

REV. DR. JOS. PARKER IS DEAD HE WAS A GREAT LONDON DIVINE

The Greatest Preacher in England, and a Friend of Foremost Englishmen

Dr. Parker, the greatest Nonconformist preacher in England died on Friday afternoon. He had been beyond hope for several days past and had taken no nourishment since Wednesday night, giving the doctors hope that he might still live a few days longer. He retained consciousness to the last. A simple white card, without a black border was put on the door of his residence inscribed: "At 5 p.m. Dr. Parker ascended." The deceased suffered from a complication of ailments, the most serious of which affected his heart and was the immediate cause of death. His worst trouble had been insomnia. He had not enjoyed a natural sleep for six weeks, and was compelled to have recourse to morphia. His amazing vitality and strength of constitution led his friends to hope for his recovery, and he himself only abandoned hope a few days ago. He took no farewells as he was unable to talk during the past three days. He asked for a piece of paper and tried to write but his words were illegible. During his last hours he took evident pleasure in the singing of hymns by those around his bedside. All the newspapers publish very extended obituaries and reminiscences of the deceased pastor.

ABOUT THE GREAT PREACHER

Dr. Parker was born in Hexham, England 72 years ago. He was a Congregationalist. When about 20 years old he went to supply for three Sundays for Dr. Campbell, pastor of Whitehall Tabernacle, London, and preached so well that he was made permanent assistant at that church. On his home-leaving Dr. Parker writes: "Just before the train started my father put three hard-earned sovereigns into my hand. Immediately before the starting whistle sounded I put out my hand for a final shake, and in the act of doing so I secretly returned half the money, and thus landed in the metropolis of the Empire with thirty shillings at my disposal. It was not much, but it was enough, more than enough, better than enough—it was gold of the heart—treasure full of love and tears and sacrifice."

What sort of looking youth he was at 22 Dr. Parker himself tells in these words: "I was very thin, with a large head, thickly covered with the darkest brown hair, and wearing a collar as high as Mr. Gladstone's, and white neckerchief enough for a whole denomination!"

He says that on one occasion he was sent by his superior to visit a sick woman who lived at the top of 5 flights of stairs the last of which was much like a ladder. When he reached her bedside she looked at him and said: "I have a strong desire to kill somebody." This seems to have been an instance in which neither his nerve or faith stood by him for of his next step Dr. Parker says: "Imagine the face, the hair, the neckerchief, the tall, silk hat, suddenly disappearing down the ladder without so much as one word being said on my part!"

Of his religious convictions, Dr. Parker says: "Personally, I have accepted what is known as the evangelical interpretation of the Gospel, because I believe that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, as evangelically interpreted, answers more questions, satisfies more aspirations, responds to more necessities, and supplies better motives for service than any other conception of the kingdom of God."

HIS GREAT FRIENDS

Dr. Parker was intimate with the leading men of his day. Among his friends were Gladstone, Beecher and Prof. Huxley. With a number of other gentlemen he had breakfast at Mr. Gladstone's house and of the great statesman he wrote: "Judging by his manner one would think that he had no experience of care or anxiety or worry of any kind. The impression produced on us was that he was a man of leisure and in fact that he was rather looking around for some pleasurable occupation. Yet on the very night of that day he and his cabinet placed their resignation in the hands of the Queen."

Of Henry Ward Beecher, whom Dr. Parker visited in America he says: "He would bring out his carriage and horses and drive up hill and down dale with Jehu-like fury. I am not ashamed to say that the rock-lessness of his driving made me quite nervous. When he came to know this he said 'I am sorry I did not know it before, or I certainly would have taken you over some dangerous places.' Mrs. Beecher quietly added, 'I never have any fear, when Henry is driving.' I am bound to say that Henry was more than thankful when I alighted safely at his door."

Of Huxley, the dead divine once wrote: "Prof. Huxley was an agnostic—an able, honest, and reverent agnostic. If all agnostics were as reverent as Prof. Huxley was, they would greatly promote the elucidation of their distinctive views. Prof. Huxley was the author of the word 'agnostic.' His wonderful face was itself a sermon, no frivolity ever turned those solemn dark eyes into an expression of silly merriment."

