THE MERRY HEARTS.

BRIGHT CHRISTIAN RELIGION DID NOT MAKE THEM SAD.

GOSPEL LIGHT AND SWEETNESS

The Rational and Reasonable Amusements of the Followers of the Straight and Narrow Path—The Line Drawn at Recreation Which Leads to Sin—Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

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Washington, June 19.—Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the text, Judges xvi. 25: "And it came to pass when their hearts were merry that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house, and he made them sport."

There were 3,000 people assembled in the Temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of careless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried: "Fetch him out! Fetch him out!" You do not see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends to be tired and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house, so he says to the lad who leads him, "Bring me where the main pillars are." The lad directs him. Then the strong man puts his hands on one of the pillars, and with the mighty push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole building comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine press. And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house, and he made them sport. In other words, there are amusements that are destructive and bring down disease and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer they die. The 3,000 who perished that day in Gaza are nothing compared with the tens of thousands who have been destroyed, body, mind and soul, by bad amusements and by good amusements carried to excess.

In my sermon you must have noticed that I have no sympathy with ecclesiastical anathemas or with that wholesale denunciation of amusements to which many are pledged. I believe the church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature the church of God has for the most part ignored it. As in a riot the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. They talk as if they would like to have our youth dress in blue uniform, like the children of an orphan asylum, and march down the path of life to the tune of the dead march in "Saul." They hate a blue sash, or a rose bud in the hair, or a tasseled gaiter, and think a man almost ready for the lunatic asylum who utters a conundrum.

Young Men's Christian associations of the country are doing a glorious work. They have fine reading rooms, and all the institutions are of the best kind, and are now adding gymnasiums and bowling alleys where without any evil surround-ings the young men may get physical as well as spiritual improvement. We are driving away to a narrow chested, weak minded, feeble voiced race when God intends it for a work which he wants men as well as spiritual athletes. I wish to God that the time might soon come when in all our colleges and theological seminaries, as at Princeton, a gymnasium shall be established. We spend four years of hard study in preparation for the ministry and come out with dyspepsia and dyspepsia and liver complaint, and then crawl up into the pulpit, and the people say, "Doesn't he look heavenly?" because he looks sickly. Instead of the church of God direct rather than attempt to suppress the desire for amusement. The best men that the world ever knew have had their sports. William Wilberforce trundled hoop with his children. Martin Luther helped dress the Christmas tree; ministers have pitched quoits; philanthropists have gone a skating; some ministers have played ball.

Communities are filled with men and women who have in their souls unfortunate resources for sportfulness and fun. Show me a man who never lights up with sportfulness and has no sympathy with the recreations of others, and I will show you a man who is a stumbling block to the kingdom of God. Such men are caricatures of religion. They lead young people to think that a man is good in proportion as he groans and frowns and looks sallow, and that the height of a man's Christian stature is in proportion to the length of his face. I would trade off 500 such men for one bright faced, radiant Christian on whose face are the words, "Rejoice evermore!" Every morning by his cheerful face he preaches 50 sermons. I will go further and say that I have no confidence in a man who makes a religion of his gloomy looks. That kind of a man always turns out badly. I would not want him for the treasurer of an orphan asylum. The orphans would suffer.

Among 10 people who received into the church at one communion, there was only one applicant of whose piety I was suspicious. He had the longest story to tell, had seen the most visions and gave an experience so wonderful that all the other applicants were discouraged. I was not surprised the year after to learn that he had run off with the funds of the bank with which he was connected. Who is this blackangel that you call religion? Wings black, feet black, feathers black? Our religion is a bright angel—feet bright, eyes bright, wings bright, taking her place in the soul. She pulls a rope that reaches to the skies and sets all the bells of heaven a chiming. There are some persons who, when talking to a minister, always feel it polite to look lugubrious. Go forth, O people, to your lawful amusements. God means you to be happy. But when there are so many sources of innocent pleasure why tamper with anything that is dangerous and polluting? Why stop our ears to a heaven full of songsters to listen to the hiss of a dragon? Why turn back from the mountain side all a bloom with wild flowers and a dash with the nimble torrents, and with blistered feet attempt to climb the hot side of Cotopaxi?

