ion.
nary specifics
tores strength
es the system
e disease.

INE MARK-DOWN.
r—Do you believe that
mark-downs are genuine?
—Some of them are, I
n got one of them.
r—What was it?
—A wife. He married a
bination store. She was
marked down from thir-

E MY WIFE TO USE
ALADA"
ylon Tea
Only All Grocers
Mixed 25c., 40c., 50c., 60c

MIZE IN TIME AND LABOR.
refuse into force. USE STEAM
ton Carriage Feed,
ckers,
gers,
mp Saws,
link Belting for Haul-up,
Live Rolls, Conveyors, Lum-
rs.
rite for Catalogue. 2
OUS, Brantford, Can.

ng men and women—152
r in attendance at
NTRAL
ness College,
—Gerrard and Yonge Sts.,
st courses of Business Training
h and complete facilities for
Typewriting are found in this
dents assisted to positions.
W. H. SHAW, Principal.

THE
UGGLER
ING AND MILLING CO., LTD.
up Shares, only 25c. each, in
less than one hundred shares
veloped claim, with shaft 110 feet
paying ore, mill tests showing
sults. Report of Minister of
vorable. Send to GEO. H.
, 34 Victoria Street, Toronto.
S.

$1.00
Cash
For
This
Motor
Complete with Battery and Chemicals. Get one for Christmas. Special prices dozen lots. Get our catalogue supplies. Toronto Electrical Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

enty-six Years
UNN'S
AKING
WDER
K'S BEST FRIEND
BALE IN CANADA.

MATISM.
AWA, August 7th, 1895.
his to express my grati-
ces Kootenay Cure has
een treated by the best
rs for Rheumatism, but
y case was so compli-
having originated from
y relief they could give
porary. Just at this
Kootenay Cure. I had
elief at first, the Rheu-
led in my muscles and
y nerves. However, I
ice more and began to
and in my case, physi-
things have passed
have become new. I
aided. My nerves are
ey were in my life and
osphere has any effect
not thank you enough,
at some other sufferer
relief. You can refer
at my residence, 199
a, and I shall be only
them any information
ratefully,
THOMAS A. PIRIE,
199 Albert St., Ottawa.
, charges prepaid,
S. Ryckman Medi-
lled free.

THE MIRROR

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

VOL IV. NO 5 — OMEMEE, ONT. THURSDAY, JAN. 14, 1897 — CHAS. W. RICHARDS Publisher & Proprietor

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE NECESSITY OF REVIVALS.

He Believes in a Sudden ovement Capture the World for Righteousness—He Holds That Sin Can Best be Overcome by a Flank Movement.

Washington, Jan. 3.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage in behalf of a sudden movement to capture the world for righteousness strikes a chord that will vibrate through Christendom. The text is II. Kings, xviii, 23, "I will deliver thee 2000 horses if thou be able on thy part to set riders upon them."

Up by the waterworks, the upper reservoir of Jerusalem, the general of the besieging army and the generals of besieged Jerusalem are in consultation. Though General Rab-shakeh had been largely paid to stop the siege, he kept the money and continued the siege—the military miscreant! Rab-shakeh derides the capacity of the city to defend itself and practically says, "You have not 2000 men who can manage horses. Produce 2000 cavalrymen, and I will give you a present of 2000 cavalry horses. You have not in all your besieged city of Jerusalem 2000 men who can mount them and by bit and bridle control a horse." Rab-shakeh realized that it is easier to find horses than skillful riders, and hence he makes the challenge of the text, "I will deliver thee 2000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Rab-shakeh, like many another bad man, said a very suggestive thing. The world is full of great energies and great opportunities, but few know how to bridle them and mount them and manage them. More spirited horses than competent riders. The fact is that in the church of God we have plenty of fortresses well manned, and plenty of heavy artillery, and plenty of solid columns of brave Christian soldiers, but what we most need is cavalry—mounted troops of God—for sudden charge that seems almost desperate. If Washington, if New York, if London, are ever taken for God, it will not be by slow bombardment of argumentation, or by regular unlimbering of great theological guns from the portholes of the churches, but by gallop of sudden assault and rush of holy energy that will astound and throw into panic the long lines of drilled opposition armed to the teeth. Nothing so scares the face of sin as a revival that comes, they know not whence, to do that which they cannot tell, to work in a way that they cannot understand. They will be overcome by flank movement. The church of God must double up their right or left wings. If they expect us from the north, we will take them from the south. If they expect us at 12 o'clock at noon, we will come upon them at 12 o'clock at night. The opportunities for this assault are great and numerous, but where are the men? "I will deliver thee 2000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The opportunities of saving America and saving the entire planet were never so many, never so urgent, never so tremendous, as now. Have you not noticed the willingness of the printing press of the country to give the subject of evangelism full swing in column after column? Such work was formerly confined to tract distribution and religious journalism. Now the morning and evening newspapers, by hundreds and thousands of copies, print all religious intelligence and print most awakening discourses. Never since the world has stood has such a force been offered to all engaged in the world's evangelization. Of the more than fifteen thousand newspapers on this continent I do not know one that is not alert to catch and distribute all matters of religious information.