Dr. Parker finished his autobiography in 1899 and toward the close of the book he says: "I soon, mayhap to-morrow, tonight, I may see the King! So near is Yonderland. I hope to tell the inhabitants of Yonderland that the earth is advancing towards a plentiful harvest of holiness and love and brotherhood. I hope to be welcomed by many a comrade who did not quite understand me down here in the old gray clouds of time. We shall then have no remembrance of jealousies and angers and selfish rivalries. The language of Yonderland has no words for base emotions—it is a pure tongue and speech, undefiled. I want everybody to be there. Oh, promise me not to fail of the gate."

THE FORGER CAUGHT

A Young Man Who Swindled Several People in Ontario Cities, Caught at Last

A despatch from Kingston on Sunday night says: To-night a fellow named Leo or Carter, was arrested while trying to pass a forged cheque on Daniel Cooper, grocer. It was on the Rathbun Company. Cooper got the cheque and parleyed till the police arrived. Leo admits having worked the game in many places. He is 28 years of age. On him were found numerous cheques, said to be all made out by the Rathbun Company. Carter says he is a Toronto clerk, but will give no address. He is not desirous of letting his friends know of his arrest. He is quite cheerful, admits he made big money by his nerve, and is now ready to stand punishment. He has been working the game in Canada and the United States for some time. The Toronto Detective Department has not been notified of Carter's arrest in Kingston. A number of circulars have been received here recently telling of the operations of a bad cheque man at Guelph, Chatham, Peterboro, and other places, and the local detectives believe Carter in all probability is the much wanted person from the police books that Carter operated in Toronto. If he did the police are unaware of it.

CRADLES HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO

In manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries we have pictures of cradles formed of part of a tree trunk dug out, with holes bored through the sides for the passage of straps intended to tie the baby down in his bed. These dug-out cradles are still common in modern Greece. When we come to consult the manuscripts and bas-reliefs of the fifteenth century, we notice that the cradles are no longer mere baskets or beds on rockers but little swinging beds suspended between two pillars, the prototype of the modern berceuse cradle.

THE HARM OF DAMP HOUSES

It is dangerous to health and even to life in a damp, chilly house, or one built over a muddy cellar. Many years ago the London Lancer in an article on diphtheria traced the disease in certain cases to the presence of certain molds and fungoid growths which seemed to be breathed into the throat. Remember, one of the best disinfectants is lime. Moldy cloths, such as shoes and other articles that are unfit for use, should be destroyed at once.

HER CHOICE

Fred—Yes, I like him well enough. Minnie, but how did you happen to marry a man a head shorter than you are?

Minnie—I had to choose, Fred, between a little man with a big salary and a big man with a little salary.

THE POLITE FRUMP

Jogging Jake—Pard, yer lookin' rather gay for a man that's just been bit by a bulldog.

Tired Tim—Well, the critter was a female. I'm always satisfied to give me seat up to a lady.

ATTRACTIVE

"How can you love him? Why, his father butchered cattle for a living!" "I know. But his father's son has \$3,000,000!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

EARLY INDUSTRY

Hewitt—How did you come to start in business as a floorwalker?

Jewett—Twins—Judge.

OUR LATCH STRING

Is always hanging on the outside of the door; for any who want anything in the printing line. Printing like Clothing or Millinery changes its style so often, and we follow the latest style, and all our PRINTING is up-to-date. Let us estimate on your next job.

LABOR'S TRIUMPH

Action, unceasing endeavor—whether with brain or with brawn: Singing of hammer on anvil, thrust of the plough through the soil, Thought born of thought in the night-time, ax-stroke in silence of dawn Solving the secrets of science—secrets that gerudon our toil. Action, strong effort forever—this is the life of our time; This is the heart-throb of Manhood, the pulsing of purpose sublime. Flickered the glave long in battles, carving the future of kings, Cutting the fetters of bondsmen, doing God's will in His way—Now in its scabbard 'tis sleeping, here on the wall where it swings, Dust on its hilt and Time's sharp teeth eating its edge, day by day. Hauber nor casque brought it harming, yet all its temper is gone—Vanished its puissant prowess—to-day labor rolls the world on.

