AMUSEMENT FOR

Should Be So Healthful and So Innecent

THAT PARENTS COULD VIEW IT.

Hor, the Talmage Preaches on the Influonce of the Club, and He Olyes a Sure Test of its Morits Kvil Habits of Lukure and How to Surely Conquer

URE

nly. It a to sell a that is

ory pur-

every wrapper.

or of the boaring

coats I

shall on a hour of

o well by

aing Total

\$13 W

11 184

11 1941

era

DO.

Washington Jan 9 This morning Roy Dr. Labrage preached from the taxt, 11 Sound, ii, 11, "Lot the young man new areas and play before us." There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibean. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sweet forcing. Nothing could be more healt's ful and innevent The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men Against 12 min, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one at the swordsmen got an unlucky clip of in some way had his to aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in vides to, each one taking his contestant by the hair and then with the sword thrusting him in the side, we that that which opened in innocont fun ended in

abrustlyes. At this enson of the year the club houses of our towns and cities are in full play. I have found out that there is a ogitimate and an illegitimate use of the dubhouse in the one case it may become healthful recreation, like the contest of the 21 men in the text when they began that play in the other case it becomes the massacre of body, mind and soul, as in the case of these contestants of the text when they had gone too far with their sport. All intelligent ages have had their authorings for political, social, artistic,

the massiers of all the 21 sportsmen.

Was there ever a botter illustration of

what was true then and is true now, that

that which is innocent may be made de

Aborary purposes gatherings characters keed by the blum old Angle Saxon desig nation of "club." If you have read history, you know that there was a king's Head club, a Aprillonson club, a Brothers' club, to which swift and Bolingbroke belonged a Linepacy club, which Burke and Gold mith and Johnson and Boswell made umortal, a Jacobin white a Honjamin Frankfin Jamio club, some of these to Indicate justice, some to favor the arts, komo to promoto good manners, some to inspoil the habits, some to destroy the soul If one will write an honest history of the clubs of England, Ireland, Scot land, France and the United States for the fast 100 years, he will write the his bory of the world. The club was an inattitution born on English soil, but it has thrived well in American atmosphere Who shall tell how many belong to that Aind of club where men put purses to gother and open house, apportioning the expense of eaterer and servants and room, and having a sort of domestic establishment a style of clubbonse which in my opinion is far botter than the ordinary hotel or boarding house? But my object now is to spouk of chibhouses of a differout sort, such as the Counce or Cherr Chase or Lincoln club of this capital, or United Service club of London, the Lotos of New York, where journalists, dramat lata sculptors, painters and artists from all branches gather together to discuss newspapers, the store and elaborate art, like the Americus, which camps out in aim over time, disapling the pool with its hook, and arousing the forest with its stag bunt, like the Century club, which has its large group of venerable lawyers and roots, leke the Army and Navy club, where these who ongaged in warlike forvice ones on the hand or the son now come together to bolk over the days of carnage, like the New York Yacht club, with its the on paleons of beauty uphol-thins! With velve and paneled with bony, having all the advantages of cloopantry, one placents boat costing \$3,000, another \$15,000, another \$30,000, another Another \$15,000, another \$10,000, another \$65,000, the flors of pleasure boats belonging to the club leaving cost over \$2,000, 000, 100, the floring an Jockey club, to which along up who have a passumate femine, but home, the horses, as had Job with in the cuptures, he gives us a sketch of the king of beasts, the arch of its mak. The provinces of its foot, the majesty of its gart, the whirlwind of

