

THE LATE CANON LIDDON.

His Extraordinary Gifts as a Preacher and a Story-Teller.

In his early days the late Canon Liddon was vehement in his style of preaching, and he depended very little upon his manuscript, speaking extemporaneously with an impressive action.

The canon was a brilliant story-teller, one of the very best I have ever known. He was a personal friend quoted in the Pall Mall Gazette.

Liddon's great gifts were a brilliant imagination and a quick, keen eye for principles and the issues of things. He always saw the end of things directly, and had the disposition to classify—perhaps too quickly—so pigeon-hole them at once.

Took Eight Men To Lift Her. One of the largest women on record has died in Paris. She was known as the "phenomenal female," her real name being Victoria Tautin and her age only 19.

A Queen Distributes Candy. Gondal is a lilliputian Hindoo state in the Bombay presidency. Its area is about eight times that of London; it has 140,000 inhabitants, and rejoices in an army of 600 sepoy, with sixteen cannon and a squad or two of cavalry.

This Can Be Understood to Suit. Bingley—There goes Skimpy. He's the happiest fellow I ever knew. Always laughing and joking.

A lamentable accident occurred yesterday at Austin, Man. A young farmer named Daniel Livingstone, 25 years of age, was engaged in stacking grain, when he lost his balance and fell off the stack.

At her debut in Oporto a woman bull-fighter, Clotilde Mejsak, killed two bulls, and a week later, in Lisbon, she killed two more.

A NEW GOLIATH.

The Strong Man from Westphalia and Stories of Lord Arthur Cecil.

Herr Sandow, who, it will be remembered, defeated Sampson in a conquest at the Aquarium, has unearthed in Westphalia, and brought to London for exhibition purposes, a gentleman who is henceforth to be known as "Goliath."

It was Lord Arthur, who on one occasion, when traveling by rail, bade his new man-servant get the tickets, which the man did, procuring two first-class tickets, and seating himself in the same carriage with the master.

Early in the century there lived in Edinburgh, says the New York Ledger, a well-known grumbler named Sandy Black, whose oft-recurring fits of spleen or indignation produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability which were highly relished by all except the fellow's good, patient little wife.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" asked Mrs. Black. "A chicken, madam," said the husband. "Roasted or boiled?"

"How dare you spend my money in this manner?" "They were a present," said his wife. "Rising from his chair Sandy clenched his fist and shouted: 'How dare you receive presents without my leave?'"

Most students and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should therefore eat before going to bed, having put aside work at least an hour before. If they are not hungry they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry they should eat whatever they want.

Gen. Booth's new scheme of social reform is being matured and the general will soon furnish the public with full details in a book called: "In Darkest England and the Way Out." Having reformed the drunken, the vicious, and the starving and degraded poor, the general proposes to draft them out of the slums to home colonies. When they are transformed into honest citizens they will be shipped to salvation colonies beyond the seas, where the only tax will be one on land, as Henry George proposes. In this scheme of social regeneration the religious part of salvation is optional. The general has many new ideas to follow. His very latest scheme is a salvation matrimonial agency.—London Star.

What Women Ought to Know. What attracts a man is one thing; what will hold him and command his respect is quite another. A woman's smile, for example, attracts a man; but an even temper retains him. A pretty gown attracts a man; the knowledge that it was inexpensive delights him. A pleasant manner attracts a man; brightness of brain holds him. A knowledge of how, when and where to be a little stately attracts a man; an appreciation of the folly of frivolity wins his respect.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

P. T. Barnum's Advice to the Young Men of To-day.

To young men who would "get on" in this world, and reach the age of four-score years, with happiness and prosperity, there is little more to be said. But I will refer them to a study of my own rules of action: Briefly, I would say—Be honest; do not spend as much as you make; don't smoke or drink; depend upon your own personal exertions, and do not leave important affairs to a third person; don't have too many irons in the fire; do not get above your own business, and, above all, be systematic. Advertise your business on all possible occasions; but attend to it, too, and see that your claims and promises made to the public are fulfilled. It does not pay to have a single customer go away dissatisfied. Nor does it pay to take money for services for which you do not render an equivalent.