GEN. DE WET WRITES A BOOK; BLAMES BOTH BRITON AND BOER

If His Countrymen Had Not Been False the British Would Have Been Beaten

"Had not so many of our burghers proved false to their own colors, England, as the great Bismarck foretold, would have found her grave in South Africa." That is the keynote of the Boer General Dewet's book entitled "Three Years War," published in London and dedicated by the Boer General to "my fellow subjects of the British Empire." It is perhaps the most remarkable book by the most remarkable leader that any recent war has produced. The concise, simply told tale of the extraordinary campaign is marked throughout with the stamp of truth. The baldness of the narrative only serves to bring into striking relief the fiery passages where a strong man literally blurs out his soul in pathetic regret and bitter denunciation. In thus taking the public into confidence, Dewet loses nothing of the glamor with which his exploits in the field surrounded him.

SPARES NONE

In criticizing he spares no one. Boer and Briton come equally under the lash. Dewet declares that whatever the English people may have to say in discredit of Gen. Buller, he had to operate against stronger positions than any other British general. Throughout the work the Boer general has but slight praise for Lord Roberts and little more for Lord Kitchener. Gen. Knox is almost the only British general who seems to have struck Dewet as a commander with real military genius.

SAYS GOD INTERVENED

"Of 'Tommy Atkins' he has many kindly words to say, and declares the British were far from being bad shots." The comparative immunity of the Boers from harm Dewet constantly and most fervently attributes to the interposition of God. "If any reader," he says, "is eager to know how it was I kept out of the enemy's hands I can only answer, although I may not be understood that I ascribed it to nothing else than this: it was not God's will that I should fall into their hands. Let those who rejoice at my miraculous escapes give all the praise to God."

Nevertheless, the book teems with accounts of military and other strategies by which Dewet outwitted his pursuers. Frequently he recounts cases of desertion and panic among his own men when his enterprises sjamboking were all of an avail. Dewet pays tribute to Gen. Cronje for his bravery, but declares he lost at Paardeberg only on account of his fatal obstinacy in not leaving the laager as he was advised to by Gen. Botha and by the writer himself.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Regarding his own forces, Dewet writes: "It was far easier to fight against the great English army than against the treachery among my own people, and an iron will was required to fight against both. Once, if only our orders had been carried out, a little more strictly, and if only the most elementary rules of strategy had been observed in our efforts to break the English lines of communication, Lord Roberts and his thousands of troops would have found themselves shut up in Pretoria, where they would have perished of hunger. It was not the skill of their commander-in-chief that saved them."

LOYALTY PAYS BEST

The writer emphatically defends the right to blow up railroad trains as the usage of war, and he declares he never missed an opportunity to do so. The so-called war against women and the misuse of the white flag by the British is sternly denounced by the Boer general, who says: "That such direct and indirect murder should have been committed against defenceless women and children is a thing I should have staked my head could never have happened in a war waged by the civilized English nation, and yet it happened."

His last word is an injunction to his fellow-countrymen to be loyal to the new government. "Loyalty," he says, "pays best in the end, and loyalty alone is worthy of a nation which has shed its blood for freedom."

The book contains a magnificent portrait of the author, by the painter, John S. Sargent.

THE GREATEST BALL

NATURE'S ANNUAL DANCE NOW IN FULL AND RUSTLING SWING.

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Nature is holding her grand annual dance. Never were there so many guests at any other ball. Every gust of wind is an invitation to thousands and thousands of little folks to break away from the parent hand that has held them captive from the moment they were born. From stately oaks, from spreading maples, from lofty elms, from towering poplars, and even from weeping willows, the guests are hurrying to the great festivity.

All through the summer they have been learning to dance in the warm sunlight. Sweet sap has fed them. Cool dew has bathed them. They have seen the buds burst into blossoms, and the blossoms swell into fruit. They have watched the birds come from the South to build nests in secret places that only the leaves knew, and they have kept the offices of the myriads of fluttering insects which passed away in almost the same hour that they were breathed into being. They know the whole story of Nature's unfolding, but they tell it not. They are sworn to secrecy.