its power, crying out "Hast then clothed als neck with thunder? The glory of his hostrils is tepritic, he pawoth in the valley and reporch in his strength, he taith among and tempets had had and be smelleth the souls after off, the thurdor of the captains, and the shouting." Who the Tracket club, the Blossom olub, the Pales sinh, the Commercial Mub, the Liber Felah, the Stable Gang dub, the America Boot club, the gamble og oluba, the wine clubs, the clubs of all gizes, the clubs of all morals, clubs as food as good can be and clubs as bad as bad can be, clubs innumerable. During the day they are comparatively lazy places. Here and there an aged man coding a newspaper, or an employe dusting a sofa, or a clock writing up the accounts, but when the ourtain of the algebraic for the chibbons hoists for the intertainment, Let us hasten up now the marble stairs. What an imperial hallway! the upholstery of the Kremlin and the Tulleries, and here are dining balls that challenge you to mention any luxury that they cannot afford, and here are calleries with sculpture and paintings and lithographs and drawings from the best of artists. Cropsey and Bierstadt and Church and tlart and Gifford-pleures for every mood, whether you are impassioned or placid; shipwreek or sunlight over the sea, Sheridan's ride, or the bounday party of the farmers under the es, foaming deer pursued by the hounds the Adirondacks or the sheep on the wn. On this side there are readile ooms where you find all newspapers and angerines. On that side there is a brary, where you find all books, from ormoneu los to the fairy tale. Coming n and out there are gentlemen, some whom stay ten minutes, others stay many hours. Some of these are from lux brious homes, and they have excused emselves for awhile from the domestic circle that they may enjoy the larger locability of the clubhouse. These are from dismembered households, and they ave a plain lodging somewhere, but they come to this club room to have their chief enjoyment. One blackball unid ton votes will defeat a man's be mine a momber. For rowdyism, for drunkonness for sambling, for any kind misdementer a member is dropped bottom. The chandeliers, the plate, the furniture, the companionship, the litera-

we hasten through the hall and down the stops and into the street and from block to block until we come to another style of elubhouse. Opening the door, we find the fumes a strong drink and tobacce something aimost intolerable. These young men at this table, it is easy to understand what they are at from the flushed cheek, the intent look, the almost angry way of tossing the dice or of moving the "chips." They are gambling. At another table are men who are telling vile stories. They are three-fourths intoxipated, and between 19 and 1 o'clock they will go staggering, hooting, swearing, shouting on their way home. That is an only sen. On him all kindness, all care, all culture bus been bestowed. He is paying his pa its in this way for their kindness, but is a young married man who only a few months ago at the altar made promises of kindness and fidelity, every one of which he has broken. Walk through and see for yourself. Here are all the implements of dissipation and of against the railings of the fence.

quick drath. As the bours of the night go away the conversation becomes impotte and more debasing. Now it is time to shut up. Those who are able to stand will get out in the pavement and balance themselves against the lamppost or young man who is not able to stand will save a bed improvised for him in the elubhouse, or two not quite so overcome with liquor will conduct him to his father's house, and they will ring the doorbell, and the door will open, and the two imbecile escorts will introduce into the hallway the ghastliest and most hellish spectacle that ever enters a front door a drunken son. If the dissipating clubhouses of this country would make a contract with the inferno to provide it 10,000 men a year, and for 20 years, on the condition that no more should be asked of them, the clubhouses could afford to make that contract, for they would save homesteads, save fortunes, save bodies, minds and souls. The 10,000 men who would be sacrificed by that contract would be but a small part of the multitude sacrificed without the contract. But I make a vast difference between olubs. I have belonged to four clubs a theological club, a ball club and two literary clubs. I got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. shall be the principle? If God will help me, I will lay down three principles by which you may judge whother the club where you are a member or the club to which you have been invited is a legiti-

mate or an illegitimate clubhouse.
First of all I want you to test the club by its influences on home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent gentleman in club life that three fourths f the members of the great clubs of these cities are married men. That wite soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art and literature and beneficence and public west to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front doorstop and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic or nothing lower than his own collar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art or literature or religion or charity is breaking her own scepter of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Ohristian service, to charitable service, to prayer meetings and to religious convo-cation. She systematically decoyed him away until now he attends no church and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone and, I fear, his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything ele vated, but let not men sacrifice home life to club life. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty on this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the clubhouse and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. .That man has made that which might be a healthful recreation a usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features. becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. She is always wanting money, money when she ought to be discussing Eclipses and Dexter and Derby day and English drags with six horses, all answering the pull of one "ribbon."

I tell you there are thousands of houses in the cities being clubbed to death. There are clubhouses where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain club, tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine guzzler, his wife broken hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced and his home a mere name in a directory. Here are six secular nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of those nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood. I will devote one to charitable institucongratulate you. Here is a man who mys: "I will make a different division of the six nights. I will take three for the club and three for other purposes." I tremble. Here is a man who says, "Out of the six secular nights of the week I will devote five to the clubhouse and one to the home, which night I will spend in sowling like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I had spent the other five." That man's oblivary is writ-ten. Not one out of 10,000 that ever gets. so far on the wrong road over stops.
Gradually his health will fall through
late hours and through too much stimulus. He will be first rate prof for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The
doctor, coming in, will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of the family, on the funeral day will only talk in religious generalities. Then men who get his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They will have press-ing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin lid and send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere.

