THE QUEEN REFUSED TO BE MADE A SHOW FOR THE PEO-

ALTHOUGH SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.

cactical Lessons From the Story of a Scautiful Queen Dethrened-Medesty in Women a Most Delightful Quality

and One Commended by Her. Br. fuluate to Mis Sunday Sermon. ntered according to Act of the Patilament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight and almost eight, by the Contral hundred and almost eight, by the Contral press Agency of Canada (Limited), at the bepariment of Agriculture, All rights

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one store;

Washington, July & .... Hev. Dr. Takwashington, July 8, Mey Dr. Takmajor preached this morning from the
test Eather 1, 14-12, "thring Vashti, the
tust Eather 1, 14-12, "thring Vashti, the
tust to show the people and the princes
more beauty, for she was fair to look upon;
but the Queen Vashti refused to come.
We shard amid the palaces of Shushan. The plumates are affame with the mornlight. The columns the festooned and wreathout, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves, the ceitings adorned with images of bird and beast and scenes al provious and conquest. The walls are bunk with shields and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of spice. dors in exhausted. Each grob to a mighty tool of architectural achievement. Colden es thining down on glowing arabaque. itangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the green make of the sky, the green face of the green and the whiteness of the sea four. Tupestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repeate, filled with luxuriant touches, is which weary itmbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carcusal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swellow. Amazing specials: Light of siver dripping down over states of tvory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marsurvey red and night black and inbut with glomming poarl. In connection with this palace there is a garden where the mights men of foreign lands are seated as a bringer to finder the spread of eak and limits and souch the tables are arranged the breath of honorauckle and one fills the air. Fountains leap nto the light, the spray struck through with sambows falling into erretaling hopelen over flowering shrubs, then rolling down through channels of marble and widning out here and there into pools, awiding with the flusy tribes of foreign

don's of raroad bled and boast smoking. up must wreathe of aromatice. The vasce of with aprious and almonds. The baskets pilot up with apriors and figs rely twinest with leaves of acada. arms and dropping outside the rim in dashing bouls ain't the traceries. Wine the royal vate of tepahan and Khirty in bothles of tinged shell, and lily strapationps of silver and flagons and tanks male of solid gold. The music rises higher the revoley breaks out into wilder, sport, and the wine has flushed the phook and fouched the brain, and louder there all other volces are the blocough of the imbrinses, the gabble of look and the

terring burdered with searles and

hyperloums and many colored

to another pure of the pulses Queen is unfortaining the Princess of . ban prot. Drunkon Abasnorus he servines. You go and totals tours that framquet with the weand los me display her beauty. nte humidiately start to obey sociaty that no woman might with without having her face horo was a mandate that no puto, domanding that Vashtl thoto was du Vashti's soul a more regal than Ahasuerus. waith than the gold of Shushan, umaniful hor to disobey this the king, and so all the rights and holimes and modesty of riso up into one sublime refusal. civa, "I will not go tato the banquet Abasnorus was infuriate, and this robbed of her position and her to suffer the even of a nation, and receive the applause of after gener who shall rise up to admire this

we he kingly insolence. Well, the last the fulled, the last arch has fallon, the harkard has been destroyed, and dien is a rein, but as long as the stands there will be multitudes and women familiar with the who will come into this picture ery of God and admite the divine out of Vashti the queen, Vashti the she first place, I want you to took " Vashbi the moon. A blue ribbon,

tivel with white, drawn around her forehad indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her ration' Sou the blaze of her jewels, and regal robe in order to be queenty. I see a woman with about faith in God putting her foot upon all meanness and solithness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I are. "That we an is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look ever the battlements upon the coronation, and whether she none or the mansion of the fashionable seture I great hor with the shout, "All hall Queen Vashti!"

What glory was there on the brow of May of Scotland, or Elizabeth of Eng-ton or Margaret of France, or Catherine of English compared with the worth of some of one Christian mothers, many of their gone into glory; or of that woman measured in the Scriptures who put her all into the Lord's treasury; or of Jeph. il a daughter, who made a domonstra tim of unseittsh patriotism; or of Abiher husband; or of Ruth, who tolled under a propical sun for poor, old, help-less Naumi; or of Florence Nightingale, who would be indicated the Crimen; or of Mrs. Advisor Auditor, who kindled the lighter of salvetion amid the darkness of lurishing and Mrs. It was a Mrs. I demand the barkness of lurishing and Mrs. I demand, who housed the ma or of Mrs. Homans, who poured out or holy soul in words which will forever to associated with hunter's horn, and emptive's chain, and bridge hour, and hute's thech, and curfow's knotl at the tring they, and scores and hundreds of water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and medicine to the sick, and emites to the discouraged, their footsteps heard along dark lane and in government hospital and in almshouse corridor and by prison gate? There may be no royal robe. There may be no royal

want you to consider Vashill.