Oh, now I see a mighty suggestiveness in the fact that the first book of any importance that was ever published after Johann Gutenberg invented the art of printing was the Bible. Well might that poor man toil on, polishing stones and manufacturing looking glasses and making experiments that brought upon him the charge of insanity and borrowing money, now from Martin Brother and now from Johann Faust until he set on foot the mightiest power for the evangelization of the world. The statue in bronze which Thorwaldsen erected for Gutenberg in 1837 and the statue commemorating him by David d'Angers in 1840 and unveiled amid all the pomp and military processions and German bands of best music could give the occasion were insignificant compared with the fact to be demonstrated before all earth and all heaven, that Johann Gutenberg, under God, inaugurated forces which will yet accomplish the world's redemption. The newspaper press will yet announce nations born in a day. The newspaper press will report Christ's sermons yet to be delivered and describe His personal appearance, if, as some think, He shall come again to reign on earth. The newspaper press may yet publish Christ's proclamation of the world's emancipation from sin and sorrow and death. Tens of thousands of good men in this and other lands have been ordained by the laying on of hands to preach the gospel, but it seems to me that just now, by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty, the newspaper presses are being ordained for preaching the gospel with wider sweep and mightier resound than we have ever yet imagined. The iron horses of the printing press are all ready for the battle, but where are the men good enough and strong enough to mount them and guide them? "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Go out to the Soldiers' home and talk with the men who have been in the war, and they will give you right appreciation of what is the importance of the cavalry service in battle. You hear the clatter of the hoofs, and the whir of the arrows, and the clash of the shields, and the bang of the carbines, as they ride up and down the centuries. Clear back in time, Osymandyas led 20,000 mounted troops, in Bactriana. Josephus says that when the Israelites escaped from Egypt 50,000 cavalrymen rode through the parted Red Sea. Three hundred and seventy-one years before Christ Epaminondas headed his troops at full gallop. Alexander, on a horse that no other man could ride, led his mounted troops. Seven thousand horsemen decided the struggle at Arbela. Although saddles were not invented until the time of Constantine, and stirrups were unknown until about four hundred and fifty years after Christ, you hear the neighing and snorting of war chargers in the greatest battles of the ages. Austerlitz and Marengo and Solferino were decided by the cavalry. The mounted Cossacks re-enforced the Russian snow-storms in the obliteration of the French army. Napoleon said if he had only had sufficient cavalry at Bautzen and Lutzen his wars would have triumphantly ended. I do not wonder that the Duke of Wellington had his old warhorse Copenhagen turned out in best pasture, and that the Duchess of Wellington wore a bracelet of Copenhagen's hair. Not one drop of my blood but tingles as I look at the arched neck and pawing hoof and panting nostril of Job's cavalry horse. "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley. He goeth on to meet the armed men. The quiver rattles against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. I think it is the cavalry of the Christian hosts, the grand men and women who, with bold dash and holy recklessness and spurred on energies, are to take the world for God. To this army of Christian service belong the evangelists. It ought to be the business of the regular churches to multiply them, to support them, to cheer them, to clear the way for them. Some of them you like; some of them you do not like. You say some are too sensational, and some of them are erratic, and some of them are too vehement, and some of them pray too loud. Oh, fold up your criticism and let them do which we, the pastors, can never do! I like all the evangelists I have ever seen or heard. They are busy now; they are busy every day of the week. While we, the pastors, serve God by holding the fortress of righteousness and drilling the Christian soldiery and by marshaling anthems and sermons and ordinances on the right side, they are out fighting the forces of darkness "hip and thigh with great slaughter." All success to them! The faster they gallop the better I like it. The keener the lances they fling the more I admire them. We care not what conventionality they infract if they only gain the victory. Moody and Chapman and Mills and Jones and Harrison and Munhall and Major Cole and Crittenden and a hundred others are now making the cavalry charge, and they are this moment taking New York and Philadelphia and Cincinnati for God, and I wish they might take our nation's capital.

