really is, and are always glad to see her bright comely face in camp. Although her charges are very moderate she can easily make from \$30 to \$40 a month, while perhaps her husband earns \$20.

When I read about those "comfort bags" I could not help thinking what a treasure they would be to some of these men, many of whom have no home but the woods, and no friends except those far over the sea. And the little Bible and the letter. Who can tell? It might be that they would speak only

When the stars are old,
And the sun is cold,
And the leaves of the judgment book
unfurl.

THISTLE.

Wahnapiatae.

How Money is Used and Wasted.

There was published in the New York Voice of Jan. 10 an interesting and instructive diagram and table showing the annual expenditure of the United States on different articles for different purposes. The contrast between the outlay for foreign missions and that for strong drink is very startling. In explanation of the table the compiler says:

The cost of liquors and tobacco at retail is based upon the internal revenue reports for the fiscal year 1893, and the other items are estimated for the same year. The estimates for foreign missions and church work consist of the amount raised annually for all purposes, including ministers' salaries, buildings, repairs, general expenses, etc., are by Rev. H. K. Carroll, D.D., of the Independent, who was in charge of the church statistics in the census of 1890. The estimate for public education is based upon the latest returns of the commissioner of education.

The estimates of the cost of potatoes, sugar and molasses, and flour (used for bread) are based upon the reports of the secretary of agriculture for the year 1893. The cost of the annual consumption of meat is estimated from data given by Mulhall in his "Dictionary of Statistics." The estimates of the annual cost of brick, silk, woolen and cotton goods, furniture, boots and shoes, printing and publishing, sawed lumber and iron and steel are based upon the reports of the census for 1890. To the aggregate product of these industries was added a fair percentage of the retail cost and the difference three years (to 1893) would make in the production. The proper allowance was made in all cases where the exports or imports of any of the above articles affected their total consumption. No effort has been spared to make these estimates as accurate as possible in every particular.

The figures of the table are as follows:

Foreign missions.....	\$ 5,000,000
Brick.....	85,000,000
Potatoes.....	110,000,000
Churches.....	125,000,000
Public education.....	165,000,000
Silk goods.....	165,000,000
Furniture.....	175,000,000
Sugar and molasses.....	225,000,000
Woolen goods.....	250,000,000
Boots and shoes.....	335,000,000
Flour.....	345,000,000
Printing and publishing.....	370,000,000
Lithing.....	380,000,000
Cotton goods.....	435,000,000
Sawed Lumber.....	515,000,000
Tobacco.....	560,000,000
Iron and steel.....	870,000,000
Meat.....	1,080,000,000
Liquors.....	1,080,000,000

Here and There.

—A movement has been inaugurated in Michigan University against the liquor habit among the students.

—Philadelphia W. C. T. U. has purchased a four-story brown stone residence with lot at 1961 Arch street for its headquarters.

—The Hamilton Street Railway Company have forbidden their employees to enter a saloon either when they are on or off duty.—[Toronto Mail.

—The annual Provincial convention of Quebec Prohibitionists will be held in Montreal, Monday, Feb. 25, beginning at 10 a.m. The sessions will be held in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association, Dominion Square.

—The International Series of Sunday school lessons provides that March 24 shall be the first quarterly Temperance Sunday of the year. The National W. C. T. U. recommends that it be made a day of special school visitation by the White Ribboners.

—Ancient cures for inebriety, T. Morton, M.D., in a recent letter to the London Chronicle says: "There is no known drug, and probably no unknown one, that can restore the integrity of the brain-cells damaged by prolonged drinking habits, though nature can do much if alcohol is entirely and permanently withdrawn."

—Archdeacon Farrar, speaking at Devonshire House, said: "We sacrifice in England every year to the drink demon more children than were offered to Moloch in ages gone by. In London alone at least 1,000 babes are suffocated by drunken mothers every year, and as a coroner pointed out the other day, 27 per cent of this slaughter is on Saturday nights."

—Major Knox, governor of Armley jail, has been giving examples of the dangerous insidiousness of drink. One case is that of a major in the army, who was in prison for a dreadful crime. The governor asked his prisoner what made him do it. The reply was: "My dear fellow, I never did it. I never could have done it. I must have been mad or drunk." "And were you mad or drunk," he retorted. "Neither, replied the major, 'I was a total abstainer in India for nine years. Since my return I have my drop of whisky at night. That's all; I'm not a drinker.' Yet Major Knox had then letters from the prisoner's mother and wife, proving that he had become a drunkard, although the man himself did not realize it.



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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. I can recommend it to any person suffering from these diseases as being of anything in the market. Yours truly, THOS. JONES.
This medicine may now be obtained from any druggist in 21 bottles, or six for \$5. Do not suffer nor permit your friends to suffer when you can get it.

Wm. Dean, Dunn Avenue, Toronto

Our Young People

Cape Cod Turkeys.

Teddy Dean was going to move. He stood on the street saying goodbye to all his playmates.

"Are you glad you are going, Teddy?" asked Arthur Mitchell.

"Yes, I guess so," answered Teddy, doubtfully, "if there are some boys down there."

"There are boys everywhere, said Tommy Dutton, assuringly, 'an' there are things nicer than boys down on Cape Cod, too. Did you know that, Teddy?"

"No," said Teddy, "I didn't."

"Well, there are," said Tommy. "Guess them," he urged.

"Plymouth Rock," said Arthur.

"No," said Tommy. "Guess something that comes in November."

"Thanksgiving," said Teddy.

"No, it's something that we eat on Thanksgiving."

"Turkeys?" asked Teddy, slowly.

"Yes," said Tommy. "There's heaps an' heaps of turkeys down on Cape Cod, an' I guess they are the very best ones, although I'm not sure. Mamma went to lunch with Mrs. Bowman, an' she lives on Chestnut street, in that great big house, an' when I asked mamma what she had for dinner, she said, 'Cape Cod turkey, my dear!'"

"Isn't that splendid?" exclaimed Teddy, clapping his hands. "I'm glad as I can be, 'cause my papa is going to move!"

"I wish I was going," said Arthur.

"An' so do I," echoed Tommy.

But I am sure they would have all changed their minds if they had known that Cape Cod turkey was only another name for salt fish.—[Youth's Companion.]

The Little Girl With a Company Face.

Once on a time, in a far-away place, Lived a queer little girl with a company face, And no one outside the family knew Of her every-day face, or supposed she had two.

The change she could make with wondrous celerity, For practice had lent her surprising dexterity. But at last it chanced, on an unlucky day (Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say), To her dismal dismay and complete consternation, She failed to effect the desired transformation!

And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason, Surprised her with half of her company face on, And half of her every-day face peeping out, Showing one grimy tear-track and half of a pout, Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile That shone on her "company" side all the while.

The caller no sooner had hurried away Than up to her room the girl flew in dismay; And, after a night spent in solemn reflection On the folly of features that can't bear inspection, She came down to breakfast, and walked to her place, Calm, sweet and serene, with her company face.

Thenceforward she wore it, day out and day in, Till you nearly might think 't would be worn very thin; But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay, And her relatives think 't was a red-letter day.

When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason Surprised her with half of her company face on.

Trink's Chucky.

One day, long, long ago, there was a very happy little girl staying with her grandmother in the country. She had such a long name for such a short, chubby girl that everyone called her "Trink." As Trink's father and mother had gone across the great waters to Europe, she had been left with her grandmother on the farm away back in the country.

In pleasant weather Trink played out of doors all the day long. She had no playmates to help her pass the time away; but the birds in the lovely green-leaved trees, the velvet-coated bees buzzing among the flowers, the grasshoppers and toads, and the funny little squirrels with their bushy little tails were all her friends. I really believe that the bees would rather have stung one another than harm a hair of Trink's head.