That the appeared before and his court on that day no uncovered she would have the delication of criental sect-Ahamerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have sheeked all the delicacies of criental stedesty, and the very men who in their intextication demanded that she come in their sober moments would have demined her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the chadow and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive opizit. God once in awhite does call an Inabella to a throne, or a Miriam is strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinetie to quell a French mob, or a liaborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, orging out: "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sizera into thy handa." And when the women are called to such eutdoor work and to such hereic positions God prepares them for it, and they have iron in their soul, and lightnings in their oye, and whirtwinds in their breath, and the horrewed strength of the Lord omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wildflowers and cross case as though they were hedges of wildflowers and cross case as though they were hedges of wildflowers and cross case as though they were shimmering apphyre, and all the harples of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation. But these are the exceptions. Generally Doreas would rather make a garment for the poor bow, Rebecca would rather fill the trough of the camels, Handah would rather while a coak for Samuel, the Hebrew maid would rather gainer a few sticks to cook a meal for famished litigh, Phebe would rather and for famished litigh, Phebe would rather oarry a letter for the inspired apostle, Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Soriphures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline preading in the footsteps of him who went about doing good, I say, "This is Vashti with a vell on."

Itut when I see a woman of uablushing b

itut when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud voiced, with a tongue of infinite clitter clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cryout, "Vashti has lost her veil." When I eut, "Vashti has lest her veil." When I see a weman struggling for political preferment, trying to force her way on up to conspicuity amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and postiferous breath to guard the polis, wanting to go through the loaferism and deflement of popular sovereigns, who crawl up from the salcons greaty and foul and vermin covered to decide questions of justice and order and olvilization-when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horpower, I say: "Ah, what a pity! Vashti

has lost her well!" When I see a woman of comely features and of advoltness of intellect and endowed with all that the schools can do for her and of high social position. yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place and with an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhomontade, endowed with allepathic in Spitosimals of sonse, the terror of dry goods clorks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings to plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo, I say. 'Vashti has lost her

Again, I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this that I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan. It seems to me that I have soon her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vachti the moritice. Oh, what a change it was from regal position to a waytarer's crust! A little while ago approved and sought for. Now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice. Ah, you and I have seen it many a

ime! Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that roffnement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awhile he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net-farther away from God, farther away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rage; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Strutal contaurs breaking up the parriage feast of Lapithae. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomina tion, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children. There are homes in all parts of this land that are in danger of such breaking up. A hasuerus, that you should stand in a home by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home! God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands and have people down the street and say, "There goes a drunkard's child!" God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness! orbid that any ovil spirit born of the wine cup or the brandy glass should come forth and uproof that garden, and with a lasting, blistering, all consuming curse that forever the palace gate against Vaahti and the children.

One night during our civil war I went to Hagerstown to look at the army and I stood on a hilltop and looked down upon them. I saw the campfires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those campfires, and I stood and watched them, and the soldiers stood and watched them, and the soldiers who were gathered around them were no doubt talking of their homes and of the long march they had taken and of the long march they had taken and of the long the they had taken and of the latter awhite I saw these complies begin to lower, and they continued to lower until they were all gone out, and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the campfires. It was imposing in the darkness when I thought of that great host aslesp. Well, God looks down from heaven and he sees the firesides of Christendom and the loved ones gathered around these firesides. These are the campfires where fresides. These are the campfires where we warm ourselves at the close of day and talk over the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last these fires begin to go out and continue to lower until finally they are extinguished and the askes of consumed hopes strew the hearth of the old homestead it may be because we have—

ione to sloop that sloop

From which none ever wake to weep.

Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we shall be an army bivouseked in the tent of the grave.