They never come. Bring me mallet and chisol and I will cut on the tombstone that man's optaph, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous. and let my last end be like his." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate."
Then give me the mallet and the chisel and I will cut an honest epitaph, "Here lies the victim of a dissipating club-

I think that damage is often done by the scions of some aristocratic family who belong to one, of these dissipating clubhouses. People coming up from humare, the social prestige, a complete en

bler classes feel it an honor to belong to the same club, forgetting the fact that many of the sons and grandsons of the large commercial establishments of the last generation are now, as to mind, imbecile; as to body, diseased; as to morals, rotten. They would have got through their property long ago if they had had full possession of it, but the wily ancestors, who carned the money by hard knocks, foresaw how it was to be, and they tied up everything in the will. Now there is nothing of that unworthy descend ant but his grandfather's name and roast beef rotundity. And yet how many steamers there are which feel honored to lash fast that worm eaten tug, though it drags them straight into the broakers.

Another test by which you can find whether your club is legitimate or illegitimate—the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial successes. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the club has advantaged you in an honorable calling, it is a legitimate club. But has your credit failed. Are bargain makers more cautions how they trust you with a bill of goods: Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A1 before they entered the club been going down ever since in commercial standing Then look out! You and I every day know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two members, their fortunes beaten to death with ball players' bat, or cut amidships by the front prow of the regatta, or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or drowned in large potations of cognac and monongaheta. Their clubhouse was the "Loch Earn." Their bustness house was the "Ville du Havre. They struck, and the "Ville du Havre" went under. A third test by which you may know

whother the club to which you belong, or

the club to whose membership you are

invited, is a legitimate club or an illegitimate club is this: What is its effect on your sense of moral and religious obligation? Now, if I should take the names of all the people in my audience and put them on a roll and then I should lay that roll back of the organ and 100 years from now some one should take that roll and call it from A to Z, there would not one of you answer. I say that any association that makes me forget that fact is a bad association. Now, to many of the cities there are but two routes, and you can take the Pennsylvania railroad or the Baltimore and Ohio; but suppose that I hear that on one route the track is torn up, and the bridges are torn down, and the switches are unlocked? It will not take me a great while to decide which road to take. Now, here are two roads into the future, the Christian and the un-Christian, the safe and the unsafe. An institution or any association that confuses my idea in regard to that fact is a bad institution and a bad association. I had prayers before I joined the club. Did I have them after? I attended the house of God before I connected unself with the club. Since that union with the club do I absent myself from relgious influences? Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to dio, a pack of caros or a Bible? Which would you rather have pressed to your lips in the closing moment, the cup of Belshaz zarean wassail or the chalice of Christian communion? Who would you rather have for your pullbearers, the elders of a Christian church or the companions whose con-versation was full of slang and innuendo? Who would you rather have for your eternal companions, those men who spend their evenings betting, gambling, swearing, carousing and telling vile stories, or been away so much nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, your house has never been the same place since. Your wife has never brightened up. She has not got over it; she never will get over it. How long the evenings are, with no one to put to bod and no one to tell the beautiful Bible story! What a pity it is that you connet spend more evenings at home in trying to help her bear that sorrow! You nover drown that grief in the wine oup. You can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say, "Papado stay home to night-do stay home to You will never be able to wipe away from your lips the dying kiss of

The fascination of a dissipating clubhouse is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work, and the wife, worn out with three weeks' watching, lay unconscious in the next room. Ther there is a rattling of the night key in the door, and the returned father comes up-stairs and sees the empty cradle and the window up. He says, "What is the mat-ter?" In God's judgment day he will find out what was the matter. Oh, man astray, God help you!

The influence which some of the clubhouses are exerting is the more to be deplored because it takes down the very best men. The admission fee sifts out the penurious and leaves only the best fel-lows. They are frank, they are generous, they are whole souled, they are talented. Oh. I begrudge the devil such a prize!