In anticipation of the great ball the little folks have dressed themselves in the gayest attire. Such colors! So gorgeous and yet so delicate. Only a divine painter could successfully blend such contradictory tints. No human canvas could hold them. And the variety; it is simply endless. In all the gay dresses that have been turned out of nature's workshop for the occasion, in such numbers that life is too short to begin to count them, no two are alike. Nature repeats herself, but never exactly in the same way. Yet still more marvelous is the harmony of it all. There are no discords. It is all combined into one sublime note, like the Lost Chord that thrilled a human ear never to sound again, but unlike it because the work is repeated every autumn with the same approach to perfection.

Such a scramble to be there. It is positively unbecoming. At the welcome invitation the giddy young things break away from their parents with scarcely a word of farewell. They are off, they know not where. All they know, and care to know, is that there is a great throng, greater than they had ever supposed the world could contain, hurrying hither skelter to the grand dance Nature is giving. How the impatient wind chases them along. It lifts them off the earth and carries them flying through the air. In every tree there is an orchestra. Bare limbs beat time while the wind whistles a lively tune. The same air serves for any dance. Some of the guests waltz to it, making graceful circles in mid-air, and descend to the floor of the great ballroom unharmed. Others who prefer to gallop pass with rapid glides clear out of sight in the ecstasy of the dance. Here and there groups of heavyweights indulge in a set dance that taxes their energies to a less extent. They dance alone, by couples, by threes, and by fours, and by fifties, just as the fancy strikes them. There are wall flowers, too. Some stupid guests get caught in the most absurd places, and are positively unable to move one way or another until a sudden gust of wind lifts them out of their predicament.

And so the great ball goes on all through the night and all through the day. There are extras without limit. The chaperons have long since gone home, tired and out of patience. Often the dancers fall down quite exhausted, but they soon rise again and join the general jubilation with undiminished enthusiasm. In the narrow city streets there is no room for these festivities. Stern policemen tell the dancers to move on, and careless people tread them under foot.

How the great oaks in the Queen's Park shake with merriment as the thousands of gay dancers crowd around their gnarled trunks. They have seen the ball many a time before, and hope to see it many a time again.

But this is only the antechamber of Nature's ball-room. Toronto is hemmed in by it on all sides, says The Mail and Empire. To the south the gaiety on the Island is almost delirious. Eastward at Munro Park and Scarborough Heights, deserted by minstrels and by swains, Nature holds high carnival in more stately but not less contagious joy. Up the valley of the Don, around Castle Frank, and the Rosedale ravines, the fun is at its height. In High Park, the beautiful, with its broad, grassy spaces, its shapely trees, its picturesque hills, the dance is unrestrained. Further west in the valley of the Humber, stretching from the sounding like far back into the shades of mysterious forests, the echoes of sweet music, and the quick tread of countless little feet tell that Nature's dance is at its height, that the world is full of pleasure, feasting, and love.

It would be a wise head, indeed, that could tell what it is all about. The invitations make no mention of it. They are not printed, but are simply passed along by word of mouth. Possibly it is the joy of Nature over another year well spent. As the prelude to a time of rest and seeming death, it is perhaps, her way of telling us that all is not lost when the leaves drop and decay. Whatever is the meaning of it all the guests will not tell. They are profoundly secret, so that the interpretation of it is open to all. Yet everyone may see Nature's annual dance and take from it whatever inspiration is sought for and desired.

His Ruling Passion

When Verlaime died, he left his friend Bibliapuree as a legacy to those who had cared for him. Bibi was inoffensive; there was a tradition that years ago he had worked, but the man lived not who had seen him with pen in hand. Yet Bibi was looked after for the dead poet's sake. Painters, sculptors, journalists, gave him house room in turn, fed him and clothed him, and Bibi was grateful. But one little vice of his was incurable—he invariably walked off with his host's umbrella. This persistent absentmindedness at last produced a coolness, and his friends dropped off, and Bibi experienced the cold shoulder of neglect.

One day he was discovered almost starving in an empty house, and Verlaime's friends reproached themselves for their unkindness to the poor old man. A subscription was raised for his benefit, and the money handed to him at a banquet at which the twenty-seven subscribers were present. Bibi's health was drunk with enthusiasm; he rose to reply, but emotion so overcame him that he sought permission to retire. In his retirement he was accompanied by twenty-seven umbrellas.