Trink also possessed a kitten, of which she was very fond. "It was a Maltese cat, and Trink had given it the original name of 'Blue Kitty,'" on account of its pretty color. But Blue Kitty often wanted to take a nap on those warm summer days. Trink never wanted to sleep in the daytime. The days were short enough without taking time for naps.

One good playfellow of Trink's was Uncle Jack. He was a man to be sure, but when he had time to spare no one could be a jollier or better companion. But Uncle Jack was busy with his work in the fields most

of the time, for farmers are very busy folk.

One day Uncle Jack went off to hunt, and in the afternoon he came home with something soft and small tucked down in the bottom of his game-bag.

"Trinket," said he, "I'll give you three guesses at what I have in my bag."

"Oh! oh!" cried Trink, patting the outside of the bag, and finding that it held something very soft. "Do tell me what it is, Uncle Jack. Something for me? What color is it? I'm sure I can't guess."

"Well," said her uncle, "you may have it if you can guess what it is. It's about ten inches long, has black hair on its back, sort of a chestnut red colored breast, thick, short legs, bushy tail, rather flat head, long whiskers, and looks as if it had no neck at all. Now guess."

Trink laughed. "I never heard of such a funny animal. 'Tisn't a cat, is it?"

"Ho!" laughed Uncle Jack. "That would be a funny cat, surely. Two more guesses now."

"A rabbit?" asked Trink.

"Wrong again—one more guess."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Trink, wrinkling her brow as she always did when thinking hard. "Do tell me."

So Uncle Jack untied his bag, and, opening it, took out something which looked like a muff.

"I suppose you'll have to have it, even though you didn't guess. Now look," said he; and Trink, bending over, found it had bright little eyes staring up at her. She was afraid to touch it until Uncle Jack laid it in her arms, saying that it wouldn't bite unless she hurt it."

"Oh, how lovely and soft!" exclaimed Trink. "Why, I never saw anything like it. What is it, Uncle Jack, and where did you find it?"

"It's a young woodchuck," explained her uncle. "I shot his mother in the clover field this morning, and found this little baby trying to get back to his house again. Wood-

chucks, you know, Trink, dig deep holes in the hills for their houses, slanting them upward so that the water won't run in, and then stay in them all winter, sleeping. When the warm weather comes, they wake and leave their houses to look for food, going back to them to rest and hide. They are very fond of eating my red clover, and I have to shoot them or they would destroy it all. You can tame this little fellow easily, and keep him for a pet."

So Trink gave her new pet as much bread and milk as he would eat, and fixed a basket for him to sleep in. After a few days he became very tame, and Trink taught him many tricks. He would beg just like a dog, sit up on his hind legs, charge, and play hide-and-seek by the hour with his little mistress. She would give him vegetables of all kinds, and clover for a treat once in a while; and when autumn came, Chucky had grown to be quite a large animal. It was funny to see Trink running about with Chucky under one arm and Blue Kitty under the other, but I dare say they all enjoyed it. She was so small and they so large that the little girl was almost hidden.

When the weather commenced to grow chilly, Chucky was not lively at all, and had to be thoroughly warmed before his eyes would shine and he would be his old self again. Woodchucks always retire to their houses to sleep all winter at that time of the year, and he felt, I suppose, that he ought to keep up the habits of his forefathers. At night Trink would put him in the stove-oven after the fire had gone out, and it was just warm enough in there to make Chucky full of fun, and in the morning he would be as bright as a button.

Alas for poor Chucky! One night, before going to bed herself, Trink placed Chucky in the oven and shut the door. Unfortunately for the little animal, cook made a hot fire in the stove early the next morning before Trink was dressed, and never thought of poor Chucky. When he was taken out he was baked too much, and he never came to life again.

Trink shed buckets full of tears over his untimely death, but she was comforted after a while by the hope that Uncle Jack would some day find another in his clover-field.

To this day (and Trink is grown up now) Uncle Jack has never brought her another woodchuck; and I ought to know, for I used to be Trink.—[The Outlook.]

Give what you have. To some it may be better than you dare to think.—[Longfellow.]

A Neglected Science.

A well-known woman writer says that while progress has been made in almost every other pursuit during the century, the science of housekeeping has not only stood still but actually retrograded. She considers it a defect in the so-called "higher education of women" that no provision is made in their colleges for instruction in the art of housekeeping. It is not the mission of all women to preside over households, but no woman has any moral right to assume the responsibilities of a wife without becoming intelligent concerning the duties involved in the administration of family affairs.

"If men undertook to conduct their business with as little preparation as women bring to the management of a house failure and bankruptcy would inevitably follow."

—[The Outlook.]

—[The Outlook.]

—[The Outlook.]

—[The Outlook.]

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—[The Outlook.]

With The Poets.

A Vision.

Multitudes, multitudes, stood up in bliss, Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair;

With harps, palms, wedding garments, kiss of peace, And crowned and haloed hair.

They sang a song, a new song in the height, Harping with harps to Him who is strong and true;

They drank new wine, their eyes saw with new light, Lo, all things were made new.

Tier beyond tier they rose and rose and rose, So high that it was dreadful, flames with flames;

No man could number them, no tongue disclose Their secret, sacred names.

As though one pulse stirred all, one rush of blood Fed all, one breath swept through them myriad-voiced.

They struck their harps, cast down their crowns, they stood And worshipped and rejoiced.

Each face looked one way like a morning new lit, Each face looked one way towards the Sun of Love;

Drank love and bathed in love and mirrored it, And knew no end thereof.

—Christina Rossetti.

February.

Then came cold February, sitting In an old wagon, for he could not ride,

Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting, Which through the flood before did softly slide,

And swim away; yet had he by his side His plow and harness fit to till the ground,

And toils to prune the trees, before Of hasting prime did make them burgeon round.

—Spenser.

Accidents.

A vision seen by Plato the divine: Two shuddering souls come forward, waiting doom

From Rhadamanthus in the nether gloom. One is a slave—hunger has made him pine;

One is a king—his arms and jewels shine, Making strange splendor in the dismal room.

"Hence!" cries the judge, "and strip them! Let them come With naught to show if they be coarse or fine."

Of garb and body they are swift bereft: Such is Hell's law—nothing but soul is left.

The slave, in virtue glorious, is held fit For those blest isles of peace where just kings go.

The king, by vice deformed, is sent below To herd with base slaves in the wailing pit.

—John Hay in the Century.

Shon Campbell.

Shon Campbell went to college Because he wanted to, He left the croft in Gairloch To dive in Bain and Drew;

Shon Campbell died at college When the sky of spring was blue.

Shon Campbell went to college, The pulpit was his aim; By day and night he ground, for he Was Hielan, dour, and game;

The session was a hard one, Shon flickered like a flame.

Shon Campbell went to college And gave the ghost up there, Attempting six men's cramming On a mean and scanty fare;

Three days the Tertians mourned for him— 'Twas all that they could spare.

Shon Campbell lies in Gairloch, Unhooded and unowned, The green Quadrangle of the hills To watch his sleep profound,

And the Gaudeamus of the burns Making a homely sound.

But, when the Last Great Roll is called And adsums thunder loud, And when the Quad is cumbered With an eager jostling crowd,

Will say, "Shon Campbell! come Your Alma Mater hails you Magister Artium!"