Now, all score bagatelle, theatre, bowling alleys, skating rinks and all styles of amusement, good and bad, I put on trial to-day and judge of them by certain cardinal principles. First, you may judge of any amusement by its healthful result or by its baneful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture, they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose, they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post-mortem examination of a flower. They never do anything more than feebly smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depth of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job out of it. But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose life is a song, an anthem, a paean of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house. They are the people I like to have come to my house. Now, it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman, in proportion as a horse is gay it wants a strong driver, and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so you cannot sleep, and you rise in the morning not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they are wrong kinds of amusements. There are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hairbreadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up, and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

Still further, those amusements are wrong which lead into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you $100 to $1,000. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements? The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The tablecloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages, ladies whose lifetime business it is to "go shopping," have their counterpart in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appall the church and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror, and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart. When men go into amusements that they cannot afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment and then into theft, and when a man gets as far on as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements. How often I have had parents come to me and ask me to go and beg their boy off from the consequence of crimes that he had committed against his employer—the taking of funds out of the employer's till, or the disarrangements of the accounts! Why, he had salary enough to pay all lawful expenditure, but not enough salary to meet his sinful amusements. And again and again I have gone and implored for the young man—sometimes, alas! the petition unavailing.

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens! The young man says: "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy. I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack the whip and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses! Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this!" Hardworking men hear the clatter of the hoofs and look up and say: "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from! We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and an excitement. They stare at other people and in turn are stared at. The watch chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush. The eyes flash. The midnight hears their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men on the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee, and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out, "Who cares?" and to the counsel of some Christian friend, "Who are you?" Passing along the street some night you hear a shriek in a grogshop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grogshop fight! Carry him home to his father's house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds and close his eyes in death. They forgive him all he ever did, though he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal has got home at last. Mother will go to her little garden and get the sweetest flowers and twist them into a chaplet for the silent heart of the wayward boy and push back from the bloated brow the long locks that were once her pride. And the air will be rent with the father's cry: "Oh, my son, my son, my poor son! Would God I had died for thee, oh, my son, my son!"

You may judge of amusements by their effect upon physical health. The need of many good people is physical recuperation. There are Christian men who write hard things against their immortal souls when there is nothing the matter with them but an incompetent liver. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly, and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids they think that by the same sickness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell Christian people that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your own fault and when through right exercise and prudence you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion or the tiger or the bear, while his disposition will change and become fierce, cruel and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul. There are people whose ideas of heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own neglects. Magnificent machinery capable of propelling a great Etruria across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North river propeller. Physical development which merely shows itself in a fabulous lifting or in perilous rope walking or in pugilistic encounter excites only our contempt, but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men through neglect should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair, spending the rest of their life not in some great enterprise for God and the world, but in studying what is the best thing to take for dyspepsia. A ship which ought with all sails set and every man at his post to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity, employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may through some of the popular and healthful recreations of our time work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn your back from such a grand medicament.

Again, judge of the places of amusement by the companionship into which they put you. If you belong to an organization where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation. But the day comes when the men who have exerted evil influence upon their fellows will be brought to judgment. Scene, the last day. Stage, the rocking earth. Enter dukes, lords, kings, beggars, clowns. No sword. No tinsel. No crown. For footlights, the kindling flames of a world. For orchestra, the trumpets that wake the dead. For gallery, the clouds filled with angel spectators. For applause, the clapping floods of the sea. For curtains, the heavens rolled together as a scroll. For tragedy, the doom of the destroyed. For farce, the effort to serve the world and God at the same time. For the last scene of the fifth act, the tramp of nations across the stage, some to the right, others to the left.

Again, any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements? The father went off, the mother went off, the child went off. There are all round us the fragments of blasted households. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "Home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and, alas if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect.

I saw a wayward husband standing at the deathbed of his Christian wife, and I saw her point to a ring on her finger and heard her say to her husband, "Do you see that ring?" He replied, "Yes, I see it." "Well," said she, "do you remember who put it there?" "Yes," said he, "I put it there." And all the past seemed to rush upon him. By the memory of that day when in the presence of men and angels you promised to be faithful in joy and sorrow and in sickness and in health; by the memory of those pleasant hours when you sat together in your new house talking of a bright future; by the cradle and the excited hour when one life was spared and another given; by that sickbed, when the little one lifted up the hands and called for help and you knew he must die, and he put one arm around each of your necks and brought you very near together in that dying kiss; by the little grave in the cemetery that you never think of without a rush of tears; by the family Bible, where in its stories of heavenly love is the brief but expressive record of births and deaths; by the neglects of the past and by the agonies of the future; by a judgment day when husbands and wives, parents and children, in immortal groups will stand to be caught up in shining array or to shrink down into darkness—by all that I beg you to give home your best affections. I look in your eyes to-day, and I ask you the question that Gehazi asked of the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?" God grant that it may be everlastingly well!

Let me say to all young men your style of amusement will decide your eternal destiny. One night I saw a young man at a street corner evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take. He had his hat lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest; he had a robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that very man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit. And there was a good and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street.

"Come with me," said the good angel. "I will take you home. I will spread my wing over your pathway, I will lovingly escort you all through life, I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter; I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christ resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me!" said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel, "come with me! I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal, the dance I lead is over a floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Come with me!"