Frogs and Wires

It is said that one of the great enemies of the overland telegraph line in central Australia is the common green frog. In order to save the insulators from being broken by the lightning they are provided with wire "droppers" leading round them at a little distance to conduct on to the pole in case of need. The frogs climb the poles and find the insulators cool and pleasant to their bodies, and fancy that the "dropper" is put there to furnish them with a back seat. After a time they yawn and stretch out a leg until it touches the pole—result, sudden death to the frog, and as the body continues to conduct the current to earth we have a paragraph in the papers to the effect that "in consequence of an interruption to the lines probably caused by a cyclonic disturbance in the interior, we are unable to present our readers with the usual cables from England!"

Sensible Treatment of Corns

Light shoes, short shoes and clumsy shoes produce corns by compressing, cramping and rubbing against the joints. A great many of these pedal blemishes are hereditary. In any case it is a good plan to suppress them. Every medicine merchant has a variety of "cures," and nearly all give temporary relief. A poultice made of vinegar soaked breadcrumbs will cure a little corn in one night. It is not advisable to let a corn grow. Either rub down the formation with pumice stone or remove it with a knife. A little opposition will discourage it provided sensible shoes are worn. In pedicuring, as in manicuring, the feet should be soaked in hot water and as much of the waste material brushed and rubbed off as possible.

Onion Soup

Onion soup is often liked by people who disdain the savory herb in any other form. There is no doubt of the wholesomeness of the onion, and those who have never tried the soup are recommended to use this celebrated recipe of the elder Dumas: Take, for three pints of soup, four Bermuda onions or eight common white ones, mince them and fry to a golden brown in two tablespoonsful of butter. Pour in two quarts of water, season with pepper and salt and boil until the onions are quite soft. Beat the yolks of three eggs, mix with the soup and pour the mixture over finger slices of toasted bread. Milk may be used instead of water in this soup.

Gave Him a Start

"Now, then," said the auctioneer, holding up a pair of antique silver candlesticks, "give me a start."

"Twenty-five cents," came from a voice at the back of the room.

"What!" exclaimed the horrified auctioneer.

"Ah," said the bidder in an undertone and with a chuckle, "I thought that would give him a start."

Signs of Prosperity

"How do you get the reputation of being so much richer than you are?" asked the intimate friend. "Very easily. I wear my old clothes as long as possible and never admit that I have any money that I could lend. People take it for granted that I must be prosperous."

How He Felt About It

"I wish I could give up work and take a long rest."

"You'd do it if you could, would you?"

"Well, I'm not sure I'd do it if I could. It's one of those things you'd like to do when you can't."—Brooklyn Life.

It is agreed by medical authorities

that the virulence of an epidemic may be increased by the element of fear in the public mind.

Established 1899

W. P. DEV

STOCK AND BOND BROKERS

19 Wellington St. East Toronto

New York Boston

Local Correspondent Jas. H. Lenn

References, Bradstreets, Penn Wiman

Up in a little Vermont town they tell a story of an old nurse. She was the kind of an old nurse to be found in small towns, who comes, after much urging, to "tend" a case, and who has many Salrey Gam's peculiarities.

Miss Sally, as she was called, was induced to come to the house of the sick woman and take charge. She moved in—cob pipp, batch of starched aprons, knitting and all. After the good creature had seen the case through she said to the doctor, "Doc, kin I take my toll?" "What that, Sally?" asked the visiting physician who had come from the capital city and was amused and a little irritated by the old woman's ways. "I mean the medicine," said the nurse complacently. "The medicine!" exclaimed the doctor. "What on earth do you want with the medicine?" "No fifth wheel to a wagon was ever more redundant than left over medicines. 'I puts it in me jug,' replied the old woman slowly, "and then I gives it out occasionally when there ain't no doctor nigh."

The visiting physician roared with laughter, but sobered down when the story of old Sally's "jug" medicine was explained to him. That there were not more victims to her unique methods of cure was a mystery.