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

Facing the Issue.

ization, says the London Spec-

has undoubtedly added im-

to the irritability, and there-

many more expedients in the

for escaping small evils than

used to be, that we are very

less accustomed to schooling

even our fathers were; and so find

lives the objects of scornful com-

on to the minds of the Red In-

and even of the Mohammedan

sts who do not believe in those

expedients, and prefer being

led by the hand of Providence to

arming all these little acrobatic

by which western energy per-

sees itself that it can ward off the

One of the reasons why there

much more dignity in the savage

the Oriental believer in prede-

stination than there is in the practical

us of the West, is that the former

trained to acquiesce in so very

h against which the latter is

led to fight an often useless battle.

result is that the civilized man

ges and wriggles, in the hope of es-

aping blows, to which uneducated

is accustomed to bow without

paying them the homage of a

or a sigh. It is, no doubt, a great

to have something to do by which

may reasonably hope to avert, or

least to alleviate, an impending

But we doubt whether the

tude of mind which is accustomed

esent and evade suspense by every

ice of modern ingenuity, is at all

ally desirable.

There is no point on which the

ius of the West shows itself so in-

to the genius of the East, as this

parative inability to face steadily

onset of calamity without taking

age in a hundred little expedients

averting what is often in reality

not to be averted. The only purpose

of the sufferer from the descend-

ing blow, and that is in almost all

cases a good but an evil. For-

side is impossible without deliberate

eight and what the devotional

anuals call "full collection"—in

ter words, full consciousness both

of what may be coming and of what

is shock descends. The western

world, which accumulates anodynes

and plunges into a multitude of ex-

periments for modes of alleviation, instead

of stringing every nerve to the highest

point of endurance, only dissipates

energy, while the Eastern world

lects itself for an act of endurance

which is no doubt most painful, but

which at least results in a better con-

dition of the illimitable resources of

man dignity, and of the divine

pledges of responding to human faith.

His One Chance.

"It's a curious succumbance how

often, fond of variety as they be, will

live a man the same things 't eat year

an' out," said Capt. Abijah Sawyer

Capt. Nelson Judkins, as the two

men sat on the war in the sun one

plember morning. "That's as sartin

the tides," responded Capt. Jud-

kins. "I've eat more herrin' than any

her man livin', I presume 't say."

"Well, now, my woman feeds me on

ckled salt fish an' baked petaters,"

id Capt. Sawyer.

"It ain't but what it's nerishin' food,

't well-cooked," he continued; "but

's sing'lar how much Mr'd doos set by

hem two things fer a stiddy diet. An'

ence I've give up follerin' the sea, I

had but one chance to git a

hange o' food in the year. I calculate

've eat about a thousand pounds o'

alk fish an' frim thutteen to fourteen

hundred petaters durin' that time."

"I shouldn't want make no state-

ments as 't the number o' herrin' that

I've been obleeged to stow away," said

Capt. Judkins. "But when you was

down to Marthy's Vineyard, week

b'fore last, you must 'a' had an opp'

tunity to git in a fast rate meal. I

und'stood you stopped at the hotel

durin' the day.

"Yes, I was there fer a dinner," re-

turned Capt. Sawyer, looking abstract-

edly out to sea. "That was the one

chance I was referin' to."

"Why don't you speak up an' say

what you had?" said Capt. Judkins,

after a long pause. "I won't make

no herrin' better, so fur 't I know."

"Well," said Capt. Sawyer, still gaz-

ing out over the water, "when I took

up the bill o' fare an' see all the

different things there was 't make a

ch'ice of, my head spun round jest like

a top. I looked her up an' down; one

spell I had some thoughts o' orderin'

a tenderline steak with fixin's."

Capt. Judkins gave a grunt of dis-

dain.

"Well, I didn't," continued Capt.

Sawyer. "I studied quite a season

over the furin dishes, but I deemed it

wa'n't best to run any risks so fur

from home. An' b' that time the

waiter was gittin' kind o' impatient, an'

he says, 'What'll you

State Dry=Rot

Why Great Nations Go Down—Millions Upon Millions Wasted in Corruption and Extravagance—A Warning to Canadians.

There is something sickening, as well as something almost unintelligible, in the accounts of corruption which pour in upon us from every quarter of the world. No form of government and no pride of race seems to be the smallest defense against the passion of stealing from the public. We are wholly unable to sympathize fully with either China or Japan in the amazing war now raging in the far East; but it is with a feeling of positive pain that we read a letter like the terrible one from the Gulf of Pechili, published in the Times of Wednesday morning, accounting for the defeat of the Chinese. It is a story of corruption which to Englishmen seems almost incredible. The safety of the State has been deliberately sacrificed to official greed, no man employed in the departments of supply buying good weapons if buying interior ones would enable him to pocket a larger commission from contractors. Quick-firing guns, for example, were rejected in favor of slow-firing, for this reason alone; millions were spent at Chefoo on useless defenses because the Governor there wanted his share of contracts; and Port Arthur was left exposed on the land side because it paid nobody to finish the defenses in that direction. The ships were starved in the way of armament, the soldiers were starved in the way of supplies. Even in the throes of the war itself, with the position of the great officials themselves at stake, the passion for stealing cannot be kept down.

The Chinese are yellow, Mongolians, Monarchists, and Pagans; but we do not see that, except in their want of patriotism, they are any worse than certain classes in New York, who are white, Anglo-Saxons, Republicans, and in theory at least, believers in Christianity. It is bad to sell the defense of internal order; and the recently dominant municipal party in New York has been doing that for years. It is impossible to read the evidence taken before the Lexow Commission without acknowledging that every place in the police was sold, on the distinct understanding that the officers who purchased should recoup themselves by selling immunity to grogshops, disorderly houses, blackmailers, and, in short, all classes of lawbreakers who did not by murder arouse the active detestation of the community. Things are as bad in Italy, where Government after Government has been afraid to ascertain fully the true relation between privileged banks and leading politicians; where the public believe that in some departments a heavy percentage on the revenue never reaches the treasury at all; and where in one great Province, Sicily, the collection of rates was so universally corrupt as to drive the lower citizens into overt acts of rebellion, only to be suppressed by the display of overwhelming military force. The corruption in France is not quite so bad, because a Frenchman has an efficient side to his head, which hates corruption, not so much because it is immoral as because it impairs the prospect of success; but even in France the situation is deplorable. Only one man has been fairly punished for the frightful robbery of the Panama Canal shareholders, which must have implicated a hundred politicians, and no one has suffered for the state of affairs recently revealed at Toulon, which is inexplicable except on the theory of corruption as objectionable if not as dangerous as any revealed in the Chinese navy.

M. de Lanessan has been cashiered peremptorily, on the evidence of letters seized by the judge, without a hearing; and as he fiercely denies the justice of his dismissal, the general verdict of "Guilty" passed against him by opinion is outrageously unjust, but that verdict of itself proves the want of confidence which France, taught by recent revelations, has begun to feel in the honesty of her public men. There is no doubt, either, that while thousands of employees in France are marked by exemplary probity, maintained under circumstances of exceptional temptation, there is ground for the public distrust, and for saying that the scene we now see in China might, if degeneracy went only a little further, be seen also in European monarchies and republics. Politicians in England and in Germany may be considered clean-handed, but if that can be unreservedly said of the whole state service in any other country, then "prerogative suspicion" is in all other countries doing a great many persons most shameful wrong and injustice. Except in Japan, England, Germany, and Holland, distrust is visible everywhere.