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open.

Passed each portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts, and the scenery on either side of the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air become a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth and the eyes of light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains that at the start had tossed wine poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" And the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" And the answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" And the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off of him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awful convolution?" And the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies!" And then the man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of the street that night. I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night on the street, I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here! Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail, hail!" O young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight midsky. This hour may decide your destiny. God help you! To hesitate is to die!

Items of Interest.

On one occasion Her Majesty Queen Victoria sent orders to her late personal attendant John Brown that she desired him to wait on her immediately. "Tell Her Majesty," replied John, in his usual Doric, "that I am ritnin' a salmon and I canna come." Shortly after a messenger came with peremptory orders that he should come at once. "Well, tell Her Majesty this time that I am ritnin' a salmon and I winna come"—and that settled it.

Among the latest frauds is a man who pretends to be an agent for photographs. He takes orders for photos at 98 cents per dozen and gets 50 cts deposit with each order. That is the last the party giving the order ever sees of him. He is described as about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, weighs about 175 pounds, stoutly but straightly built, square shouldered, round face, blue eyes, short neck, grey moustache, no beard. He was dressed in a greyish colored suit of small pattern. He has a smart gait, is about 50 years of age, and lisps. He was last seen in Oshawa.

Sir William Van Horne who has been in London for some time past called for Canada on June 8th. Associated with his visit to the Old Country was the issue on Tuesday last of a prospectus inviting subscriptions for £151,200, five per cent., perpetual first mortgage debentures of the Cobourg and Northumberland Pacific Railway Company at 102. This road as our readers know is under lease to the Canadian Pacific Railway. It would appear therefore, that there is a prospect of the proposed railway being ere long a reality.

The C.W.A. members may hereafter take their wheels into the United States on the same terms as members of the League of American Wheelmen bring their wheels into Canada, when touring. President Beament, of the C.W.A., has received a letter from President Potter, of the L.A.W., stating that his trip to Washington had been successful, and that the officials there promised a more convenient arrangement for Canadian bicyclists. The new regulations, which will go into effect in a couple of weeks, permit C.W.A. members taking their bicycles into the United States upon presentation of their membership card to United States custom officials. If wheels are not returned, the C.W.A. must become responsible for the duty.

The Cobourg Sentinel-Star says:—The black currant bushes in this vicinity have been attacked by a variety of spine in such force that the crop for this year has been nearly entirely destroyed. A timely spraying with kerosene emulsion would have destroyed the pest and saved the crop, and applied now might benefit the bushes, which appear to be a good deal damaged. The red and white currants are suffering in a less degree from the same cause; also the plum trees. The following is the formula for preparing the kerosene emulsion:—One-half pound hard soap, one gallon of boiling water, and two gallons of kerosene. Dissolve soap in water, add kerosene, and churn with pump five or ten minutes; dilute with ten to fifteen times the quantity of water before applying.

The Post-Master General has shown himself to be a human being just like other mortals and admits that a mistake was made in having the new stamps of different denominations made so much alike in appearance that it almost requires a microscope to discover whether it is a one cent, three cent or five cent stamp. He has recognized the difficulty, and in the next issue numerals will be placed on the corners in place of the maple leaf. This will, to a certain extent, obviate the difficulty, but a more pronounced color for the one, two or three cent stamps would be an additional convenience.

Probably the largest canal in the world—a distinction of some note in these days of wonderful engineering feats—is the Chenab Irrigation Canal in the North-west Province of India. Its breadth is 200 feet, with a main channel some 450 miles long, while the principal branches have an aggregate length of 2,000 miles, and the village branches will extend, when completed, some 4,000 miles additional. But, apart from irrigation, the longest canal in the world is that which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg, and is 4,472 miles in length. The Bengal canal, connecting with the river Ganges, is 900 miles long, and in all India there are 14,000 miles of canals, irrigating 8,000,000 of acres.

TARTE'S MOTTO.—"The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted." There are some nasty people who are suggesting that Hon. J. Israel adopt this motto for his family escutcheon.—Simcoe Reformer, Grit.

AND GREATER BRITAIN WILL BACK UP 'JOE.'—Chamberlain said at Birmingham four weeks ago that Russia's pledged word could not be depended upon. In his place in the Commons on Friday, 'Joe' stoutly reaffirmed his opinion and Russia seems to have swallowed the dose.—Brantford Expositor.

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BRITAIN'S PRUDENT POLICY.

London, June 20.—Replying to a question in the House of Commons today, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. George J. Goshen, said the annual naval manoeuvres had been abandoned in consequence of the serious character of the strike of coal miners in Wales, although, he added, the British Admiralty never possessed a larger stock of coal than at present. But it was thought prudent to husband it.