Here the tremendous facts: There are now in this country nearly 166,000 church congregations, with nearly 21,000,000 communicants and seating capacity in church for more than 43,000,000 people—in other words, room in the churches for three-fourths of the population of this country, and about one-third of the population of this country already Christian. In other words, we will have only to average bringing two souls to God during the next three years and our country is redeemed. Who cannot, under the power of the Holy Ghost, bring two souls to God in three years? As so many will bring hundreds and thousands to God, most of you have to bring only one soul to God and the gospel campaign for this continent will be ended. If you cannot bring one soul to God, or two souls, or three souls, in three years, you are no Christian and deserve yourself to be shut out of heaven.

Get out of the way with your dolorous foreboding and change your dirges for what we have not done for the grand march of what we may do and will do. The woman at Sedan, in whose house Napoleon the Last was waiting to make surrender of himself and his army, said to the overthrown French Emperor, "What can I do for you?" And the despairing ex-monarch replied, "Nothing but draw down the blind so that I cannot be stared at." In this gospel campaign we have plenty to draw down the blinds. In God's name I say pull up the blinds and let the morning sun of the coming victory shine upon us. What we want in this campaign for God is the self abnegation and courage of the men of Sir Colin Campbell, who, as Lord Bishop Cowie, of New Zealand, once chaplain of his army, told me, said to the troops: "Men, no retreat from this place. Die right here." And they shouted, "Yes, Sir Colin, we will do it!" And they did.

The cavalry suggest speed. When once the reins are gathered into the hands of the soldiery horsemen and the spurs are struck into the flanks, you hear the ratapan of the hoofs. "Velocity" is the word that describes the movement—acceleration, momentum—and what we want in getting into the kingdom of God is celerity! You see, the years are so swift, and the days are so swift, and the hours are so swift, and the minutes are so swift we need to be swift. For lack of this appropriate speed many do not get into heaven at all. Here we are in the last Sabbath of the year. Did you ever know a twelfth month quicker to be gone? The golden rod of one autumn speaks to the golden rod of the next autumn, and the crocus of one springtime to the crocus of another springtime, and the snowbanks of adjoining years almost reach each other in unbroken curve. We are in too much hurry about most things. Business men in too much hurry rush into speculations that ruin them and ruin others. People move from place to place in too great haste, and they wear out their nerves and weaken the heart's action. But the only thing in which they were afraid of being too hasty is the matter of the soul's salvation. Yet did anyone ever get damaged by too quick repentance or too quick pardon or too quick emancipation? The Bible recommends tardiness, deliberation and snaillike movement in some things, as when it enjoins us to be slow to speak and slow to wrath and slow to do evil, but it tells us, "The king's business requireth haste," and that our days are as the flight of a weaver's shuttle, and ejaculates: "Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee; neither stay thou in all the plain." Other cavalry troops may fall back, but mounted years never retreat. They are always going ahead not on an easy canter, but at full run. Other regiments hear the command of "Halt!" and pitch their tents for the night. The regiments of the years never hear the command of "Halt!" and never pitch tent for the night.