We can see no reason whatever why a servant of the state who takes a bribe, direct or indirect, should not be punished like an ordinary thief by a magistrate, and with six months hard labor. He is just as guilty as the ordinary thief, evidence against him may be just as clear, and he can defend himself just as well before a magistrate—indeed better; for the man guilty of official corruption is almost sure to be better educated than the ordinary criminal. Such a method of proceeding would be far more dreaded than the present one, and would in-

deed, as we believe, in most European countries render corruption as rare as the stealing of spoons by educated men. We cannot see where the objection to this course arises, or why corruption should be treated as in any degree a political offense, or be regarded as a matter requiring the intervention of great officers of state. It is as rule theft, and nothing else, and we can see no reason whatever why it should not be so regarded. It is bad enough to hear of contracts going to great firms, because they habitually support this party or the other, but at least they may be as efficient as their rivals. The contractor who pays money for a contract, the official who takes a bribe, or the understrapper who accepts a commission, cannot be perfectly efficient. He is a slave, to begin with, and the money paid must be recouped, either through unfair charges, which are thefts from the state, or through a debasing of the quality of the goods, which may be theft, but may also be a ruinous form of treason. It is not by savage sentences rarely inflicted that the Emperor of China, or the French democracy, or any other despot will "put down" corruption, but by moderate sentences involving social humiliation, invariably and speedily inflicted in every case of guilt.—[London Spectator.

The New Woman.

Miss Florence Balgarnie really had an astonishing audience on Sunday afternoon at Westbourne Park Chapel, when she spoke of the "new woman." The combined virtues of Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Graham Wallis, and Mr. Cyril Dodd, Q.C., on a previous occasion did not call out one quarter of the audience which came to hear Miss Balgarnie. The place was quite besieged, and even the flap seats on either side of the aisles were needed. The audience contained a very large number of women, but also a great number of men. Miss Balgarnie looked very charming in her pretty, simple dress. She speaks very much like Lady Henry Somerset, and uses only a few notes. She began by saying that she could not recognize the creature whom some people had conjured up in their fertile brain and called the "new woman" as a woman at all. She entirely refused to recognize Dodo, Evadne, or Tess as her ideal of the new woman. The new woman, she said, had not yet been fully developed—man had not yet developed. She admitted that in their efforts for moral, intellectual and physical emancipation women were guilty of follies and mistakes, but then people who did not make mistakes made no advance at all. Women are now beginning to find themselves as women, and to find oneself is the greatest discovery possible. It is only when every human being demands that the human entity shall be recognized that we have any true development, and it was the relative position women occupy which was the great discovery of the century.

The progress of women has gone in cycles, said Miss Balgarnie. She apparently did not mean bicycles, though she might have said that the progress of women on cycles of that kind was not only rapid but graceful. Women used to sit on the ancient wivens of England, and she felt that women had fallen on bad days when they had to go down on their knees to the average man to ask him for the parliamentary vote! Miss Balgarnie was very severe on Milton and the Puritans. "I think," she said, "that women owe a very big grudge indeed to the Puritans." Their treatment of women was a reaction against the licentious period which they succeeded. Even the Eve of Milton's "Paradise Lost" was affected by this reaction. Dr. Clifford, speaking at the close of the address, said that Miss Balgarnie was very hard on Milton. Milton, like other men, took women as he found them from experience, and Milton's experience was "multitudinous."

Miss Balgarnie thinks that Mary Wollstonecraft is gradually becoming recognized as one of the noblest, bravest, and most self-sacrificing women who ever lived in this country, and that it was she who began the woman movement a hundred years ago. Miss Balgarnie went on to say that she was exceedingly tired of hearing women, as such, talked about. It was merely a passing phase, for there was a human standard of excellence for men and women alike. Two things, however, were wanting to give women equal opportunities with men; first an education such as their brothers had; secondly, economic independence. When they obtained that, they would be able to enter upon home relationships in a true and noble way. This point about economic independence Miss Balgarnie strongly emphasized. In no country except England is this point so much neglected. In France, on the birth of a daughter, a dowry is at once thought of; and if in England it is impossible to give each daughter a dowry they should at least

be taught something by which could earn a living. Women for same work must also be paid the same as men. At present the individual average for men is 24s. 9d., while women it is only 11s. 5d. Miss Balgarnie said that every woman should be married and become the mother of children, and every woman should be able to put by portions of her property for that time in the same way men do.

Why is it, continued Miss Balgarnie, that we hear of so many unhappy marriages? Because men and women enter upon the marriage because they are not able to maintain their economic independence—married for the sake of a home. A woman should marry a man with asking the question—Do I love him? When love was the basis of marriage the population question would take care of itself, it would be a disgrace to bring children into the world unless they were in mind and body. Miss Balgarnie does not believe in mothers of families running about the country after public work. So long as children are young there is work in home, and it is the best and most beautiful work a woman can do. Finally, Miss Balgarnie said that would have been no woman's movement if the men of this country had carried out in domestic, social, municipal, political and church life ideal exemplified by the side of Jacob well in Samaria.

Trials of a Genius.

A man may have genius and yet what the world calls "green" as common matters of every day. In fact, the very possession of genius implies a measure of abstraction, and puts a man often at a disadvantage. Some striking illustrations of this found in "The Life and Inventions of Edison."

While employed in a telegraph office in New York young Edison had made several inventions, to which the company thought it advisable to obtain the right. The inventor himself, as tells us had thought the matter over and concluded that \$5,000 would be a fair price; but when the committee asked him what he wanted answered diplomatically:

"I don't know what they are worth. Make me an offer."

"Well," said the spokesman, "I would \$40,000 strike you?"

It struck him so hard, as he declared he might have been knocked down with the traditional feather. He accepted the offer, signed the contract, received a check for the amount, and set out instantly for the bank.

He concluded there must be some West street trick about the thing," he said, "and believed that if I ever got a cent I should be lucky."

He had never been into a bank before, and stood back for a while to see the methods of procedure. Then he took his place in the row before the paying teller's window.

In due time his turn came, and he passed in his check. The teller "yelled out a lot of jargon," Edison says, which the customer's deafness prevented him from understanding. The "jargon" was repeated and the check was handed back.

Edison, surer than ever that he was the victim of some trick, went outside and sat down on the steps to think the situation over. Just then he declares "Any one might have bought that check from me for \$50."

"However," he went back to the telegraph office and told one of the clerks what had happened.

"Oh, well," said the clerk, "the teller wanted you to be identified. Come on."

With that the clerk went with him to the bank, identified him, and the teller promptly handed him the \$40,000—"greatly to my astonishment," Edison concludes.

He invested the money in a shop of his own, in Newark, and soon his head was full of inventions of all sorts, but especially of the quadruplex telegraph. Suddenly he was notified that his taxes were overdue. If they were not paid the next day he would have to pay 12 1/2 per cent extra.

The next day, accordingly, he repaired to the city hall, and with his brain still busy with the quadruplex telegraph, took his place in the line. The line was long, and the business day was already closing when he reached the collector's window. It was the last moment of grace.

"Now, then, young man, look sharp," said the tired functionary, as the absent-minded inventor stood before him; "look sharp. What is your name?"

The inventor's composure was gone completely, and in "blank perplexity," to use his own words, he stammered: "I—I don't know."

No doubt the collector thought he had an idiot to deal with. He waved him aside, another stepped into his place, the day closed, and Edison had to pay the extra 12 1/2 per cent.

Man Always a Carver.

History does not treat of a time when carving was not apparently well known. Tradition does not appear to approach much nearer to its genesis. Carvings were well executed during the period of man's early occupation on the caves of Europe, and most persons who have familiarized themselves with archaeological research know the figures of fish or seal engraved on the canine teeth of large carnivora, and the bear, reindeer, muskox, horse, mammoth and other animals carved on reindeer horn implements or on plates of ivory, the figures of animals being at the time cut fully in the round and found in the lowest strata of the caves, under many feet of cave earth and stalagmite, and associated with the bones of a quaternary and, at times, an arctic fauna. The similarity of much of this cave work with much of the Eskimo production of the present day has given rise to innumerable theories concerning a common origin for both peoples.

How to Win.