Once more, I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any entery from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dig-

opier condition in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the country of more intelligent personal country of more intelligent presentation, willing that mon should laugh at the lightning rod and sotton gin and steamboat and telegraph.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians and menks and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar re-enforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copenican system, then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument and how at his grave. The reformer, executed by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and hereism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the helt of the chain, and the darkness of the night, waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the

chain, and the darkness of the night, waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort, waiting, waiting until the Lord shall gather up his dear children in a heavenly home and no poor Vashit will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, bearing the cross, in prospect of the reptureus consummation when—

Angels thronged his charlet wheel
And bore him to his throne,
Then swept their golden harps and sung,
"The glorious work is done!"
Oh, woman, does not this story of Vashit the specifice, Vashit the veiled, Vashit the specifice, Vashit the silent, move your soul? My sarmon converges into the one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships, and the privations, and the cruelties, and the misfortunes of this life if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant you go through those gates or never go through at all. God furbid that you should at last be banished from the companionship of your glorified kindred, and banished forever. Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may you be enabled to imiever. Through the rich grace of our Lord Josus Christ may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel and Hannah and Abigail and Deborah and Mary and Esther and Vashti.

Eugene Sue's Father's Wines. The father of Eugene Sue was a physician with exalted patients all over Europe, who sent him the choicest wines. The Emperor of Austria, for instance, had contributed Tokay, the King of Prussia rare hock, Queen Christina of Spain priceless Alicante, Prince Metter-nich genuine cachet d'or, and so on. The whole was kept in a large iron cuploard in the study of the learned physician, known as the Elzevir library. Eugene was then a college freshman, and, having procured a skeleton key to the closet, with his friends, Adolphe, Adam, Veron and others, proceeded every night to investigate the contents of the bottles. Not wishing to have their explorations prematurely stopped, they took the precaution to fill up the partially exhausted flasks with water, and then to rescal thom. When, for a long time afterward, the doctor brought forth samples of his precious stock for the delectation of guests worthy of it, and the company tasted it with a due sense of awe, it was privately felt that the celebrity of these great brands was all moonshine; that ordinary table d'hote Bordeaux was preferable to them. But nobody dared to say so, and it was only after the death of his dreaded parent that the novelist confessed the

The Horse Rides Behind. The Street Railway Journal publishes very interesting description of a primitive street railway which operates in the suburbs of San Francisco. A horse pulls a leaded car to one end of the line, the grade of which is sufficient to allow the ear to return by gravity to the starting point, the horse being taken aboard the ear on the return trip, riding on the rear platform. The grade averages 31/4 per cent., and this is sufficient to return the car, the horse and the passengers to the foot of the hili entirely by gravity. The line is about one mile in length. The company owns one car and five horses, and the daily mileage is about 40. The horse is able to draw the car up the grade at an average speed of about 2% miles per hour, and the car descends by gravity at a rate of about 15 miles per hour.

The secret of the much talked about paper petticoat is out. While the material with which it is to be built is not like anything in the world which ever has been used before for the purpose, it can hardly be called paper. The fabric is made of banana fiber. That's as far as the 50 cent petticoat makers will go until they obtain all their patents. However, there's no doubt about the deceptive qualities of the banana petticoat. It will bring the taffeta frou frou within reach

Long Finger Nails. The nails of the Chinese nobility some-times attain the length of eighteen in-ches, and the Siamose belies wear long silver cases at the ends of their fingers, to protect the nails if they are long enough to need it or to make people believe they are there even if they are not.

Cost of the British Navy.

The capital value of the British navy at the present time exceeds £94,000,000. The first cost of the fleet which led to the downfall of Napoleon was but £10,000, 000. The fleet then comprised between 480 and 490 fighting vessels.

THE EMPTY HEARTH.

I sit beside the empty hearth, there's silence all around, But I hear the rocking measure of a cradic

on the ground;
little baby sleeping draws her breath
with gentle sigh.
d my son, of play now weary, nestles
close with drooping eye.
hand is warm within my hand, his

head upon my breast sweet with the scent of childhood, of

and Boxes-Through the Owner's ervative Methods of the Careful Housewife Who Never Trusts Hor Servant-A Sugar Kiss.

Every line of produce is a specialty in Holland. A butcher sells fresh meat only, and a pork butcher only pork, ham and sausages. Poultry and game belong together, and milk, butter, cheese, and eggs; coffee, tea and sugar. Special shops for flour, meals and grains; beautiful they are, too, with the snowy bags of ground and unground grain, exposed for sale. From the ceiling hang brass scales as bright as gold, on chains of brass. These are hauled down when needed to a convenient height above the counter for the clerk to handle. Most shops where small quantities are bought, have these suspended scales in various sizes. They are deep, like a shapely pot; some of red copper, some dark brass, some of light, greenish brass. Taste is always used in the selection of these things in Europe. ection of these things in Europeople are, by nature, art loving.

the selection of these things in Europe. The people are, by nature, art loving.