The best working years of a man's life are usually between 26 and 60; but much good work is possible long after the three-score year mark has been passed. I can say, for myself, that every moment of my time is put to some definite purpose, and, though I have numberless calls and demands, I enjoy a reasonable recreation each day. Both work and rest, and joy also, should make up the sum of a busy life.—P. T. Barnum, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Some Fast Telegraphing.

Buffalo News: During the Birchall trial at Woodstock there was some remarkably expert telegraphic work done. John Hall, manager of the local office of G. N. W. Telegraph Company, made a request to headquarters for the swiftest men in the employ of the company. He was given Archie Peden, Dan Urquhart, W. Graham, Thomas Allen, C. W. McCall and Fred. McClellan, who proved themselves thoroughly capable of meeting a great emergency. To Manager Hall and his excellent staff the News is indebted for very prompt and efficient service, and it is a pleasure to hereby give them public credit for their speedy and accurate work. On Monday, the last and greatest day, these men sent out 115,000 words between 10 in the morning and a little after midnight. This would make about eighty solid columns of the News. On the same day the C. P. R. branch at Woodstock sent out 80,000 words, and the wire at the depot was also kept at work, making over 200,000 words wired from Woodstock on Monday, or about 130 columns of the News. It was great telegraphic work. Dunlap's cable alone on Monday took to England over 30,000 words of the speeches. The Toronto morning papers and others not too far away were enabled to save telegraphic tolls up to 5 o'clock in the evening, sending copy by express, or the number of words wired would have been much greater.

Execution at Glasgow.

On Tuesday, Sept. 24th, Henry Devlin was executed in Glasgow prison for having murdered his wife in Shotts in June. He beat her to death with a pair of tongs. The prisoner was much excited on Monday night, but paid great attention to the ministrations of Father Clifford, who was with him till 10 o'clock. After that the felon could not sleep. He paced up and down his cell, and if he dozed at all it was only for a quarter of an hour. Father Clifford and Mr. Alston, the governor, saw the condemned man at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning. At 7 o'clock Father Clifford said mass, an altar having been erected in the lonely cell, and while the prison bell tolled, his reverence administered the sacrament. Devlin refused breakfast. He submitted quietly to the pinioning and walked firmly to the scaffold. He was pale. Asked by Bailiff Graham if he had any request to make, he said "None." Death was instantaneous. In fact, he had hardly touched the platform when the lever was drawn, and he was launched into eternity. Reporters saw the body immediately after the execution.

Genuine Generosity.

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something. Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied like any other if you expect to make it a success.—London Tit-Bits.

No Cause for Sorrow.

Ethel—I am so sorry your father has failed in business. Isabel—Oh, don't worry. Mamma owns everything.

He Goes to Church.

Woggy—How do you buy your music? Boggay—Like my wood, by the chord. Woggy—I prefer to get mine like my note paper, by the choir.

Mr. John H. Shultz, owner of the Parkville farm, N. X., has sold out. His 110 horses brought \$150,000, which makes an average of about \$1,366. While this average is large for so extensive a sale, it is certain that the horses sold cost Mr. Shultz far more than they brought, and that he is decidedly disappointed by the result. The famous stallion Pancoast was knocked down for \$3,750 to Ben Johnson, of Bardstown, Ky., and will return to the blue grass region where he was bred. He is probably as cheap a horse now as he was the reverse when Mr. Shultz paid \$28,000 for him. The most important sales of the day were as follows:

Nehusht, b. m., Stamboul.....	\$5,100
Gold Leaf, ch. m., by Sidney.....	4,600
Sally Graham, br. f., by Nutwood.....	4,300
Nut Pan, br. c., by Nutwood.....	4,300
Pancoast, br. s., by Woodford Mambrino.....	3,750
Madeleine, b. m., by Hambletonian.....	3,700
Sanford, b. s., by Piedmont.....	3,350
Stable, D. ch. m., by Alycane.....	3,100
Issaquena, br. m., by Pancoast.....	2,850
Miss Collins, b. f., by Ben Flash.....	2,600
Vornotte, b. m., by Manchester.....	2,500
Stella, b. m., by Electoneer.....	2,500

Of the above Stanford comes to Canada, having been purchased by Mr. H. F. Pierce, of Stanstead, Quebec. It is estimated that \$20,000,000 annually has been flowing to New Orleans to feed the great Louisiana lottery octopus.

BRUIN NAILED TO A TREE.

As True as a Great Many Bear Stories and Certainly Original.

Everett Paxson, A. Rudolph, Will Morris and Julius Jacobs, brother of City Treasurer Jacobs, returned to-day from Yellowstone Park, where they had been fishing, hunting and loafing for five weeks. They are as bronzed as Indians, and as fruitful in yarns as sailors. They killed carloads of small game, all of which was shipped east. As to large game, many bears were seen, but the gang fought shy of them. Julius Jacobs, however, had a wonderful adventure with a bear, which is worth recording. On horseback he rode some distance from the camp, and got away from his companions. Tethering his horse to a tree in the dense forest, he cast his eagle eye around for game, and when several rods from his horse he descried an immense bear glaring him full in the face. Jacobs wasn't loaded for bear. If he had been, it wouldn't have been a simple and ordinary bear story. The bear wasn't very troublesome, but whenever Jacobs started to retreat bruin would advance a few paces toward him. If he advanced toward the bear the bear would show his teeth and retreat a few steps. Thus, with considerable manoeuvring, about the same relative positions were maintained. Jacobs searched all his pockets for a suitable weapon, and finally found a tenpenny nail. A bright idea seized him, and he carefully drew the bird shot from his gun and loaded it up with the tenpenny nail. The bear was standing with his tail against the trunk of a tree. Jacobs took careful aim, fired and nailed the bear's tail fast to the tree. The bear was now unable to advance towards Jacobs, and he retreated in safety to where his horse was tethered.

Arrived at this point, another brilliant idea struck Jacobs. He took his riding whip and returned to the scene of the adventure. He began flaying the bear with the whip, in spite of the bear's howls and protests. Finally the hide was so loosened that the bear jumped clear out of his skin and made his way into the woods with yells of distress. Jacobs calmly drew the nail from the tree, flung the skin over his shoulder, mounted his horse and returned to camp. Unfortunately, while the caravan was crossing the Jefferson River the bear skin tumbled off and was lost. Jacobs, however, still has the tenpenny nail and can show it.—Anacosta Standard.

A Terrible Indian Experience.

In a land of leeches you should think twice before wading in water. Otherwise you may emerge with a shaggy covering of jet black. Something like this has happened to two British warriors in India. Privates Speed and Davis, who, having left Bareilly for a day's sport and lost their way, were fastened upon by the leeches in the pools, which they had to cross bare-legged. The two soldiers wandered about hopelessly for nine days. Bareilly is near the jungles of Nepal, the favorite home of the tiger; but before the nine days were out Davis and Speed would have given a year or two of their lives for the sight of an honest wild pig. It is a marvel that the two did not die of hardship. The heat in upper India in July is simply terrific. Yet the two survived it, exposed to the sun's rays during the day, sleeping in the open air at night. Not a village did they come across, not a human being, for the whole region was submerged by the yearly floods. They began by catching butterflies and they finished off by being found nine-tenths dead beside the metals of a railway line. The first solid food they had in nine days was two "chupatties." A chupatty is a wheaten cake, not unlike a Scotch bannock. There's nothing about the restorative "peg," but doubtless it came in time.—London Daily News.

Not Quite What He Meant to Say.