No woman can really win in the world's thickening battle who is not, first of all, obedient to the decalogue of natural law, "written in our members." There is no mistaking its utterances as they sound from the ever-radiant Sinai of physiology and hygiene.

Reverently let me try to write them down, having, alas, learned most of them from old Father Penalty, the severest of all pedagogues.

1. Let the dress be such as will impose no ligature upon any part of the body, nor in anywise restrict the freedom, naturalness, and perfect equilibrium of all its members. Let it be equally distributed over the entire figure, without excrescences or furbelows, and carefully adapted to the season.

2. Let the functions of digestion be normally preserved by the use of the simplest foods, into which enter the elements of nutrition suited to the season, and by a careful physiological study of the conditions of their healthful maintenance.

3. Let the only drink be water, hot or cold, and milk.

4. Let the sponge-bath be a daily means of grace.

5. Let God's pure, fresh air have full access to your room especially at night.

6. Let exercise in the open air be your daily habit, and cultivate athletic sports.

7. Let brain-work be dispensed with after tea, and insist on 8 hours sleep in 24.

8. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. In the six days thou shalt labor, but in them do all thy work. If the Sabbath day is necessarily a day of brain-work—as to public speakers, Christian workers, etc.—take one day in seven for rest or recreation, as the surest means to a useful life and hale old age.

9. Give your soul up to faith. Believe in God, in immortality, in human brotherhood, in the sure triumph of everything pure and good.

10. Habituate yourself to prayer. Let it be the pulse of your whole life, so natural to you that your spirit turns to the Star of Bethlehem as steadily as turns the needle to the polar star.

I am not gifted in divination and will not attempt to cast your horoscope, brave girls of this new age, evermore marching forward to storm the Castle Ignorance, as well as Castle Indolence, but I do not fear to predict an absolute happy, a most winning, and a thoroughly successful life to whomsoever will obey these ten commandments.—[Frances E. Willard, in the Woman's Signal.

Woman's Suffrage Carried in South Australia.

The Adult Suffrage Bill has been carried in South Australia, giving all women the right to vote on the same terms as men, and with no barrier to their seat in Parliament. The bill now only awaits the Queen's consent. Mrs. Nicholls, of Adelaide, president of the South Australia W. C. T. U., writes:

"It is a grand victory after a hard and well-fought battle of seven years, in which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has done its fair share of the fighting. It was carried by a majority of seventeen, being three votes to spare above the constitutional majority needed to carry the measure."

SAFE, CERTAIN AND ECONOMIC.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

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SUNSHINE HAS RETURNED.

The Shadows Overhanging a Niagara Falls Home Have Vanished.

Little Mabel Dorety Cured of St. Vitus' Dance After Four Physicians Had Ineffectually Treated the Case.

(From the Niagara Falls Review.)
In speaking to a friend recently we were asked if we had heard that little Mabel Dorety, the 8-year-old daughter of Mrs. Dorety, Ontario avenue, had been miraculously cured of St. Vitus' dance. We replied in the negative, but stated that we would investigate the case and ascertain the facts. Accordingly we visited the home of Mrs. Dorety, when she related the facts as follows: "My little girl has had a most miraculous experience. It is about two years ago, a half since Mabel was stricken with St. Vitus' dance, caused by the weakening effects of la grippe and rheumatism. Three local physicians were called in, as was also one doctor of considerable reputation from Niagara Falls, N. Y., but in the face of the prescriptions of these physicians and the best of care, Mabel grew rapidly worse. She could not be left alone as she had no control of her limbs at all. She could neither walk without assistance nor take food or drink. At this stage one of the attending physicians said, 'Mrs. Dorety, there is no use in my coming here any more. There is nothing that I know of can be done for your little girl.' Well, matters went on that way for a short time with no better results till one day I was sure the poor child was dying. I remembered having seen accounts of St. Vitus' dance cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I determined to try them. I was skeptical as to the effect and only tried them as a last resort, but was soon agreeably surprised at the result. It was not long before they had a good effect and I then felt certain I had found a remedy that could cure my little girl if anything could. In less than three months she was so much better that the dread disease had almost disappeared, and the pills were discontinued. In a few months, however, she showed that the symptoms had not been entirely eradicated from her system, so I had her again commence the use of the Pink Pills. I feel certain that all traces of the awful malady will be swept away, for she goes to school now and we have not the slightest anxiety in leaving her alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is certainly a grand remedy and I would not be without them under any consideration, for I think they are worth their weight in gold, as in my little girl's case they have been true to all they advertise. I am only too glad to let others who may be unfortunate know of this miraculous cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

When strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. Sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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134 KING WEST Toronto, Can. OPPOSITE ROSS HOUSE

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Study of His Childhood and Strong Characteristics.

BOYHOOD OF THE FUTURE EMPEROR.

Abrupt and Quarrelsome in Disposition. With No Regard For Neatness of Attire. Lacked the Scholastic Trait—His First Entry Into France.

[Copyright, 1895, by John Clark Ridpath.]

II.—BOYHOOD.

Napoleon may be said to have had a threefold life. He was an Italian by descent, a Corsican by variation, and a Frenchman by nationality. He was the last by a close contingency; for Corsica had only become French a few months before his birth. We may here glance briefly at the aspect of the world at the date of his apparition.

The Bourbon monarchy of France was in its hectic heyday—knowing little, and fearing nothing. Its wisest organ was the minister of Foreign Affairs, the great Choiseul. Louis XV. was in the forty-sixth year of his reign. Italy consisted of distracted principalities, over which the papal power still extended its scepter in spectral majesty. Clement XIV. had reached the third month of his pontificate. The Hapsburg Joseph II. was in the fourth year of that imperial rule which had now become a shadow and illusion on the disk of time. Great Britain, gaining rapidly by conquest on foreign shores, had for ruler George III., then in the thirty-first year of his age.

In America the rebels of New England had been outlawed by Parliament for their "rash and hasty proceeding" against the tax on tea. Only a few miles from the birthplace in the house of Carlo Bonaparte was stationed a Provencal lieutenant with his regiment of Lorraine, and his name was Mirabeau!

Letitia di Bonaparte was not quite nineteen years of age when her war-god was born. Incidents in the first years of the Napoleonic childhood there are none recorded. We are left to himself and to his schoolmate Bourienne for our knowledge of the earliest characteristics and events of his life.

The Corsican had a prodigious memory, and it reached back well toward his infancy. When in after years he spoke of himself—he was much given to doing—he generally used exaggeration; but we may not doubt that there was always a vein of sterling truth under-



CARLO BONAPARTE, FATHER OF NAPOLEON, running his dramatic recitals. We know indeed, out of the nature of the case, that his representations of his own childhood-character were in the main correct.

The young Bonaparte was from a babe abrupt and quarrelsome. His willfulness was extreme. The likelihood is that he never once in his life willingly obeyed anybody! Near his death, at Longwood, he declared that he was never afraid. His child-passion was frequently excited against Joseph, over whom he exercised a censorious sway from the time when they toddled together in the birth-room or fought in the yard. He appears to have loved his mother, and to have obeyed her in a morose and mathematical way; but in his last talk he indicates that his conduct as a child toward the mother was rather prudential than affectionate. He bears witness that the Ramolino lioness was tender in the treatment of him, as well as severe and just.

To their fourth child, Carlo Bonaparte and his wife gave the name of Napoleon. At the first it was Napoleone. In this form the possessor retained it until, flaring up in Paris in the character of a young Jacobin, he threw away the Italian and aristocratic fictions in his name, to become plain, republican NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The first teaching of the child Bonaparte was given by his mother. Then he was sent, in his sixth year, to a child's school kept by a woman. He went from the parental threshold in that same arbitrary and belligerent mood which characterized him ever. He fought with his schoolmates, among whom he appeared with no sign of neatness in his clothing, and nothing debonaire in his manner.