The century leads on its troop of 100 years, and the year leads on its troop of 365 days and the day leads on its troop of 24 hours, and the hour leads on its troop of 60 minutes, and all are dashing out of sight. Perhaps there are two years in which we are most interested—our first and our last. Held up in our mother's arms, we watched the flight of the first. With wondering eyes we all watch the coming of the last. The name of that advancing year we cannot call. It may be in the nineties of this century, it may be in the tens or twenties or thirties of the next century, but it is coming at full gallop. With what mood will we meet it? In jocosity, as did Thomas Hood in his last moment, saying, "I am dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wishes to earn a lively Hood." Or in fear, as did Thomas Paine, saying in his last moment, "Oh, how I dread this mysterious leap in the dark!" Or in boastfulness, as did Vespasian, saying in his last moment, "Ah, methinks I am becoming a god." Or in frivolity, as did Demonax, the infidel philosopher, saying in his last moment, "You may go home; the show is over." Or conscience stricken, as did Charles IX. of France, saying in his last moment: "Nurse, nurse! What murder! What blood!" Or shall we meet in gladness of Christian hope, like that of Julius Charles Hare; who said in his last moment: "Upward, Upward!" or like that of Richard Baxter, in his last moment saying: "Almost well." Or like that of Martin of Tours, saying in his last moment: "I go to Abraham's bosom." Or like that of polished Addison, who said in his last moment: "See with what ease a Christian can die." Or like that of George Whitefield, who felt that he had said all that he could of Christ, declaring in his last moment: "I shall die silent." Or like that of Mrs. Schimmelpennich, who said in her last moment: "Do you not hear the voices? And the children's are the loudest." Or like that of Dragonnatti, saying in his last moment: "Stand aside! I see my father and mother coming to kiss me." Or as did the dying girl, who, having a few evenings before sat on a bench in a London mission, was seen to have tears of contrition rolling down her cheek, and who, departing from the room, had put in her hand by a Christian woman a Bible, with the passage marked: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Though having promised to be at the next meeting, she did not come.

Oh, it will be grand when from the windows and doors of the "house of many mansions," we look out and see passing along the golden boulevards of heaven the white horse cavalry that St. John describes in Revelation? John Wesley said he thought horses had souls; but, take the story in Revelation as figurative or literal, you must admit that none but cavalry horses is mentioned as being in heaven; John xix., 14. "The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses." You see, they are mounted troops. Their leader is in deep crimson attire. His vesture we are told, is "dipped in blood," not blood of human slaughter, as many other conquerers have their attire, but His own blood, blood of crucifixion agony, the blood by which He redeemed you and me. That deep red garment is in vivid contrast with the snowy white charger on which our Lord is seated. And no saved sinner can gaze on that red and that white without remembering that though his sins were once red, like crimson, they have become whiter than snow.

Oh, those celestial cavalcades whom our conqueror in scarlet shall lead on through the streets of heaven!

As from the windows and doors of the "house of many mansions" we look on the passing spectacle some of us will wish that on earth we had had less salary and more hardship, less comfort and more exposure, less caution and more courage, less shelter and more storm, less smooth sailing and more cyclone, and that we had dared all at the front instead of taking good care of ourselves in the rear. Forward, mounted troops! Favorites of heaven! Cavalrymen and cavalry-women of the Lord God Almighty. No chargers of heaven too white or too arched of neck or too prancing of gait for those seated on them. If Job's warhorse while the battle was going on said, "Ha, ha!" shall not these chargers, now that the day is won, utter a more jubilant "Ha, ha?" Forward under arches of triumph, by fountains rainbowed of eternal joy, and amid gardens abloom with unfading efflorescence and along palaces where, after they have dismounted, these souls shall reign forever and ever, they march, they brandish their weapons with which they gained bloodless victory, and they rise in stirrups of gold to greet all the rest of heaven, gazing upon them from the amythistine balconies. A glorious heaven it will be for all of us who anywhere and anyhow served the Lord, but an especial heaven, a mounted heaven, a processional heaven for those who have done outside work, exposed work, and belonged to the Lord's cavalry. "The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses."

Then let the creaking door of the closing year go shut. When that closes, better doors will open. The world's brightest and happiest years are yet to come. Toward them we speed on in swiftest stirrup. Cavalry charge at Inkerman was not so rapid. At last the equestrians equal the chargers. At last the riders are as many as the horses.

BEAUTIFUL IRISH GIRLS.

It is said that Irish girls have the best eyes, the keenest wit, the brightest complexions and the most beautiful hands of all the women in the world. the hands of the American girls being declared too narrow and too long, those of the English girls too plump, German girls' hands too broad and fat, while the Spanish feminine hand is the least graceful of all.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

The Ontario Legislature will meet on Wednesday, February 10.

Mr. Thos. Roch was killed by being struck by a tree in the woods near Tyndall, Man.

The resignations of the entire staff of the Ottawa Protestant hospital have been accepted.

Five more pitch gas buoys will be placed on the shoals in the St. Lawrence River next season.

Owing to the lack of snow lumber operations in the Gatineau district have been temporarily suspended.

The failures in the city of Montreal during the past year were far in excess of those of the two previous years.

The Dominion Parliament will not meet until March, and the tariff proposals will not be brought down until April.

