LIFE'S SPRINGTIME.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Recalls the Halcyon Days of Youth.

He Draws a Vivid Picture of Two Contrasting Homes--A Man's True Character Comes Out at the Fireside--Parents Are Writing History.

Washington, Feb 26.—Many tender recollections are stirred by Dr Talmage's discourse, and scenes of boyhood and girlhood days will be lived over again; text, I. Timothy v, 4, "Let them learn first to show piety at home."

During the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to visitation, to foreign travel and the watering places, and the ocean steamers are thronged, but in the winter it is rather to gather in domestic circles, and during these months we spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. "Let them learn first to show piety at home."

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. Let them learn first to show piety at home." If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach 3,000 into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailer of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all absorbing question with you and with me ought to be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me now and here to do?"

An Expressive Word.

There is one word in St. Paul's adjuration around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. That word is "home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word, and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the board, plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household discord never sounds its war whoop and deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, peace hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life is a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want looking out of a cheerless fire grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin starting from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doorsill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Pagoda for an impending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it swears with the death agony of despair. The word "home" in the one case means everything that is bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak now of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school and home as a type of heaven. And in the first place home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in any costume, but home is private it is dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may rec into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

Reputation is only the show of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop with myrrh and cassia and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheath of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window for a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres who in a cowardly way takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them in the domestic circle. The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest—it does not pay—or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock below par lest it depreciate the value.

Show Piety at Home.

As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown. Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia and went off for a few days of recreation and rest and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript, but without any discomfiture and without any fret or bad temper he again picked up his gun and his pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment will blow as long and loud and sharp as a northeast storm. Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have $400,000 or $500,000 of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from the fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

A Blessed Harbor.

Again, home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico—a long march, with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms; we hang up the war cap, and, our head on the knapsack, we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to march to the action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still campfire of the home circle! Yes, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and hulk aleak, we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs to the drydock. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The doorsill of the house is wharf where heavy life is unladen. There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim, no home? Then die. Thus is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world with no tent from marching, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home!

Further, home is a political safeguard. The safety of the state must be built on the safety of the home. Why cannot France come to a placid republic? Mac-Mahon appoints his Ministry, and all France is aquake lest the republic be smothered. Gambetta dies, and the people are hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are fearing the return of a monarchy. The Dreyfus case is at the moment a slumbering earthquake under Paris. France, as a nation, has not the right kind of a Christian home. The home is the bulwark against the tide of barbarism and the only breakwater in the stone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the state. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family sacred, there will not be enough political principle to make the state sacred. No home means the Goths and Vandals, means the Nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa, changing from place to place according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those babbls of inquity which would overpower and destroy the home! The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sail will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defense. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are our best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments to safety and triumph. No home, no republic!

Seeds of Character.

Further, home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition 20 or 30 or 40 years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror. Words and deeds and examples are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line, but Herod begat Archelaus, so iniquity is transmitted. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in view of this subject!

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion! Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gention and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse" or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them if you have pictures with "The Hawking Party" and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and the "Children Amid Flowers," and the "Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk and quail's whistle and garrulous streamlet, which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurled with tempest and everlasting storm, wandered over the sea and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills and there were neither lark's carol nor humming bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Responsibility of Parents.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes whose inmates I confront the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for mercies? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon his name. Oh, parents, when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother and family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and infidelity and at last make shipwreck of their immortal soul, on their dea thbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you!

Seated by the register or the stove, what if, on the wall, should come out the history of your children? What a history—the moral and immoral life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing it, composing it into a song, or pointing it with a groan.

My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes—Prayer like a roof over it. Peace like an atmosphere in it. Parents personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long crumbled to dust. But shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warmed it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar, and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then the home of my childhood I will forget thee! The family altar of a father's imperturbably and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funeral of our dead, the father and mother with interlocked arms like intertwinging branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of love and peace and kindness—then I will forget thee—then, and only then! You know, my brother, that a hundred times you have been kept out of sin by the memory of such a scene as I have been describing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a bad early home never gets over it.

Type of Heaven.

Again, home is a type of heaven. At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home!" Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in the holidays to gather their children home again! But I have noticed that there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when he gets all his children home with him in heaven! And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb. Now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass darkly." Now it is face to face, corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death, while they pass through dry shod. Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow. No crying. No tears. No death. But home, sweet home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God!

A Dream of Home.

One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge half awake and half asleep—I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said, "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb and again delve in the mine and sweiter at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most peacefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said "Where do the poor worship and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me, "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear. And I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the broad stream there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices, but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they shouted their loud and abounding "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come and we were all together again in new home in heaven, and I looked aroun i, and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home! Home! Home!"