At this time, beside his parents, he had two important relatives. One of these was Lucien Bonaparte, brother of his grandfather Joseph; and the other was Joseph Fesch, afterwards the Cardinal Fesch, half-brother of his mother. The latter was a studious lad of twelve, who took an interest in his sister's son; and the former had wealth and influence in the island, both of which he was willing to bestow on the Bonaparte schoolboy. Young Fesch aided him with his lessons, and exercised a conservative influence on his temper. How little might it be foreseen that the younger of these twain, with his surly look and long hair and stockings down over his shoes in the dust of the playground, should one day, from an imperial palace in the most splendid city in the world, despatch his elder playmate as ambassador to the Pope of Rome!

What were the civil and social influences around the schoolhouse of Bonaparte? The sentiments of that place are among the most potent and enduring forces of life. The child nature imbibes unconsciously the prevailing principles of the hour; and the character is forming while the first hesitant words are conned from the primer. The boy Napoleon had around his schoolroom—as around his cradle—an agitated atmosphere. It was banked with the reeking clouds of revolution. There was lightning on the rim, and blood on the fringes.

The majority of the Corsicans had accepted the French dominations. Some still remembered Genoa with affection; and many sighed for independence. Among the latter were the Bonapartes. The feeling of regret for the lost cause began to wane about the time that Napoleon was sent to school; but there was still in his heart a drop of inherited bitterness on account of the French conquest. He looked back angrily at the terrible conditions surrounding him in his childhood. As late as his twentieth year he broke out in passion. "I was born," said he, "while my country was dying. Thirty thousand French, vomited on our shores, drowning the throne of liberty in waves of blood—such was the horrid sight which first met my view. The cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, tears of despair, surrounded my cradle at my birth." The utterance shows how hardly the future emperor of the French himself in youth became a Frenchman.

When, from the sixth to the ninth year of his age, the boy Bonaparte attended school in his native town, three lines radiated before his feet. One of these was dim and clouded, but glorified with patches of extreme light. It was the way into the kingdom of that New Philosophy which was just then revealing itself with such brilliancy in France. A second and well trod way led straight to the Church. Rome was great and honorable. Her rewards of diligent ambition were real and certain. The young aspirant who entered the colleges might well expect emolument and reputation. The third path led dangerously to the military life. None might at that time discern the coming upheaval of society, with its concomitant reign of the sword. But the agitations of the epoch were sufficient to encourage war, and to offer a measure of inducement to follow in the path of military glory.

The taciturn schoolboy of Ajaccio had these three open ways before him. From the first, he was precluded by the dispositions of his family, intensified in himself. He never had the scholastic trait. His abilities as a pupil, and afterwards as a military cadet, showed nothing of the philosophy. Indeed he conceived—how early in boyhood we know not—a prejudice against philosophy and the philosophers as well. As for the Church, he had an inbred admiration for Rome; but the kind of life offered in the priesthood was without attractions for him personally. He was willing that Joseph and other of his friends should become priests and bishops; but not himself. Neither the scholar's gown nor the priest's surplice offered the slightest attraction to his imagination.

The condition of the Bonaparte family about the years 1776-78 was critical. Carlo, the father, had given an interested adherence to the French. He had his hopes from the annexation. He would keep his titles and recover the properties formerly belonging to the family. The Bonaparte estates in Corsica had been mostly lost. Some had been confiscated by the Genoese party and converted into Jesuit schools. The recent revolution had reduced Carlo's means almost to naught. He was himself of no reputation as an economist. His family had rapidly multiplied. Two children died in infancy between the birth of Napoleon and that of Lucien, in 1775. The family was brought almost to penury.

Carlo de Bonaparte could not get back his properties. The privilege of writing his name with a de did not compensate for his losses. He struggled with adversity, and sought the aid of influential friends. Among these the most available was General Marbeuf. The latter in 1776 appealed on behalf of the Corsican friends to the authorities in Paris for the privilege of educating the Bonaparte boys in France at the expense of the royal treasury. This thing might be done—provided the applicants should be under ten years of age, and be able to show four strains of noble blood in their veins! In the case of the boys Bonaparte, this could not be proved; and affairs in the homestead went from bad to worse.

At this juncture history, rather than man, came to the rescue. France was on the verge of bankruptcy. One finance minister after another was appointed, and one financial scheme after another exploded in the hands of the inventors. It became necessary to call together, at Versailles, a council of the nobles. Carlo de Bonaparte was chosen a representative from Corsica. In going to perform his duty at the French capital, he took with him, to be distributed en route, his two sons, Joseph and Napoleon; also, a cousin of Letitia, the mother. As for Fesch, he was to be left as a student at Aix. The cousin had been appointed to an office in the church at Autun; and at that place the distracted father determined to drop his two sons at school.

This was in the year 1778. The company set out by way of Florence, Genoa, Marseilles, Lyons. The youngest of the company was a sad-faced, big-eyed boy, in such apparel as could be furnished in the house of an impecunious nobleman. The boy's head was bent forward as he walked. His foot now for the first time touched the continent. He was in his tenth year. He muttered broken ejaculations to his companions. It was Napoleon Bonaparte on his way to Autun—and the world.

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"Guess he is, but he plays like a boy of 6."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOLSOME STYLISH NOTIONS

LESSON IX, FIRST QUARTER, INTEAN IMPORTANT SUBJECT FOR BOTH NATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 3. OLD AND YOUNG.

Text of the Lesson, John xi, 30-45—Merry Verses, 23-36—Golden Text, John xi, 35—Commentary by the Rev. D. I. Stearns.

30. It is probable that all the events recorded in Luke x, 17, to xviii, 43, and also this, and that Jesus is now on His way to Jerusalem, shortly before the last passover. While He was beyond Jordan Lazarus took sick, and the sisters sent Him word but instead of hastening to him He tarried two days in the same place, and He still Lazarus was dead and buried did He set forth to a wake him out of sleep (verse 11). When Martha heard that He was coming, she went forth out of the town to meet Him, and afterward calling Mary secretly she, too, went forth out of the town Jesus tarrying where Martha had been.

31. When the people in the house who came together to comfort Martha and Mary saw Mary go forth hastily, not knowing that her sister had called her to weep there. They must have been poor comforters, for they knew not the comfort of I Thess. iv, 10-18. How few seem to know it even now, for even at the funeral of a believer we have often heard a position of the corpse, but seldom these words: "The Lord means death, Martha and Mary, wherein the comfort lies, which assure us that one hour our departed loved ones will be with Christ, and together we will meet the Lord in the air."

32. Mary, coming where Jesus was, fell down at His feet, uttering the very same words which her sister had used (verse 21) against one another; either of the same Now if, as some teach us, the coming material as the Lord means death, Martha and Mary, should have said, Lord, we are so glad you can; when our brother died, but they say that if He had come Lazarus would not have died.

33. He would not be troubled without cause, and when we hear Him twice groan now. They come in in spirit in this lesson (see verse 38) very we may be sure the cause was very great. What could it be? His dear friends whom He loved were in deep sorrow, and He felt sorry for them.

34. His inquiry, "Where have ye laid him?" confirms us in the thought that death was the work of death upon this dear friend whom Jesus loved (verse 3), which was in part at least the cause of the Saviour's groaning, and while He knew that death would surely raise up and restore Lazarus to His sisters, yet He felt deeply the work of the enemy and saw it in all its terrors and horrors from Abel to the very end.

35. "Jesus wept." Shortest verse in the Bible, but who can tell its breadth and length and depth and height? On three different occasions Jesus is said to have wept. See Luke xix, 41; Heb. v, 7. In the former text we see His sorrow for those who, by their unbelief, were bringing untold sufferings upon themselves, but into the meaning of the latter we cannot pretend to enter.