The Rev. George Clouthier, chaplain of the Stony Mountain penitentiary, has been dismissed by the Minister of Justice.

The will of the late James Hamilton, of London, Ont., filed for probate at that place, disposes of an estate of $31,150.

Ratepayers of the township of Ancaster have voted a bonus of $5,000 to the Hamilton, Chedoke & Ancaster Electric Railway.

An official announcement is made that the Government intends at the coming session to ask Parliament to repeal the Franchise Act.

A man named Apollidore St. Pierre of Papineauville, Que., committed suicide at Rat Portage on account of misfortunes in his love affairs.

Mr. Borden is at present engaged upon a scheme to commute the two years' salary allowance to retiring militia officers into a pension for life.

It is stated that the Franchise of the Niagara Falls Power Company for the building of the Canadian power tunnel has been extended for four years.

The engagement of Miss Ella Walker, granddaughter of Hiram Walker, the millionaire distiller of Walkerville, Ontario, to Count Manford Von Matuschka, of Schloss, Bechau, has been announced.

The Montreal street railway management have adopted a new style of cash box for their conductors, furnished with a new contrivance known as an improved receiver, which the moment the coin strikes the aperture seizes it in a tight grip, preventing its removal.

Mr. William Whyte, superintendent of the Western Division of the Canadian Pacific railway, states that of the total amount of ninety million bushels of wheat in the West at the opening of the season, he estimates that from two million and a half to three million bushels are in the hands of the farmers west of Winnipeg.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Andrew Percy Bennett has been appointed British consul at New York.

It is expected that the new Canadian building at Bisley will be ready for the team next season.

The appointment of Carlos Villanueva, consul-general for Venezuela in London has been approved of by the Queen.

Americans in London have subscribed for a loving cup as a present to Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador at London.

It is reported from London that the commissioners have signed a report recommending the speedy construction of the Pacific cable.

Lord Dufferin has accepted the presidency of a movement started at Bristol to celebrate the 466th anniversary of the discovery of Newfoundland by Cabot.

While hunting with the Meynell hounds on Tuesday, Mr. Chaplin, formerly president of the British Board of Trade, was thrown from his horse and seriously injured.

Sir Donald Smith, the Canadian High Commissioner, has established new agencies in Ireland and Wales to make better known to emigrants the resources of Canada.

The British Board of Trade returns show that the total imports for 1896 have increased £25,117,677 over 1895, and the exports have increased £14,633,193 over the previous year.

The Pall Mall Gazette, referring to the report that Mr. Laurier had declined the honor of knighthood, says that his answer left the matter so that he could accept at a future date.

Mrs. Gladstone unveiled the memorial window to the Armenian martyrs in Hawarden Church. Before the ceremony of unveiling the window Mr. Gladstone delivered a speech to an Armenian deputation.

In response to a letter signed by more than eighty noblemen and gentlemen eminent in literature, science, and art, Mr. Herbert Spencer has consented that a fund shall be opened to paint his portrait for the nation.

The Westminister Gazette on Wednesday gave prominence to a rumour that the Queen has decided to commemorate the fact that she has enjoyed the longest reign in English history by abdicating in favor of the Prince of Wales.

Sir Charles Tupper and the Colonial Agents of Victoria and Tasmania were given a complimentary dinner in London on Wednesday night. Sir Charles made a speech, pledging the loyalty of Canada to the British Empire, which was received with great applause.

UNITED STATES.

Storms continue to impede railway traffic in Missouri.

Jacob Witham, aged 87, and Mrs. Rivers, aged 97, were married at Deerfield, N. H., on Tuesday.

A despatch from Fargo, N. D., says two children of John Pettit, of Hunter, were frozen to death in Sunday's storm.

Lawrence Wilson, one of the eight boys bitten by a mad dog December 1st in Baltimore, died at that place yesterday.

The Wyoming state general hospital at Rock Springs, Wyo., burned to the ground on Wednesday. One woman died from fright.

It is reported in Washington that Mr. John Hay, of that city, will be appointed successor to Mr. Bayard as ambassador to England.

Blasting powder was used to kill rats in the house of Alex. Dolwick, at Millersville, Ohio, on Tuesday. Five of the family were burned, one fatally.

South Benton, Ark., hasn't a sound building now as the result of Saturday's cyclone. Many families are homeless, and a number of deaths are reported.