After awhile the frank look will ge out
of the face and the features will be haggard, and when talking to you, instead of looking you in the eye, they will look down, and every morning the mother will kindly ask "My son, what kept you out so late last night?" and he will make no answer, or he will say, "That's my business." Then some time he will come to the store or the bank cross and befigged, and he will neglect some duty,
and after awhile he will lose his place,
and then with nothing to do he will come down at 10 o'clock in the morning to is cold. The lad who was a clerk in the cellar has got to be chief clerk in the great commercial establishment; the young man who ran errands for the bank has got to be cashier; thousands of the young men who were at the foot of the ladder have got to the top of the lad-

der, but here goes the victim of the dissi pating clubhouse, with staggering step and bloodshot eye and mud bespattered hat set sidewise on a shock of greasy hair, his cravat dashed with cigar ashes. Look at him! Pure hearted young man, look at him! The clubhouse did that. I know one such who went the whole round, and, turned out of the higher clubhouses, went into the lower clubhouses, and on down, until one night he leaped out of a third story window to end his

I Let me say to tathers who are becomling dissipated, your sons will follow you.
You think your son does not know. He
knows all about it. I have heard men
who say, "I am profane, but never in the
presence of my children." Your children
know you swear. I have heard men say,
"I drink, but never in the presence of my
children." Your children know you
drink. I describe now what occurs in

hundreds of households in this country. The tea hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea table. Before the rest of the family arise from the table the father shoves back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, comes back after midnight, and that is the history of 365 nights of the year. Does any man want to stultify himself by saying that that is healthy, that that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such pros-

Time will pass on, and the son will be 16 or 17 years of age, and you will be at the tea table, and he will shove back and have an engagement, and he will light his eigar, and he will go out to the clubhouse, and you will hear nothing of him until your hear the night key in the door after midnight. But his physical constitution is not quite so strong as yours. and the liquor he drinks is more terrilically drugged than that which you drink, and so he will catch up with you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to

hell together. The revolving Drummond light in front of a hotel, in front of a locomotive, may flash this way and flash that upon the mountains, upon the ravines, upon the city, but I take the lamp of God's eternal truth, and I flash it upon all the clubhouses of these cities, so that no young man shall be deceived. By these tests try them, try them! Oh, leave the dissipating! Paid your money, have you? Better sacrifice that than your soul. Good fellows, are they? Under that process they will not remain such. Mollusca may be found 200 fathoms down beneath the Norwegian seas; Siberian stag get fat on the stinted growth of Altaian peaks; hedysarium grow amid the desolation of Sahara; tufts of osier and birch grow on the hot lips of volcanic Snechattan, but a pure heart and an honest life thrive in a dissipating clubhouse-never!

The way to conquer a wild beast is to keep your eye on . him. but the way for you to conquer your temptations, my friend, is to turn your back on them and fly for your life.

Oh, my heart ache! I see men struggling against evil habits, and they want help. I have knelt beside them, and I have heard them ery for help, and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder and the other hand on my left shoulder and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he has cried out with his lips see h d in ruin, "God help me?" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty. I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a repenator will take very small threads and wind them together until after awhile they become ship cable. And I am going to take some very small, delicate threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day, a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a of Russia, the latest military but thread of the light that followed, and a which amounted to £42,500,000. thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out I twist all these threads together, and I in the world.

have another strand. Then I take a The largest thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your leved ones before the throne, and your little child that bright girl whom a string of the harp cherubic, and a the Lord took? Oh. you would not have string of the harp scraphle, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh," you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world!" No. I will take these strands and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed, not to the pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages, but I wind it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and having fastened one end of the rope to the cross I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull

The Child at the Play.

The 6-year-old son of a newspaper man occasionally goes to the matinee with his mother, but the trouble with him is that he becomes greatly excited, and is apt to express his feelings in words, to the amusement of the audience, but somewhat to the annoyance of the actors. At a recent play one of the actors was in the act of choking another whem he suspected of being guilty of a crime. As the actor went toward the supposed villain with his hands outstretched, the boy became greatly excited, and as the men clinched the boy stood up and called out: "Say, let him alone, he didn't do it." There was a laugh from the audience and a surprised look from the stage.