36. "Behold how He loved him." God is love, and all the love of Jesus was the manifestation of the love of God. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him" (I John iv, 9). They have not forgotten the unheeded wonder of the opened eyes of the man who was born blind. Possibly they had heard of the two resurrections in the north country, of the little girl and the widow's son. Like Martha and Mary, they felt that, if Jesus had only been present, He might have prevented Lazarus from dying, but it is too late now, for he is dead and buried, and neither of the others had been buried.

37. They are now at the grave, or cave, with a stone upon it, and again He groans within Himself. We are reminded of the words in Rom. viii, 23, "Our groanings, also, which have the promise of the life to come, even we ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption—to wit, the redemption of our body." 38. The stone is between Him and the dead body of His dear friend, and that they can take away. It is ours to take away everything that may be between Jesus and the soul that is dead in sin. No matter who may object, because of the seeming impossibilities of the case, let us get away all the obstacles and bring the sinner face to face with Jesus.

39. The greatest of all hindrances is unbelief. In one place He could because of this do no mighty works, and it is unbelief that both keeps sinners under condemnation and keeps saints from entering into the rest (John iii, 18; Heb. iii, 19). In spite of feelings or circumstances of all that our eyes can see we must believe God. To the man whose little girl had just died, Jesus said, "Be not afraid, only believe" (Mark v, 36). In the storm at sea, when it seemed as if the vessel must go down with all on board, and there was nothing to rest upon but the word of the messenger, He said, "I believe God."

40. The stone being taken away, Jesus glorifies His Father by acknowledging Him as the one who was about to work, and He thanks Him beforehand for the answer. Hear Him also thanking the Father in Math. xi, 25; Luke x, 21. He ever made it manifest that the words and works were not His, but those of the Father who sent Him. He manifested love to believe and me it manifest to all that "It is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii, 13).

41. He always pleased the Father; the Father always heard Him, because He sought only the Father's will and glory (John vi, 38; viii, 29, 50). It is our privilege to be well pleasing in His sight, and so to abide in Him that we may ask what we will and receive it (Heb. xiii, 21).

42. The same voice that said in the beginning, "Let there be light," that spoke to Israel from out of the mist of the fire on the mount; that spoke and it was done, and it stood fast; that same voice now cries, "Lazarus, come forth!" 43. The mighty word gave life, and suddenly he that had been dead stood in the mouth of the cave alive and well. What a word it was, what a word it is! There is nothing like it on earth. God is in it. The Bible, the word of God, not only was inspired, but is inspired. It is forever settled in heaven, it is true from the beginning, and it shall stand forever (Ps. cxix, 89, 100; Isa. xl, 8).

44. Many will still believe on Jesus when they see real life and liberty in those who bear the name of Jesus, but a mere name to live where there is no real life will never honor Christ nor win people to Him. But as in the context this miracle stirred up the hatred of those who were merely religious without any reality we may be sure that real life will work just that way still.

A Simple Party Gown—Some Ornaments for the Hair—A Stylish Jacket Frock—Sleeves and Materials—Some Hints Respecting Nightwear.

The subject of evening gowns is important just at this season when there are so many pretty styles both for young and old. As a rule the skirts are plainly made, but when the material is thin, garniture of lace frills or bands of ribbons are used. Most of the bodices are cut full and arranged with ribbon straps and bows or with falling frills of lace and chiffon. Very few evening dresses are made without sleeves this season. Dainty little ornaments for the hair to be worn on dress occasions are made of colored ribbon, twisted around a foundation of wadding to form a circlet, with two upstanding bows at the top, some latest hat trimmings. One of the newest trimmings for the hair consists of three folds laid close against one another; either of the same material as the gown or of silk or velvet. Velvet shoulder pieces are some of the newest trimmings for the hair. They come in in spirit in this lesson (see verse 38) very we may be sure the cause was very great. What could it be? His dear friends whom He loved were in deep sorrow, and He felt sorry for them.

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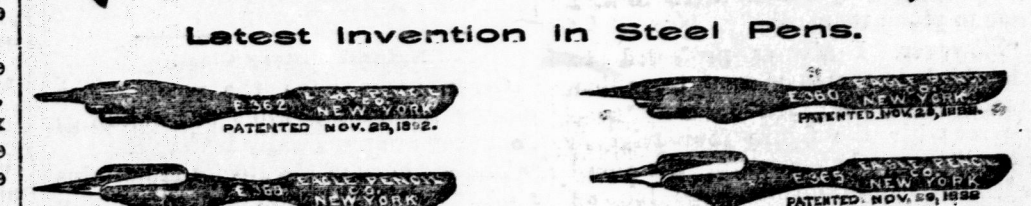
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FOR BOYS ON THE FARM

A DISQUISITION ON SNARING IN THE SNOW.

How to Hunt Birds and Rabbits in the Winter Without Powder and Shot—Jay Birds in the Snow—Blindfolded Crows—Snaring Br'er Rabbit.

"When I was a boy," remarked Uncle Jack, who found Peter sulking by the sitting room window because his father had forbidden him to borrow Michael's, the stableman, gun, "I lived in the country too, and used to bag all the game I wanted in snares and traps of my own making."

Peter only grunted.

"Yes," continued his cheerful young uncle, "and I'd venture to say I could start out to-day, set a few good traps under the trees and along the edge of the woodlands and catch more rabbits and birds in twenty-four hours than Michael can shoot in a week with that old blunderbuss of his."

"And all this snow on the ground, but



SNARING BRER RABBIT.

you wouldn't," said discouraged Peter, who was growing interested in spite of himself.

"Why this is the perfect trapping season," insisted Mr. Jack Bowles, "with four or five inches of well packed snow over everything, nobody but a few squirrels and chipmunks know where they will get their next square meal, and the majority of these snow-bound animals will venture into the most suspicious looking nooks for the sake of a few crumbs or a bit of meat. Did you never try catching crows and jaybirds in snow pits? They are about the simplest snares I know of and the easiest made."

Peter confessed he felt some curiosity on the question, and his uncle explained that with his thumb he must break through that part of the snow on which a crisp crust has formed, making a neat, round little hole not more than one inch and a quarter deep. Into this sprinkle a few grains of wheat and await developments. If two or three of these holes are made near, or under a tree in which jays collect to roost and quarrel during the afternoon, they will be sure to spy out the little feast, and some of them will feast and some one of them will stick in an inquisitive blue head. All goes well until he attempts to draw back when his proud top knot catches like the barb of a fish hook and the bird is held as firmly as if you had him in your hand.

"Now for the crow a simple sheet of white commercial note paper will do. Roll and paste this in the form of a cone with an opening at the top measuring at least three inches across. All along the inside edge of this opening smear a little bird lime, and this you can buy already prepared at any bird shop, or fill its place by bottling down some linseed oil until it is very thick and sticky. Press the paper cone up to its very edge in the snow and drop a few well cracked grains of corn into the bottom. When the crow thrusts his head in for one lucious mouthful his disgust and surprise are unbouded as he finds he cannot withdraw it, for the paste on the cone holds him as securely as the jaybird's top knot, and only human hands can give him relief.

"Another favorite trick of mine was catching birds with an owl, an old stuffed fellow I possessed and would fasten on the limb of a tree, smearing the branches about him with home-made bird lime. As perhaps you know, it is only during the day, when he is stupid with sleep and blinded by light, that the smaller birds have no fear of an owl, and if they find one recklessly wandered forth from his knot hole retreat, or discover his daylight hiding place, they will gather and punish him soundly for his midnight depredations. My dummy owl never failed to attract a congregation of birds and when once settled on the branches they stuck there until I came to pluck them off.