In a little, narrow street in the center of the Hague is one of these shops—a coffee shop. The business has for generations been handed down from father to son. The brass scales seen here are antique, but still they serve in them to-day, se solidly, so well did they work in those old days, when it was a man's first wish to be honest, his pride to give out from his hand an article that time would scarce destroy. Coffee and tea dealers have a way of ornamenting their windows that is both elegant and unique. Samples of the coffees, teas, and sugars are displayed in costly earthen howls, rich of color and design. With these in sets of five, are Javanese men, and sometimes women. They often represent the merchant and the planter in attitudes of hargaining, or receiving goods, or tasting the tea and coffee—always some history in their pose. They are of clay, and are admirably modeled and colored, standing about ten te fourteen inches high.

Beautiful toa hoxes, covered with silk, often embroidered and painted, form a heatground for these figures, and are

often embroidered and painted, form a background for these figures, and are heaped up in cabinet form, with a space left for a vase or bowl.

The owners of such shops usually live ever it or back of it. If rich enough, both. In the case of this quaint place in the narrow street, it is both. On entering one often finds himself the sole occupant, with the brass scale and highly orna-mented tea boxes, the brown lacquered sugar barrels, and big brass coffee bins. These last stand on the shelf and the counter. Everything that should be in order is always in order. The brasses are like gold, the barrels waxed to mirrors; no dust on the gems of tea boxes or the shelves. The whole presents a picture, as it is, but wait until the door in the back of the shop opens.

The ringing of the clanky bell-by your entrance—which resounded as if m an unknown world, brings forward a tottering old man. A velvet cap on his bald head, straggling white hairs hang red silk neckerchief completes the arrangement, and often corresponds with the one the old gentleman takes by the corners and slowly draws from his pocket to put in use. He descends the two steps that lead into the shop with the courtly bow of a prince, wishes you a 'good day," and asks "in which way he may be allowed to serve the most graci-

The most gracious lady (in my case) while gasping and supluttering over her complimentary reply, has her rhetoric broken in upon by the sudden entrance from the same direction of a young man, who promptly takes his place behind the counter, hauls down the scales, and in What Madame will have?"

The old gentleman says with a bow: "Un dienaar, mevrouw," (your serv ant, madam), and mounts the two steps

to the back room. The open door gives a glimpse of a home. A cozy room, with a clean curtained window. Beside it, a large chair. In the centre of the room a table. If at 4 o'clock a small tray, with some glasses and a bottle or two of green and orange cura ao upon it, for at 4 all true Hollanders have a "borreltje"—a nip. Op-posite the door is a cupboard, with glass doors. It is filled with choice cups of blue, silver bowls, and glass cake baskets with silver handles, tea strainers and tea eaddies, old and fine. When the door closes after this departing relic of gone days, if one is curious over the vision, and asks, the young man will tell you:

"It is grandpa. You must excuse him: he has lived here always, and waited on the snop, and he likes to come in now, when he is well, when people come in to

The old-time tone of the shop will be further proved if one stops long enough to see a neat and sprightly servant maid enter with a gem of a beaten brass box in her hand. It holds about two pounds. The coffee is weighed, put in the box. shaken down, so as not to lose a grain. The clerk closes the lid, and then you The clerk closes the liu, and then you see there is a tiny lock. From a little nock he takes the bunch of tiny keys, all with tags, finds the proper key, locks the box, and the servant departs to deposit box, and the servant departs to deposit the treasure in the Reeping of her mistress. The old-time Dutchwoman watches over her household, fearing always to be robbed, and dealing out by spoonfuls from costly brass boxes the coffee for each day's use, counting the eggs, weighing all that comes into the house. Such is the confidence between mistress and maid! In some households they go even so far as cutting and spreading the bread for the servants' breakfast at 6 o'clock. Each servant has two slices, a good inch

for the servants' breakfast at 6 o'clock. Each servant has two slices, a good inch in thickness, and sweetened tea—sometimes a plece of cheese.