During the year ending September over 190,000,000 fry were hatched and distributed by the fish hatcheries of the United States. The cost was less than 20 cents per 100.

Five true bills have been returned at Washington against Francis J. Kiekhoffer, late distributing officer of the State Department, on charges of embezzling international indemnity funds. His total shortage is about $127,600.

Richard D. Cornelius, one of the oldest and best known bank cashiers of Baltimore, committed suicide. His body was found in the duck pond in Druid Hill Park a few hours after a shortage of $60,000 had been discovered in his accounts at the National Farmers' and Planters' Bank.

At Bay City, Mich., a mob of several hundred angry Poles attacked the parsonage of St. Stanislaus' church, breaking every window and driving Father Bogaci and his body-guard into the basement. A number of shots were fired and two or three men badly wounded.

GENERAL.

The Pope has recovered from his indisposition.

Emperor William has designed the tower for the German Protestant church at Jerusalem.

The Petite Republique, of Paris, says that the Government has no faith in the duration of European peace.

A special from Oaxaca, Mexico, says a severe earthquake is reported from the southern part of the state.

A severe earthquake was felt at Cheroque, Department of Panama, on Sunday. Some property was destroyed.

Dr. Manser, senior physician of the principal hospital of Bombay, died of the plague which is raging in that city.

The report that the Japanese are assisting the rebels in the Philippine Islands is officially denied in Madrid.

The Boers have completed a bill of indemnity against the British Government amounting to £2,000,000 for the Jameson raid.

The Paris edition of the New York Herald states that it can guarantee the accuracy of the news which it presents that Antonio Maceo is still alive.

The Warsaw doctors have decided that the Countess Helen, whose body was disinterred through a dread that she was merely in a state of catalepsy, is really dead.

It is stated that the uncle of the Princess Chimay has stopped all supplies of money until affairs are settled in regard to her elopement with the Hungarian gypsy.

Reports from Cuba attribute many murders to the Spaniards. Within a few miles of Havana the bodies of sixteen Cubans were found in one ravine.

Newfoundland Legislature opens February 11. A resolution will, it is said, be introduced by the Government favouring reciprocity with the United States.

It is reported at Constantinople that Bedros Effendi, the Armenian recently appointed sub-Kimakan of Tscharsan, was assassinated two days after his arrival there.

It is stated in Vienna that Austria-Hungary will have to follow France and Germany, and spend from eighty to one hundred million dollars for quick-firing guns for the artillery service.

There is much talk in Paris of the impossibility of the French dockyards executing quickly enough the new naval programme, and the question whether ironclads shall be purchased in England has excited a patriotic discussion.

DON'T WORRY.

There is but one way out of the difficulty. It is impossible to avoid the causes for worry, for there is no day that does not bring its share, but the trouble lies in the fact that so many yield weakly to the depressions to which nearly everyone is liable, and do not make any effort to rise superior to their trials. Worry is not always the accompaniment of great troubles: it more frequently arises from petty cares, the constant jar and fret of which in time wears out the life. These can surely be put aside if one has the will to do so, and this is most easily done by shustituting in their places thoughts of other and better things, which will take the mind out of self and selfish affairs and turn it in other channels.

WILL MADE IN JEST.

A resident in Vevey, Switzerland, lately died, bequeathed a large property, which he was supposed to possess, to the "local hospital of the town."

There being two local medical charities—the Town Hospital and the Hospice de Samaritan—a lawsuit was entered by the former in order to decide its right to the legacy. After considerable expense had been incurred the dispute was abruptly brought to a close by the discovery that the deceased had indulged in a most unseasonable jest, and, in fact, did not possess a penny to bequeath.

FORCE OF HABIT.

On the day before the execution, the keeper informs the doomed man that a visitor wishes to see him.

Do you know who he is asks the doomed man.

No.

Well, just ask him if he wants to collect a bill, and, if he does, tell him to call to-morrow.

THE TOURIST'S TRADE MARK.

Biffers—Hello, Whiffers, what's the matter? You have a strangely unsteady gait. Been sick?

Whiffers (with disgust and indignation)—See here, you landlubber, you; don't you know sea legs when you see 'em? I've been to Europe, of course.

THE LATE CUBAN LEADER.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GREAT GEN. MACEO.

He Once Applied to be Insured in a Canadian Company—Remarkable Facts Brought Out in His Application.