An old man named Thurlow fell off a dock at Barrie on Saturday and was drowned.

Robert Blyth, a Guelph Township former, was badly gored by a shorthorn bull on Saturday.

One death from smallpox has occurred among the immigrants quarantined at Winnipeg.

Louis Reid, a laborer, 40 years old, was choked to death at Brunner station while eating meat on Sunday.

Ten dollar Dominion Bank notes secured in the celebrated robbery at Napanee have turned up in Ottawa.

The Montreal Harbor Commissioners have accepted the plans of the Minister of Public Works for the improvement of the harbor.

The body of Charles Phillips, a butcher, was found in Little Lake, near Peterboro, on Sunday. It is thought to be a case of suicide.

Hugh Cameron, living near Chatham, had his skull fractured and received probably fatal injuries through the kick of a horse on Saturday.

Chester Cooney, aged 12, fell over the Oxford street bridge at London to the gravel bed of the river, 25 feet below, on Saturday. He has concussion of the brain.

A heavy thunder and wind storm done untold damage to the crops in Tilbury West and Rochester Townships, Essex county, on Sunday. Several buildings were struck by lightning.

Campers and those engaged where mosquitoes are troublesome will be interested in knowing that 'Outing' says a "dope" of one pint of sweet oil, one half pint of Norwegian pine tar, and one half ounce of carbolic acid will keep the pests at a respectful distance as no other concoctions will, and that it is easily removed with soap and water and does not injure the skin.

The wheat area in Manitoba has reached 1,500,000 acres, an increase of almost 200,000 acres over last year. The total acreage under crops of all kinds is 2,212,000 acres, which is an increase of more than a quarter of million acres. This goes far to defeat the prediction of the pessimistic scientist, who found the world's population growing so much more quickly than the food supply that he saw ultimate starvation staring mankind in the face.

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LOCAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Ten cents per line for first insertion, five cents for each additional insertion.

Black line locals 50c. to $1 per line. No local to be less than $1 to business firms who are not regular advertisers unless by special arrangement.

Advertisements without written instructions will be inserted until forbidden, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be delivered at the office the morning previous to publication.

All advertisements from non-resident persons or strangers, must be paid for in advance, or a sufficient epsoit made to secure the office against loss.

Sam. Hughes.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST. Sold. 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER. 25c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50 cts. Injector free.

For Sale by F. Ingleheart.—25-26-52.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.

Is the standard remedy of the world for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles. Price 25c. at all dealers.—55 2.

Law Governing Newspapers

The following are points in the law governing newspapers that are frequently enquired about and that are worth remembering:—

1—Subscribers who do not give express orders to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

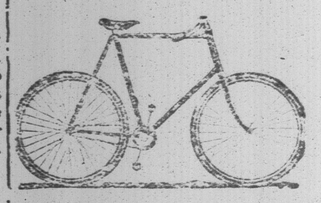
2—If subscribers order a discontinuance of their periodicals from the office to which they are directed they are responsible until they have settled their bill and ordered them discontinued.

3—If subscribers neglect to take the periodicals from the office to which they are directed they are responsible until they have settled their bill and ordered them discontinued.

4—If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher and the papers are sent to the former address; they are held responsible.

5—The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office or removing and leaving them uncalled for is evidence of intention to defraud.

6—If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of their time if they do not wish to continue taking it, otherwise the publisher is obliged to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until a notice with payment of all arrearages is due to the publisher.



THE CRESCENT BICYCLE

Is an honest wheel at an honest price and there is no better wheel at any price.

Sold by J. RIGGS, LINDSAY.

BATTERS' HANDRAKE BITTERS. THE GREAT VEGETABLE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA. Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Sick Headache and Biliousness. Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A YOUNG GIRL'S ESCAPE.

Saved from being a Nervous Wreck BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

For the benefit of Canadian mothers, who have daughters who are weak, pale, run down or nervous, Mrs. Belanger, 128 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, made the following statement, so that no one need suffer through ignorance of the right remedy to use: "My daughter suffered very much from heart troubles at times. Often she was so bad that she could not speak, but had to sit and gasp for breath. She was so extremely nervous that her limbs would fairly shake and tremble. Frequently she would have to leave school; and finally she grew so weak that we were much alarmed about her health. I gave her many remedies, but they did not seem to do her any good.

Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them, and they have indeed worked wonders with her. I can recommend them very highly as the best remedy I ever heard of for complaints similar to those from which my daughter suffered."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to do good. They cure palpitation, faintness, dizziness, smothering sensations, weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anæmia, female troubles and general debility. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or three boxes for $1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ontario.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS act on the system in an easy and natural manner, removing all poisons and impurities. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice and Liver Complaint. Price 25c.