Le Journal Amusant tells of an awkward compliment: He—"Pon my honor, madam, I should hardly have known you; you have altered so much."

She (arohly)—"For the better or for the worse?" He—"Ah, madam, you could only change for the better."

Greater Than a Boon.

"You are very proud of yourself, I think, chappie." "Yes, I consider myself a boon to mankind." "Greater than a boon, chappie—say a baboon."

A Murderous Committee.

An Armenian advocate has been assassinated in Stamboul by order of the Armenian revolutionary committee, who suspected him of betraying them to the Porte. Many arrests have been made in Stamboul and Pera.

She Was Tired.

New York Herald: Theatre Hat Joke—What is the editor packing away so carefully in that box marked, "Handle with care"?

Plumber Joke—That's the summer girl. She's been used so much this season that she's positively worn out, but with careful nursing it is expected she will be able to resume her place on the staff by June next.

Two Roman Catholic priests from Europe, hired by Bishop Ireland as teachers in the Catholic College at St. Paul, Minn., have been detained at Philadelphia under the contract labor law.

TROUBLE IN CHILI.

A Revolution Impending Which Will be Fierce and Bloody.

Senor Juan Barotiti, of Santiago, Chili, who has just passed through New York, has been a member of the Chilean congress and is well informed on matters along the southwestern Pacific coast.

"We are going to have a revolution in Chili, and that before very long," said he, "and I would not be surprised if it should turn out to be a very bloody one. There are a great many people in the United States interested in Chili, for there is a large amount of American capital invested down there, yet there is a phenomenal amount of ignorance abroad about our country and its condition just now. The truth is that a bitter contest has grown up between the president and Congress, and unless prompt means are taken to settle matters, bloodshed will be the result. The chamber of deputies has passed laws which practically cut off the supplies of the Government, and the President has responded by taking charge of the Government moneys on deposit in the various national banks, and as this sum amounts to about \$7,000,000, the President and his advisers feel financially pretty safe. But the Congress will demand the deposit of this money in the national treasury, subject to the laws made by the representative of the people. The President is a hot-headed, stubborn and brave man, and has the army with him, but Congress has public sentiment almost unanimously in its favor. The whole strife would cease if the President would choose a new cabinet, the members of which would be in accord with the majority in Congress. But the President will not do this, and before long the world will learn the result. There will be bloody civil strife, and he will be dead or driven from the country, or its absolute dictator."—New York Star.

The Emigration from Ireland.

Emigration from Ireland still continues at the rate of over 70,000 persons a year. There was, however, a drop from nearly 79,000 in 1888 to 70,477 in 1889. The decrease is principally in the emigration from Ulster. The loss of population there by emigration is less by 4,500 than in 1888. There is in Connaght also a diminution of over two thousand in the number of emigrants. Leinster emigrants numbered a little over a thousand fewer than in 1888; whereas Munster emigration is nearly stationary. 27,404 last year as compared with 27,719 in 1888. That province, it will be seen, furnishes by far the largest proportion of emigrants. Nearly 80 per cent. of Irish emigrants are between 15 and 35 years of age when they leave Ireland.—London Daily News.

Spent on Cosmetics.

Miss Kate Field, who has been saying some pretty sharp things to her sex and about her sex, thinks that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union might well expend some of its surplus energy in reforming the women of America who spend \$62,000,000 a year for cosmetics, most of which are made of zinc oxide, calomel and similar poisons. "How," she asks, "can women vain enough to paint and dye their hair bring forth children stalwart enough to resist temptations that lead to all manner of vice, including drunkenness?"

Dr. Blakeley, Minister of Education for Manitoba, is ill with typhoid fever at his mother's residence, Cherry Valley, Ont.

"The world owes every man a living" and none but fools collect the debt. In Central Park, New York, on a fine fall afternoon as many as 2,500 saddle horses are ridden. There are 113 places in the United States named after "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

DONL. 42, 90.

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