I say sweetened tea. meaning with sugar. There is still a practice among certain classes, and almost all peasants, for sweetening tea and coffee. A year or two ago, being one day belated on the dunes, I stopped to ask at a farmhouse if one of the lads would go with me till I gained the highway. It was just the hour for the peasants' coffee. The family was assembled in a large living room. There were a cooking stove, a tall clock with ships, some high-back oak chairs, and a sand-scrubbed floor. Spotless curtains hung before three beds that were built in the wall.

head upon my brease
is sweet with the scent of childhood, to
the young bird in the nest;
lis face is hidden from me, but his eyes
are strange and bright.
And he whose eyes are like them walks
toward me thre' the night.
I soon shall hear his tootsiep—oh? his fact
atop !—on the stair.
The door will open, he will come and stard
behind my chair

—flod! save me from these dreams! The
hearth is empty, far is he;
hearth is empty, far is he;
And his little children lie askeep on another

And his little children lie askeep on another
mother pouring the coffee and adding
milk, but no sugar. When the cup was
ready she would make a dire with her
ready she would make a dire with her
ready she would make a dire with her

PEEPS AT DUTCHLIFE

In the second of them, and two girls—that in turn took his cup from the table.

One of the girls offered me my cup and at the same time laid a square bit of candy—like a sugar-kiss—on the sincer. Hesitating as to what to do, I looked about for a moment, and at once observed in the same time laid.

about for a moment, and at once observed that each of my friendly disposed new acquaintances had suddenly got a hig lump in one cheek. The boys were taking lump in one check. The hoys were taking tremendous gulps of coffee, with a sound like the rushing of wind through the reads, while the lump in the check seemed to remain. Not wishing to be outdone by these simple folk, I popped my sugar-kiss into my mouth, and proceeded to thus sweeten my coffee. It was to me a novel, but, on the whole, it is not so had, a method to practice economy, and at the same time to please the palate.

I declined a second cup and finished up my sugar-kiss by eating it. The lads, however, kept on handing in their cups till the coffee-pot refused another drop, but I observed that the stiff-trill-capped wife did not make a second dive to the pocket; also that the lump in the check of her offspring slowly diminished.

On relating my experience to a Hellander, I was told that a few years ago it was the common custom among simple linear to the amount the teach.

was the common custom among simp livers to thus sweeten the tea. A remnar of the idea still hangs to the very best society in The Hague, for it is almost a universal custom at tea—which is drunk about an hour after dinner—to offer clear sugar candles, with a light cake, but not with the intention of sweetening the tea.

FRENCHIFIED ENGLISH.

Words and Phrases Used Sometimes Cor rectly and Sometimes Not.

Within the last three or four years two verbs, one of English and the other of American origin, have entered the French and German languages. They are "to boycott" and "to lynch," and their forms in French are "boycotter" and "lynch-er" and in German "boycottleven" and "lynchen." Aside from these two instanees, the introduction of English words into German every day speech is as mere as the use of French words, or German-ized French words, is common. In France, on the contrary, the last decade has witnessed a perfect avalanche of words from across the channel. This is partly due to the fact that English is at present the polite language for Frenchmen who make pretensions; but it is in far greater measure the result of the Frenchman's enthusiastic, almost hysteric, taking to sport GEM. in these latter years. With horse racing have come all the English words pertaining to the track, the paddock, and the betting ring; and the same thing is largely true of bicycling. These words are not all pronounced as they are by an Englishman or an American—in fact, most people would fail to recognize them with the Gallie accent-but they answer the purpose.

Among the words which have found a permanent home with the French with

some indication of their birthplace cling. BROOCHES. ing to them are "barnum" (meaning the exploiter of wonderful things or the prodigy itself); "smoking" (used indifferently as the designation of a packet or a smoking concert); "lady" (spelled in a plural, invariably "ladys"); "punch"

HAIR PINS, Etc as a fringe about his ears and from under the cap behind. They just touch his coat (both the noun and the British verb). A 'leader' means either an editorial in a newspaper or a prominent politician. "Firt," "firtsome," and "firter" (verb) are used in the English sense. "Milord" is both a title of address and a vehicle "Shocking'-or, more often, "schocking' -means a great many things to a French man; and he employs it chiefly as a catchword in ridiculing the English. "Cock-tail" is any kind of a drink he has never seen before. "Buffalo" and "wildwest" have various occult meanings; c'est un buffalo or c'est un wildwest usually signify that the thing in question is strange, or magnificent. Finally, the French now have a certain number of stock phrases, such as "all right," "go ahead," "time is money," and "get a move on," which direct nineteenth century talk asks, are sometimes used appositely, and sometimes not so; either way they are ludicrous, partly because the man is so serious when he uses them.