Antidyspepsia Diet

"Dyspepsia would no longer be the national disease in America if the people of the country would adopt a plain diet similar to that of Norway and Sweden. Gout is unknown among Swedes and Norwegians, and the rosy cheeks and clear complexions of the young people of those countries are the result of the simple food the children eat," the United States consul at Bergen, Norway, says. "Hot rolls and white bread are rarely seen in Sweden. Knackbrode, or hard bread, is the standard article of food. It is made of ground oats and rye. There is no yeast in the bread, and it is rolled into thin wafers, which are baked and hung up where they will keep perfectly dry. Swedes eat this bread and drink milk for two meals a day and have no need at which they eat meat and potatoes. Sweets are almost unknown. Children are allowed to eat candy only on state occasions."

Pretty High Authority

General Winfield Scott, the hero of the Mexican war, used a secretary for all his correspondence, private as well as official. Once, in the absence of his secretary, he undertook to write an order for the transferring of some provisions, and spelled "wagon" "waggon." Later, the secretary in looking through the various memoranda, etc., found the order and detected the error. "General," he asked affably, "by what authority do you spell 'wagon' with a double 'g'?" Scott never turned a hair as he replied without a moment's hesitation: "By what authority? By the authority of the major general commanding the armies of the United States, sir! What better authority do you want?"

Standards of Measurement

The "foot" is named from the length of that member in a full grown man. Some say that it was called so from the length of the foot of a certain English king, but it is believed to have been a standard of measurement among the ancient Egyptians. The cubit is from the Latin cubitus, an elbow, and is the distance from the elbow to the end of the middle finger. Fathom is from the Aryan, fat, to extend, and denotes the distance from tip to tip of the fingers when the arms of an average sized man are fully extended.

Diamonds Under Water

An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a very simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation stone is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is distinctly visible. When possible, place a genuine stone beside the possible imitation under water, and the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eyes.

An Irish Railroad Fraud

A Santa Fe conductor on a Los Angeles train told a reporter of the Bernardino Sun that his grandfather remembered a sign which was erected at a point on a double track railroad in Ireland to the effect that "when two trains meet here they must come to a standstill until they have passed each other."

It is easy to discourage a man who realizes that he gets all the trouble in sight.—Chicago News.

Telephone 433 Main

97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

97 Pieces Free Dinner and Tea Set. This is a grand opportunity for you to get a complete dinner and tea set for nothing. We have 97 pieces of the finest quality dinner and tea set, including plates, cups, saucers, and a teapot. We are giving them away for nothing to our customers. All you need to do is order a set of our famous '97 Pieces Free' dinner and tea set. We will send you the set for nothing, and you will have a complete dinner and tea set for nothing. This is a grand opportunity for you to get a complete dinner and tea set for nothing. We have 97 pieces of the finest quality dinner and tea set, including plates, cups, saucers, and a teapot. We are giving them away for nothing to our customers. All you need to do is order a set of our famous '97 Pieces Free' dinner and tea set. We will send you the set for nothing, and you will have a complete dinner and tea set for nothing. This is a grand opportunity for you to get a complete dinner and tea set for nothing. We have 97 pieces of the finest quality dinner and tea set, including plates, cups, saucers, and a teapot. We are giving them away for nothing to our customers. All you need to do is order a set of our famous '97 Pieces Free' dinner and tea set. We will send you the set for nothing, and you will have a complete dinner and tea set for nothing.

CONSUMPTION Prevented and Cured. Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. New cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a rundown system. FREE. Do you cough? Do your lungs pain you? Is your throat sore and inflamed? Do you spit up phlegm? Does your head ache? Is your appetite bad? Are your lungs delicate? Are you losing flesh? Do you pale and thin? Do you lack stamina? These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption. You are invited to test what this system will do for you, if you are sick, by writing for a FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once, with complete directions for use. The Slocum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Heart Troubles. Simply write to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Company, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express addresses, and the free medicine (the Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent. Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. Mention this paper in your order.