At another time, in a play where a husband suspected his wife, and she was pleading to be taken home and given an opportunity to prove her innocence, the boy could not stand the woman's pleas and the husband's cold reception of her entreaties, and he called out: "Please, mister, take her back." The boy has not been taken to the theatre recently. — Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Life Marks Are Indelible. We are not writing in the sand. The tide does not wash it out. We are painting our pictures on the canvas, and with a brush, so that we can erase the error of yesterday or overlay it with another color to-day. We are writing our lives with a chisel on the marble, and every time we strike a blow we leave a mark that is indelible.—Lyman Abbott, D.D.

"And where was the man stabbed?" asked the excited lawyer of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the medial line and about an inch above the umbilious. was the reply.
"Oh, yes, I understand now. But I

thought it was near the town hall."— London Fun. The Bank of England employs about 11,000 men and has a salary list, including pengions, of about \$1,500,000

Russian koumiss is made of mare's milk and kept in smoked out leather

The owl has a s The owl has a s
it eats its prey. Se
field m ce, moles
food, fur, fin, shid
sleepily on a limb
sleepily on a limb
ner of a cave or
work of disestion b
proceeds, the hold
and fins, or what
and fins, or what
and fins, or what
and fins, or what
sight have been, a
other parts of the
its throat like a ce
out of its mouth. THE TYRANT OF THE HOUSE.

While baby sleeps-We cannot jump, or dance, or sing.
Play joily games, or do a thing
To make a noise. The floor might creak
If we should walk! We scarcely speak,
Or breathe, while baby takes a nap,
Less we should wake the little chap!
A strict watch Nursia always kyons A strict watch Nursie always keeps While baby sleeps:

When baby wakes But little gratitude he shows,
When other people want to deze!
At night, when folks have gone to bed,
the rouses them all up instead,
To wait on him. Ma lights the lamp.
And warms milk for the little scamp!
Pa walks him up and down the floor,
Sometimes two hears and sometimes more!
And nurse comes running, in a stew,
To see what she, for him, can do! But little gratitude he shows, To see what she, for him, can do And Will and liarry, of the row.
Call: "What's the matter with alm how?"
And I'm waked up of all the clatter.
To wonder what on earth's the matter!
Such uprear in the house he makes,
When baby wakes.

And such a tiny fellow—he, To be boss of this family!

GREATEST THINGS.

Some Notable Ones From All Over the _it is her home education. Wide World.

Crown Prince of Denmark.

English and Spanish, and studies such lions. All love the roses, subjects as theology, biology, geology and The richest man in England is the

Duke of Westminster. The largest brain on record was that of and unnatural and didactic and horrid. Oliver Cromwell. It weighed a little over As with women, so with men. We all

was 6,000 golden crowns paid to Sanna-display of "good form, don't you know. zara by the citizens of Venice for his He tells us that he is "self-made." He eulogy on their city-a poem of six lines wealthy and at the top of the ladder, else,

Pa-cut-she, 1100 years B.C., is the most mended. "Nothing succeeds like success. ancient of any recorded in literary history. Yet we shrink from him. We remember ever been deciphered.

Hildeheim, Germany. Charlemagne This little man has had a selfish, brutal planted it more than 1,000 years ago, in father and a patient. hard-working mofrom Haroun al Rashid, the caliph. The oldest tree in the British Isles is

The Crystal Palace, Sydenham, accom modates more people than any other building in the world. It will hold 100,-000 people.

The oldest city in the world is Nippur, the "Older Bel" of Babylon; the foundations were laid 7,000 years B.C. The ruins have lately been unearthed.

Spain has more sunshine than any other country in Europe, the yearly aver- much. age being 3,000 hours. The largest fund expended yearly by

The largest telegraph office world is in the general post-office build- born and bred in a man sticks to him. employed.

Tiger and Bull in the Arena. In the Plaza de Toros of Madrid a combat was recently fought between the famous man-eating tiger Cezar and the bull Regatero. The bull was the first to appear in the inclosure. He was walking leisurely when the tiger glided in and at once sprang upon him, firmly implanting his claws in his hide. The bull, taken by surprise, seemed at first undecided what to do; then with a terrible bellow he reared up and shook his adversary off. He backed several paces, and charged, taking the tiger upon his horns and throwing him ten feet into the air. then retired and repeated the attack. He did this again and again, and each time the tiger, after being thrown, would land on his feet. After the tenth trial, Cezar seemed to lose heart, he retired to a corner of the arena and pretended to be dead. The bull could not get at him there, but kept careful watch, and each time the tiger moved Regatero lowered his head to charge. At length the tiger by the bull, which had moved several yards away. Regatero, this time, sure of his prey, gored without throwing. The tiger rolled over apparently dead, but when the door to his den was opened he made a dash for it. The bull following. gave him a few parting strokes of the rn. During the entire combat the audience showed the greatest enthusiasm, and applauded wildly the attacks of the bull while they hissed the strategic movements of the tiger.