All the words and expressions cited are found frequently in the newspapers and heard in the streets; but the clubs, sporting or otherwise, are the places where they are chiefly trotted out. Many of the shops of Paris are also known by English names. There are places, for instance, called "The Five O'Clock." "The Afternoon Tea," "The Gentleman." "The High Life," "The Elegant Baby," "The Old England," "The English Butchery." "The Magnificent House," "The Splendid House." "The Very Fine Boot Shop," and others.-New York Sun.

Two Coincidences. Two coincidences in the lives of Disraeli and Gladstone are pointed out. In boyhood they were both educated under Unitarian ministers, viz., Disraeli under the Rev. Eliezer Cogan, whose Greek scholarship Dr. Parr acknowledged, and Gladstone under the Rev. William Lamport, of Liverpool (or of Lancaster?). Disraeli died on Easter Tuesday, when the first morning lesson has Elisha's lament over Elijah, "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horse-

men thereof." Gladstone died on Ascen-

sion Day, when the first evening lesson

has Elisha's lament over Elijah,

father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Repartee in the Olden Time. When the cierical Tory wit Mather Byles was rejected by a Boston beauty in favor of the Quincy of that generation he approached the bride at her wedding and, with his malicious smile, said: "I see, Madam, that you prefer the Quincy to biles"—as it was the fashion then to call Job's comforters. "Yes," was har answer; "if there had been any plague worse than Byles I suppose the Lord would have afflicted Job therewith." Such were our plain spoken ancestors.

The Unlucky Day. The most unlucky day of the week, so far as accidents to human beings are concerned, is not Friday, but Monday. Sixcerned, is not Friday, but Monday. Six-teen and seventy-four one-hundredths per cent. of all accidents occur Mondays, 15.17 per cent. Tuesdays, 16.31 per cent. Wednesdays, 15.73 per cent. Thursdays, 16.88 per cent. Fridays, the same per cent. Saturdays, and 2.69 per cent. Sundays. days, 15.73 per cent. Thursdays,

A Weasel's Hypnotic Power. A London correspondent writes : A friend on whose word I can rely told me the following: He saw a lark flying above the turnpike road, flutterng some four or five feet above the round in evident distress. As he looked he saw a weasel in the middle of the road waiting for the bird to come down. This it did, falling help-lessly close to the animal, which killed it and carried it away. This incident seems to show that a weasel has some fascination in his eye.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil cures sprains, bruises sores, wonds, cuts, fronthites, atings of insects, burns, scalds, etc. Price 250, -54 5,

Summer Weakness If you feel week, run down, early tire languid,—have your system strengtheard an favigarated by Milburn's Heart and New Pills. They make weak people strong.—54.2

### A Martyr to Diarrhoea.

Tells of relief from suffering by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There are many people martyrs to howel complaints who would find Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a wonderful blessing to them. It not only checks the diarrhea but soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that permanent relief is obtained.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Houghton, Ont, sands the following letter: "For the past two or three years I have been a martyr to that dreadful disease diarrhea. I tried every remedy

D. FOWLEDS I tried every remedy I heard of and spent a good deal of money

EXT-OF STRANBERRY but all failed unward of a lady who was a law using Dr.

Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was cured in a very short time. I cannot praise the remedy too highly for what it did for me."

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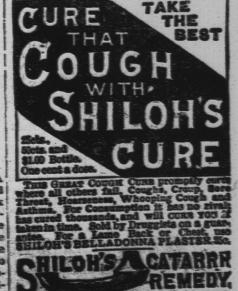
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Law Governing Newspapers

The following are points in the law governing newspapers that are frequently enquired about and that are worth re-

membering:—

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

2—It subscribers order s 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—It 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 couris 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 confinue 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.



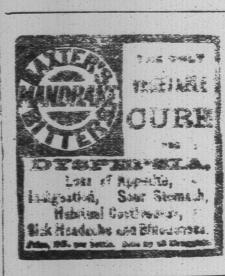
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doing me great good; so I continued their use and now feel all right. I can heartily recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for nervous prostration."

Mrs. Fowler adds: "My daughter,

HEART

now fifteen years of age, was pale, weak and run down, and she also took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and is now strong, healthy and vigorous."

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palpitation, smothering sensation, dizzy and faint spells, nervousness, weakness, famale troubles, etc. Price 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. Sold by all drug-gists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont. Mr. Melville Miller, Bensfort, Ontario, says: "Laxa-Liver Pills made a new

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