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They have watched the birds come from the South to build nests in secret places that only the leaves knew, and they have kept the offices of the myriads of fluttering insects which passed away in almost the same hour that they were breathed into being. They know the whole story of Nature's unfolding, but they tell it not. They are sworn to secrecy. In anticipation of the great ball the little folks have dressed themselves in the gayest attire. Such colors! So gorgeous and yet so delicate. Only a divine painter could successfully blend such contradictory tints. No human canvas could hold them. And the variety; it is simply endless. In all the gay dresses that have been turned out of nature's workshop for the occasion, in such numbers that life is too short to begin to count them, no two are alike. Nature repeats herself, but never exactly in the same way. Yet still more marvelous is the harmony of it all. There are no discords. It is all combined into one sublime note, like the Lost Chord that thrilled a human ear never to sound again, but unlike it because the work is repeated every autumn with the same approach to perfection. Such a scramble to be there. It is positively unbecoming. At the welcome invitation the giddy young things break away from their parents with scarcely a word of farewell. They are off, they know not where. All they know, and care to know, is that there is a great throng, greater than they had ever supposed the world could contain, hurrying hither skelter to the grand dance Nature is giving. How the impatient wind chases them along. It lifts them off the earth and carries them flying through the air. In every tree there is an orchestra. Bare limbs beat time while the wind whistles a lively tune. The same air serves for any dance. Some of the guests waltz to it, making graceful circles in mid-air, and descend to the floor of the great ballroom unharmed. Others who prefer to gallop pass with rapid glides clear out of sight in the ecstasy of the dance. Here and there groups of heavyweights indulge in a set dance that taxes their energies to a less extent. They dance alone, by couples, by threes, and by fours, and by fifties, just as the fancy strikes them. There are wall flowers, too. Some stupid guests get caught in the most absurd places, and are positively unable to move one way or another until a sudden gust of wind lifts them out of their predicament. And so the great ball goes on all through the night and all through the day. There are extras without limit. The chaperons have long since gone home, tired and out of patience. Often the dancers fall down quite exhausted, but they soon rise again and join the general jubilation with undiminished enthusiasm. In the narrow city streets there is no room for these festivities. Stern policemen tell the dancers to move on, and careless people tread them under foot. How the great oaks in the Queen's Park shake with merriment as the thousands of gay dancers crowd around their gnarled trunks. They have seen the ball many a time before, and hope to see it many a time again. But this is only the antechamber of Nature's ball-room. Toronto is hemmed in by it on all sides, says The Mail and Empire. To the south the gaiety on the Island is almost delirious. Eastward at Munro Park and Scarborough Heights, deserted by minstrels and by swains, Nature holds high carnival in more stately but not less contagious joy. Up the valley of the Don, around Castle Frank, and the Rosedale ravines, the fun is at its height. In High Park, the beautiful, with its broad, grassy spaces, its shapely trees, its picturesque hills, the dance is unrestrained. Further west in the valley of the Humber, stretching from the sounding like far back into the shades of mysterious forests, the echoes of sweet music, and the quick tread of countless little feet tell that Nature's dance is at its height, that the world is full of pleasure, feasting, and love. It would be a wise head, indeed, that could tell what it is all about. The invitations make no mention of it. They are not printed, but are simply passed along by word of mouth. Possibly it is the joy of Nature over another year well spent. As the prelude to a time of rest and seeming death, it is perhaps, her way of telling us that all is not lost when the leaves drop and decay. Whatever is the meaning of it all the guests will not tell. They are profoundly secret, so that the interpretation of it is open to all. Yet everyone may see Nature's annual dance and take from it whatever inspiration is sought for and desired.

THE WATCHDOG... JUST THE OVER YOU IS HERE... Most of the best... a splendid special lines secured additional embraces... Men's & Which has in our store. Beginni... THE AVERAGE... On exhibition in the... of the Star business... highest squash grown... season, writes Charles... of that Toronto paper... at \$61 pounds, and... star. The vegetable... ground of W. C. Wil... Huron County, Dece... squash, they call it a... it were a man, he wou... genius, and his phot... in the papers. It is... units that when Mr... in that seed, he did... pounds of squash to... more dollars to more... Mr. Wilson will not... squash like this in 20... falls back on the ave... help him out in makin... the yield. Genius is... after all, it is not... first appears. Genius... since the worth of the... There was much en... squash bed of Mr. Wil... the monster grew to... the little fellows turn... upon him, and found... shape, and when he r... reached a hollow chest... were sure that his sto... man, and that his roo... earth than their... without reason... all of the earth the... the mammoth that t... out of The Star, wind... My friend, ex-War... Ford County, raised a... of corn of the... and the best talk var... at Torr. Co. but... mail on the big follo... for the average a... than his cattle en...