Canadians have not taken a great deal of interest in the guerilla warfare now being pursued in the Island of Cuba, and of which the chief feature would appear to be murder, tempered by dynamite. For the sake of humanity they would desire, indeed, to see the struggle brought to a close and peace once more restored to one of the fairest spots of earth. A great mass of stuff is printed for the sake of sensation; sanguinary battles have been fought—sometimes in the imagination; and, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the sober facts, the newspaper correspondent feels himself justified in giving full play to his fancy.

So far, General Maceo appears to have been the hero of the struggle. He was every inch a soldier. He hated Spanish rule, with an intensity which is only explicable when it is understood that most of the members of his family were shot by the Spanish Government in the previous rebellion.

His tactics were at once daring and baffling; he decoyed the Spanish troops, picked them off in detail, rushed upon them

LIKE A WHIRLWIND,

made a sweeping charge, and rode gaily away. There seems to be little doubt as to the death of the guerilla leader, though opinion differs as to the manner of the event itself.

In the last struggle for freedom, which began in 1868 and ended in 1874, Maceo took an active part. He escaped with his life, but carried upon his person no less than twenty-one gunshot wounds. He retired to Costa Rica with four bullets in his body. The wounds which these bullets made healed, and he carried the lead within him till the day of his death. He had seen his father shot at the age of fifty; of thirteen brothers he had witnessed the death of nine at the hands of the Spanish Government, the ages of the latter being, respectively sixteen, seventeen, nineteen, twenty-two, twenty-four, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-two and thirty-four.

With hatred for the Spaniard in his heart, he acknowledged defeat, and bided his time. In 1891 he had established himself in Costa Rica, the government of which had given him some concessions for the purpose of establishing a tobacco plantation. He still hoped for the day when the Cubans would be again able to take the field, but in the meantime he did not disdain industrial pursuits. And one day, in August, 1891, he walked into the branch office of a Canadian insurance company, in Costa Rica, and made application for

A POLICY UPON HIS LIFE.

The man to whom he made it was the last surviving member of the Columbus family—Christopher Colon (Columbus)—descendent of the brother of the great discoverer.

And it is from this application that we learn the authentic facts regarding this singular being who was a born soldier, who knew no fear, and who was first and foremost an ardent patriot who cherished the one desire to free Cuba.

The life and genealogy are set forth in the ordinary form in neat Spanish caligraphy. Thus, the leader was born on June 13, in the year 1846, in Santiago de Cuba. As has been said, his father was shot by the Spanish Government. His mother, aged seventy-four, was still in good health in 1891. Four of his brothers were still living. Nine were shot. There were two sisters, aged respectively thirty-five and forty-two. Maceo was five feet eleven inches in height, weighed a hundred and seventy-eight pounds, had dark hair and eyes, smooth skin and large bones.

Then he proceeds to give those particulars as to the gunshot wounds and the bullets. The latter are traced with great particularity from the point of entry to their final lodgment near his shoulder blades.

ALL FOUR BULLETS

were received in front—none behind, and all passed through his chest. And all this with simplicity and directness, as though he were setting forth an inventory of furniture.

After Maceo had told his story in brief upon this form, we have an annexed statement by the medical examiner which confirms the original record in all essential particulars, especially in regard to the bullets, of which there was no doubt whatever.

Finally, there is the statement of the agent, the descendant of Columbus—the whole forming a unique presentment, considering the character of the man, the leading part he played, his defiance of an army of two hundred thousand men, and the tragic ending, although he had so long in the thick of the fight, seemed to bear a charmed life.

This document, in due course, came to the head office of the company in Montreal, where it was curiously inspected without, of course, thought of the large theatre upon which the applicant was so soon to play his part, and to then tragically vanish.

Needless to say, the assurance was never completed.

THE RUSSIAN CZAR.

"It is a curious satire upon life," says a writer, "that the Czar—that dreaded, awful personage, representative of powers that are well-nigh superhuman, inheritor of traditions at once the darkest and the most august in history, and the absolute master of the resources of two great nations (for France is at this moment the handmaiden of Russia)—should be a delicate, amiable young man, afflicted with a nervous shyness in the presence of strangers, and clinging with an almost passionate tenderness to the womenfolk of his own family."

HE DIED BY HIS OWN HAND

YOUNG FRED MELLISH FIRES A BULLET INTO HIS BRAIN.