Population of German Cities. The census of the German Empire, dered taken last summer by the Imper ial Minister of the Interior, has just announced. One city goes beyond the million mark—Berlin, with 1,677,135 inhabitants. Hamburg has a population of 625,000; Munich, 407,000. Four cities of 635,000; Munich, 407,000. Four cities have over 300,000; Leipsic, 899,969; Breslau, 373,000; Dresden, 336,000, and Cologne, 321,000. Three cities have over 200,000 inhabitants: Frankfort-on-the-Main, Magdeburg, and Hanover. The five cities having 150,000 to 200,000 inhabi- | words. tants are Dusseldorf, Konigsberg, Nur-emberg, Schemnitz and Stuttgart. Thir-teen cities have from 100,000 to 150,000— Altona, Bremen, Stettin, Elberfeld, Stras-burg, (136,000), Charlottenburg, Barmen, Dantale, Halle, Brunswick, Dortmand Dantsie, Halle, Brunswick, Dortmund, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Crefeld. Twenty-seven towns have from 50,000 to 100,000; and forty-seven have from 80,000 to 50,ing populations over 30,000. The entire population of the empire is 59,950,894, showing very little difference from the census of Dec. 2, 1895, whose total was 52,379,901.

Her Method. Uncle Bob-Yes, my wife allus b'lieved in tyin' a string to her finger to remember things.
Uncle Bill—She has one on her finger

nost of the time, I notice.
Uncle Bob—Yes, 'ceptin' when she has omethin' very pertikler to remember, en she leaves off the string, an' when in't there she remembers why. - Odds

Paper Flooring. is laid in a pasty mass, smoothed and

THE HOME EDUCATOR

WHAT IS BORN AND BRED IN A MAN STICKS TO HIM.

The Influences Which Make Men and Women Well Bred or Otherwise-Living Examples of Just What is Meant, With Hints of Others Who Show Different Set of Influences.

lady—that charm which can no more be analyzed and described than can the scent of the rose, but which we feel through all our being when we are in the presence of its owner, be she talking or silent, grave or gay. It is born and bred in her. It is not put on with her evening gown or laid aside with the same. It is the manly tenderness of her father and the womanly grace and virtue of her mother blended with the daughter's life current AT

The smile, the graceful inclination, the The richest Princess in the world is the Crown Princess Louise Josephine of Sweden and Norway, married to the all part of herself, seen by her with baby eyes, learned unconsciously, and therefore The best educated Queen in the world never to be forgotten. She is as different is Her Majesty of Italy. She speaks, be- from her neighbor Lady Show as the rose sides her own tongue, French, German, is from the dandelion. Some like dande-

Lady Show is lovable, too, but she shows her early training. She is lovable because she does not try to conceal her early training, thereby becoming stiff

know the self-important little man with The highest price ever paid for a poem the large visiting card and the still larger He tells us that he is "self-made." He is be sure we would not tolerate him for The Chinese dictionary, compiled by one minute. This energy is to be com-The Rhind manuscript, now in the the poor fellows, the good fellows, whom British Museum, is the oldest intelliging the jostled and crushed down and stamped ble mathematical work extant that has on before he reached the top of the ladder. We do not want our sons to be like The oldest rosebush in the world is at the little man in aught save his success. commemoration of the embassy received ther. Selfishness and patient toiling were born and bred in him. His early education at home was rude and incomplete. the Brabourne yew, in Kent, 3,000 years He is not to be blamed too much that he has no fine feeling now.