A Young Napoleon.

He was an odd looking little figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow. His nose was red, his hands were bare, his shoes were all shoe and no shoe strings, and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper under the sweatband. But he piped away like a steam whistle and carried the big snow shovel much as a marching soldier carries his rifle. He's a brave little lad with his clear blue eyes and his determination to earn what he can.

"How much?" from an imposing looking man who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned. "Ten cents!" echoing the lad's reply. "A nickel's enough."

"It would be if I couldn't do better. But I've got to do the best I can, and business is rushing. Good morning," and that merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean 'em," shouted the man, whose admiration and thrift were thus aroused. "Just see that little rascal make the snow fly," he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him. "Why, he's a regular snow plow. And he does it well, too."

"What a little mite, and how comical. I wonder if he's hungry." She called him in as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more than a cup of coffee. "Too busy."

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man as he insisted on settling at a quarter.

"I'm going to get mother a shawl for Christmas. She's wearin' one you can see through, and it ain't right."

On he went with his glowing cheeks and his cheery whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took a shawl to the mother, and it was the husband who installed the sturdy little snow shoveller as office boy in a bright new uniform and with permission to whistle when he feels like it.

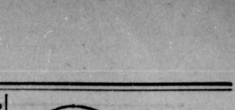
Spraying With Kerosene.

The San Jose scale is constantly spreading in all directions and in some parts of the south is destroying the peach trees. No satisfactory spraying material except kerosene has been discovered, even whale-oil soap emulsion failing to get all the insects unless very carefully applied. The application of kerosene is not safe for the trees, although a newly-invented spraying pump promises to make it safer. This pump is so constructed that it mixes the oil with water in the nozzle and allows a very light coat of kerosene to be applied. This should be done on bright days in the winter while the buds are dormant, and under favorable conditions works very effectively.

What the Fool Said.

It was where the motor cars pass in a certain city. At old gentleman alighted, the conductor told him to look out for the other car. The passenger did not understand him, and turning around, asked: "What did you say?"

Just then the motor struck him and knocked him without serious damage toward the curb on the opposite side from which he wanted to go. As he got up, he was heard to mutter, "I wonder what the fool said."



WHY BREED SCRUB HOGS?

An Expert Considers It a Privilege to Raise Swine.

The feed and treatment of sows, writes A. N. Springer in Land and A Living, have much to do with the extent of their profitable period. At no time should they have an all corn ration, but it should be supplemented by milk, bran, slop, grass, etc. Corn is the worst feed to give a sow—that is, for a main article of food—but often it is the only thing they get. A sow fed through the winter on corn alone, or with maybap a bucket of slop occasionally, is not in fit condition for farrowing healthily. Her system is apt to be feverish and the unnatural craving will very likely lead to her devouring her pigs. The pigs, too, are very apt to be a sorry looking lot, and if they live will never give the owner much pleasure, pride or profit. The remedy is to feed plenty of nitrogenous foods. A rye patch makes excellent green pasture for hogs in winter. Lacking this and other grass or root crops, then feed plenty of bran and shorts in slop. A liberal variety is the key to success.

MODEL POLAND-CHINA.

Shotes, too, up to within a month or two of selling time should have a good variety of feed. The last two months the corn should predominate. But it will always pay to give a little variety by way of condiment.

The best time to sell hogs is when they are fat, regardless of prices. Some are even now selling half fatted stuff. Ask them why and they say. "The corn is worth more than the hogs." To sell a half fatted hog is not business unless there is a weightier reason than that of price to be considered.

Good shelter for all hogs at this time of year is an imperative necessity. A bunch of hogs sleeping in the farm corner and squealing as only a cold pig can squeal does not make pleasant music to one who likes to feel that his stock is warm and well fed. Especially are dry, warm quarters desirable for a sow and pigs. A cold pig is a dissatisfied pig, and a dissatisfied pig will not eat as it should.

A thoroughbred or a good grade of hogs should always be kept. The thoroughbreds are the most profitable, and they are so low that it looks like a piece of foolishness to do without them. If you are skeptical, get a thoroughbred male and cross on your "elm peelers" and see for yourself. Do not keep the best bunch of pigs you ever owned. A little better than scrub care must be awarded them. Our motto should be "the best," for indeed the best is none too good for one who lives up to his privileges as a swine breeder. Mind, I say "lives up to his privileges," for it is a privilege to raise hogs as fine as the finest and as good as the best!