Went From Brantford to Toronto on Tuesday—$450 Found in His Pockets—He Left a Note Saying He Was Tired of Life.

An act of self-destruction, the circumstances of which are attended by considerable mystery, was perpetrated on Thursday afternoon in the east end of Toronto.

The victim was a young man named Fred Mellish, 25 years of age and a printer by trade, who came to the city from Brantford on Tuesday. He has two brothers living at 447 Marion St., Parkdale, and stayed the first night with them. On Wednesday he engaged a room at Mr. Daniel Cowle's house 49 Sumach street, paying a week's rent in advance. Thursday morning he went out about 10 o'clock, returning before noon and going direct to his room. This was the last seen of him alive.

About 7 o'clock in the evening one of the family had occasion to go to the room, and finding the door locked, with no response to repeated knocking, called Mr. Cowle. He also tried the door and finally burst it open, when he was horrified to see Mellish lying stretched out lifeless on the bed, a small revolver in his hand and a bullet wound in his right temple. The body was cold, in fact rigor mortis had set in and death had evidently occurred five or six hours before. The police were quickly called and Coroner Gregg notified.

On examination of the body a letter was found in the dead man's handwriting, in which he said that all his friends had deceived him; he was tired and disgusted with life and determined to end it. He requested that his landlady be compensated for her trouble and that his body be cremated. In addition to this letter there were three pocketbooks, each containing considerable money, the first having a wad of $53, the second $125 and the third $265, or a total of $443, besides which there were a gold sovereign, 50 cents in silver and a few coppers, a gold watch and chain, two or three gold rings and other trinkets and a number of photographs. The body was removed to Ingram's undertaking establishment on Queen street east, and the Coroner issued a warrant for an inquest, but it is understood he will withdraw it today, as there can be no doubt as to the manner of the young man's death.

The brothers were notified of the tragedy as soon as it was discovered and they came down at once, but they professed to be entirely unable to explain the meaning of the allusions in the letter or to offer explanations of the causes which could have led to the rash act. They at once wired to their father at Brantford.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

A Few Items About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

In the course of two days' shooting at Bucheburg recently the German emperor killed twenty-nine stags.

Queen Victoria was crowned in Westminster Abbey; she was married at the Chapel Royal, in St. James' palace.

The largest annual pension is $95,000 paid by Great Britain to the duke of Richmond. It is a perpetuity from the time of Charles II.

The woman tennis champion of New Zealand has but one hand, and that is the left one; but she can serve a ball that is exceedingly difficult to return.

Although Dr. Charles John Ellicott, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, England, is in his eighty-seventh year, he is an enthusiastic wheelman.

Surprise is expressed in England that the estate of the late archbishop of Canterbury is only $230,000. His salary, which he had enjoyed for several years was $75,000.

It is said that Mrs. Humphrey Ward wrote "Sir George Tressady" four times over before it appeared as a serial and twice more before she allowed it to appear in book form.

It is usually dawn before the sultan goes to bed and at 8 o'clock he is stirring again. He has no confidence in those around him, and his life appears to be worth hardly a day's purchase.

The marquis de Montcalm, the last male representative of the family of the defender of Quebec, died recently at Montpellier. He transmitted the name and title by legal process to an adopted son.

Dr. Luys, of the Salpetriere hospital, Paris, has presented to the faculty of medicine his collection of 2,200 brains, carefully prepared and catalogued. The collection is the result of thirty years' investigations, and includes the brains of idiots, of blind persons, of persons who had undergone amputation, and of those who had suffered from various forms of mental disorders.

The De Rothschild family, of Paris, has just been thrown into mourning by the tragic death of the Baroness Emmanuel Leonino, daughter of Baron and Baroness Gustave de Rothschild. It was at a stag hunt near Chamant that her horse, becoming frightened, dashed her against a tree, throwing her to the ground and inflicting wounds from which she died two hours later. The Baroness had been married three years, and was one of the belles of Parisian society.

A great sensation has been created throughout France by the action of the Pope in peremptorily instructing his new Nuncio in Paris to discourage an doppose the candidature of any ecclesiastic for the seat in the Legislature left vacant by the death of Bishop d'Hulst, and to indorse and recommend the election of the well-known Republican politician, Etienne Lamy, former Deputy of the Jura Department. This is the first time that the Holy See has ever come out so definitely against the monarchy and in favor of the republic in France.