"However, I always preferred to catch birds in snares or coop traps that I made for myself. An ordinary coop trap set with the figure four triggers and a little meal answers for the small hedge birds and famished little fellows that hop about on the lawn. For quail wire snares are the luckiest and most quickly made. To set up the best of this kind drive the stout stakes, each about a foot and a half long, into the earth three or four feet apart. From top to top stretch taut a length of heavy twine. At spaces five inches along this twine fasten a series of slipping nooses made of any flexible wire with the opening of every noose as large as a tea cup saucer. Let them all hang at least a fourth of an inch above the ground and sprinkle about a handful of oats or whole wheat. Such a trap is best up at the edge of a woodland or where the long meadow grass is high above the snow. Here the quail run back and forth in search of food and sometimes a hurrying rabbit will come to grief in the wire net work.

"To snare rabbits though you cannot do better than take lessons of the English poachers who build the cleverest, simplest twitch up snares in the world. A knife, a few thick shingles, some twine and wire are all the materials needed for building one. Select a spot which you suspect the light-footed, Molly cotton tail frequents and drive

deeply into the ground a piece of shingle nearly a foot long, half an inch thick and two inches broad. Insert this about four feet distant from a tough little oak or hickory sapling that is not more than three feet high and from which you must lop all its branches. Now cut in the upright stick, just where the sketch I am making shows a square notch into which will fit the long pointed bait stick, that has an angle notch at one end to correspond with an angle notch in the top of the upright stick. Putting the bait and upright stick together fit into their notches a third bit of stick called the catch piece and then, tying a bit of twine to the top of the sapling bend it over until it leans in the form of an arc and the other end of the twine can be fastened to the catch piece.

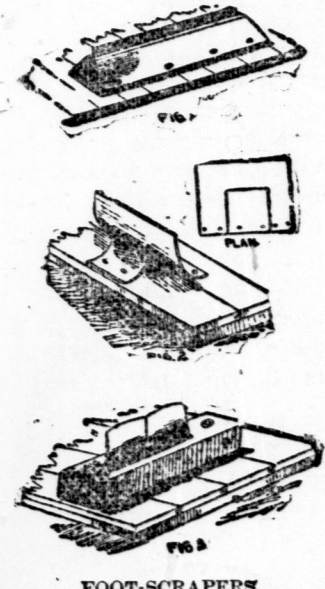
"From the same sort of wire as that used in the quail snare make a running noose to hang over the bait end of the long stick and attach this to the twine that holds the sapling. Cut what remains of the shingles in strips and drive these into the ground around the trap, in the form of a pen, on three sticks, and so force master rabbit to take the first nip at the bait only by poking his head through that wire noose. He will be sure to venture and within an instant after his hungry tongue has touched the dainty morsel triggers and springing upright, will hang the poor beast as neatly as a regular galloway. But twine will snap out of place and the sapling, remember whatever else you do never set a snare for any of these animals with your bare hands, wear a pair of clean old gloves and prepare all your triggers, stakes and wires anywhere else but on the ground where you intend to lay your trap, for even a starving rabbit will think twice before venturing in where too ostensible preparation has been made for his coming."

AUBREY MELTON.

Home-Made Foot-Scrapers.

Of the many devices that aid the housewife on the farm in keeping the rooms clean, none bear a more important relation to neatness and sanitation than the humble foot-scraper by the kitchen door. It invites the men folks to clean their feet and reminds them that the door-mat will aid without an objection in keeping hall or living room floor free from the offensive mud of poor walks and the more offensive filth of the stable.

Very neat and artistic patterns of scrapers are for sale at the hardware stores, but they are usually too frail for



FOOT-SCRAPERS.

cleaning the heavy boots required on the farm, and if placed on the porch are soon broken and thrown away.

Any farmer who has the kit of mechanic's tools required on every farm can profitably spend a rainy day in making one of the patterns of foot scrapers here described. No. 1, as shown in the engraving, is made of a piece of two-inch barrel hoop 12 or 14 inches long, inserted in a base made of a piece of 2x4 scantling about four inches longer than the iron. Dress out the scantling with hatchet and plane, saw off the ends to the same level, and with a saw make the slot in which the piece of hoop iron is firmly driven. Fasten to step or porch with nails or screws.

Fig 2 shows a scraper made of any piece of thin iron or steel, and can be easily fashioned from the blade of an old spade or shovel. This could be made with cold chisel and punch if wrought iron be used, or constructed more easily at the forge. Fig 3 shows a form that not even the roughest hired man with his No. ten brogans can break. This is made from a couple of old axes that have seen their best days, and while they can no longer cut they can keep two eyes ready for a scrape. The axes are set in a mortise cut in a 3x4 inch block which is securely fastened to the step—American Agriculturist.

Natural History Class.

Ocean crabs have the power of so closely resembling their surroundings that they are practically invisible.

The big horn of the Rocky Mountains seems to unite the head of the moufflin sheep with the body of the deer.

South America has a big insect known as a walking stick, which so closely resembles a branch that the illusion is almost perfect.

Horses or cattle cannot be driven over a field thickly grown with Russian thistles. Its seeds are carried hundreds of miles by the winds.

There is a butterfly of India, which, if pursued by a bird, simply alights on a bush or tree and becomes invisible by mimicking the leaves.

The insect known as the mantis, of India, so closely resembles the orchid that it acquires a living from insects that alight on it by mistake.

A Chicago butcher keeps a tame fox. It keeps his place clear of rats. The experiment was tried after cats and traps had failed. The first night the fox spent in the shop he slaughtered thirty-four rodents.

Gip, the most famous rat-terrier in Texas, is dead at the age of fourteen years. His greatest feat was killing 500 rats in thirty minutes. He was provided with a rosewood coffin, lined with satin and laid away by his owner, Henry Gray.

A MOST PECULIAR CASE.

Baffled the Skill of Physicians for Years.

Sprained Ankle in Childhood Followed by Years of Pain—The Means of Relief Discovered by Accident.

(From the Vancouver World.)

"Another miracle, I suppose," was the remark made by a World reporter, rather epically, the other day when he was deputed to interview Miss Alice Adams at Pricess street. If he was a doubter, he would not have been so sure of it when he went he is free to confess that he could not have doubted when he listened to the straight-forward story of her case, and he is quite convinced that the rough medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has been released from such suffering. When the reporter asked and made known his errand Miss Adams smiled and said: "Yes, I have been cured by Pink Pills. When I was a child, I had a sprained ankle, and it was not until I had the misfortune to fall and sprain my ankle. It was cured by Pink Pills. I had the misfortune to fall and sprain my ankle. It was cured by Pink Pills. I had the misfortune to fall and sprain my ankle. It was cured by Pink Pills."

"It went along, then, for a week or ten days, and as my expenses were very heavy, I was considerably embarrassed and needed the money badly. One night when I was feeling particularly discouraged I sat down and wrote him a note. I said: 'My dear sir,—About six weeks ago I loaned you \$15. Let the paying of it should occasion you any inconvenience allow me to hereby make you a present of the money.'

"That will bring it, if anything will thought I. Judge of my surprise when by the next morning's mail I received a letter from the man enclosing the \$15. By the same mail exactly he must have received mine making him a present of it, and, by the dates, both letters were evidently written at about the same hour.—New York Herald.

Trial by Jury.

A friend of Curran was tickled by the orator's retort apropos of the jury system. The friend was bragging of his attachment to it, and said: "With trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!"

"Oh," said Curran in amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick?"

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"Touchdown," she observed, gently, correcting him in accordance with her understanding of the football terminology.

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