Next comes Lord Show, stout, florid, gentleman. He is lovable, too, but he shows his early training. His father was a country gentleman of easy-going habits who married a third-rate actress while he under the influence of wine. He good-natured, good-hearted, all except a gentleman. He is lovable, too, but he home life. He is not to be blamed too

Along comes a gentleman. He has not walked over any one to get on faster any country on behalf of its army is that himself, and he shows it in the easy grace Russia, the latest military budget of and dignity of his bearing, in the kind glance of his eye as well as in his pleas-The people of the United States sup ant voice and reverence for women, be port and read more newspapers than they worthy or not. The gentleman was at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection. And then a thread her away for the resurrection. And then to its population in Italy than elsewhere not all angels. His father was a man of noble aim in life—his mother, well, she ing, London, over 3,000 operators being The education of the home is indelibly stamped on the children of the home. The home may not be rich in costly furniture, but it should be immaculately clean; and beauty of manners and beautiful thoughts and words and actions and beautiful daily living should all be there.

If the best china is not used every day. how can you expect your sons and daughters to handle china gracefully by and by? If the parlors be not used every day, how can you expect your children to easy in parlors hy and by? "Men are only boys grown tall." They keep their boy-hood manners. The finest things of earth are not too fine for home use. The sweetest behavior in the world is not too good for home use-for father, mother, son and daughter, wife and child. They are the ones we love less. Let us give them

our best behavior. If the home is a palace decked with all that gold can buy, it is well. If the home is one room in an attic, it can be made lovely with cleanliness, a growing plant, fine manners, and much love. But person cannot make home beautiful. It takes all the inmates of the home. They stole out, but was immediately charged must all be refined and unselfish and tender and true. What can heaven give us more than a happy, ideal home life gives?

Many a woman has tried to make an ideal home for her children and miserably failed because their father was not the king among men that God intended him to be, and many a father has sought the liquor saloon and allowed his children to go neglected, because their mother was not the rose queen of home which God intended her to be, but a virago.

It were well, in spite of the old traditions of love and duty-for the sake of the children yet unborn-to break up unlovely homes at the very beginning before sons grow up to imitate brutal fathers and before daughters learn to use sharp words and make life hard for their own family. It is every father's duty to be strong and tender and faithful and noble. It is every mother's duty to be sweet and gracious and gentle and good, charitable in her judgments, quick in her sympathies, thoughtful of the comfort of all in her house, that her children may go into the world ladies and gentlemen in the truest sense of those dear, old-fashioned

Appetizing Breakfast Dishes. Broiled sardines on half slices of dry

Put a slice of ham on a piece of dry toast; lay a hot poached egg on the 'am and garnish the plate with cress leaves or celery tips.

Broil half a "Finnan haddie," stew in sweet milk, season with minced parsler and serve with buttered toast.

Cannot Make a Sound.

Broil knife-blade slices of bacon and

serve with fried apples.

It is an odd fact that the animal with the most room for a larynx never emits a sound. The giraffe is said to be the only voiceless thing in creation.

Ine smallest, simplest and best pro-tected post office in the world is in the Strait of Magellan, and has been there Strait of Magellan, and has been there for many years. It consists of a small painted keg or cask, and it is casined to the ocks of the carrier rue in a manner so that it for if a consiste Terra del Fuego. Each passing stin sents a boar to take letters out and letters in. This curious post is therefore. in. This curious post ed with a postmasfer, and is therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.

Attention

We are sending out accounts to those who are in arrears for subscription, which we hope will be promptly responded to. Those who are in arrease, who have not yet received a notice, can ascertain the amount of their indebtedness by looking at the label on their paper, and remit without waiting to be notified. Oce word is sufficient. All arrears must be paid at an early date.

WANTED, HELP.

"What is born and bred in a man sticks to him," is a saying more wise than elegant. We have all met the woman, costly attired, flowery of speech, genial of manner, yet lacking the essential charm of a lady—that charm which can no more be Reliable men in every locality, local or travelling,

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Anyone sending a shetch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents ent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive pecial notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly Largest cir-culation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO. 361Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St. Washington, D. C

CIGARS.

Invites the people of Lindsay and surrounding country to call and get their Tobaccos, Cigars, etc., from his well assorted stock, which is too numerous to mention in brief.

Store No. 6, Kent St. East. LINDSAY.



BILIOUSNESS

CONSTIPATION SICK HEADACHE AND ALL LIVER TROUBLES

AS a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced y two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect. One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constination,

PRICE 25C. OR 5 FOR \$1.00



BABY WAS CURED. DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhœa after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints. MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

GENTLEMEN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhæa and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.

T. R. B. MASTERTON, Principal, High School, River Charlo, N.B.