There are four great breeds of swine, with some others of lesser fame, but perhaps just as good in their sphere. The Poland-Chinas by mere force of numbers, if for no other reason, come first, with perhaps the Berkshires holding second place. The third in the list of honor is the far famed Chester White. And last, but not least (at least in size) are the Duroc-Jerseys. With such a list of notables to choose from, why breed scrubs?

Sheep in the South.

A writer in The American Sheep Breeder says southern farmers are spending millions of dollars for fertilizers every year. A bulletin published by the United States agricultural department recently shows that a large proportion of these fertilizers gives no profit and in many cases the money is not recovered, but is a total loss. But there never was an instance yet known of any loss or indeed of the absence of a good profit to any southern farmer in the keeping of a flock of sheep on his idle lands turned out as old friends to wash and become gullied and wasted while lying idle, bare and burning under the sun. Idle land is always wasting, just as the idle time of a man is a waste and a loss. It is gaining nothing by the exposure to the sun and weather, and what little of it is covered with weedy growth gets no benefit. The common practice, too, of burning the sedge grass on it is still more destructive, for it consumes the little vegetable matter that may have been collected in the previous year, and leaves the bare, scorched ground poorer than it was when cultivation was abandoned some years before.

Casey—Shure, Biddy, an phwat would yez do if Oi were to die?

Mrs. Casey—Ol'd sthart a bank account.—New York Journal.

OLD GLORY OVER CEBU

Death of Grand Registrar, Grand Lodge A.F. & A.M.

FATAL ICE BOAT COLLISION.

James Lacey, a Montreal Man, Killed at Spokane, Wash.—Yankee Beer for the Klondike—A. McK. Macdonald of Waubashene Arrested at Sarnia—Claims the Poulette Estates.

The Presbyterian Church at Minnedosa, Man., was burned down Sunday evening.

The American flag has been raised over the island of Cebu, east of the island of Negros.

George Holzer, a roofer, fell 175 feet from a scaffold in Buffalo and was instantly killed Saturday.

R. W. Begley, tinsmith, etc., Smith's Falls, has made an assignment. Liabilities are said to be about $3,000; assets about $2,500.

The legal machinery has been set in motion to procure for the former street musician the title and estate to the Poulette estates.

Rev. B. B. Keefer is suing the Dominion Council of Royal Templars for $110, alleged to be due him as salary while editor of The Templar.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railway has put on a new style of sleepers, the rates for which are 50 per cent. below the ordinary Pullman car prices.

The Privy Council has refused Joseph H. Ledue permission to appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada in the Three Rivers election contest.

The machine shops of the Dobbie & Stuart Foundry at Thorold, Ont., were destroyed by fire after midnight on Sunday. Loss on building and machines about $10,000.

William Rowland, a laborer, about 50 years old, committed suicide at Port Hope on Saturday night by taking laudanum. Deceased leaves a wife and two sons and a daughter.

President Zelaya's army under Generals Sacra and Santos both on the ocean and Chili Mountain and Agua Calientes, thus virtually terminating the Bluefields, Nicaragua, revolution.

James Lacey, said to be the son of a wealthy hardware merchant of Montreal, was shot and instantly killed in the Coeur d'Alene gambling rooms at Spokane, Wash., on Saturday.

Little Hyman Silverstein, the Toronto newsboy known as "New Yorker," while walking on the ice on the bay on Sunday evening, fell through and was drowned before assistance could be got.

Saturday afternoon John Scots, Hamilton, had his left arm frightfully crushed by a machine in the Ontario Rolling Mills, and at the hospital the injured arm was amputated at the elbow.

Grieve's flax mill, which has been operated for the past two years by the Harriston Flax Mill Cmpany, Limited, was burnt Saturday evening, together with the balance of the season's crop.

By the time the Klondike mosquito gets to work this year a few canoes of beer will reach that country. Adolphus Busch of St. Louis has made arrangements to send beer to the Klondike by the ship load.

A boat from a sealing steamer Pelican, at Trinity Bay, out seal hunting, was driven off by contrary winds and exposed to the storm all Friday night. Of the six men in the boat, two perished and four others were dangerously frost bitten.

Peter Dore of Ancaster met with a serious accident on Friday afternoon. He was attending a steam chopper and his right arm was caught in the cutting box. Before he could remove it the knives had almost chopped off his arm below the elbow.

Mr. William Turnbull, barrister, of Galt, has been notified by the Deputy Postmaster-General of his appointment to the Galt Postoffice, made vacant by Tom Cowan's death. Turnbull will accept the position, and will enter upon his duties on March 1. The office has a salary of $1,800 per annum.

By an ice boat collision on Saturday night William Holtham, a 16-year-old son of George Holtham, Hamilton, was thrown upon his head on the ice, and from the injury thus received he died in less than two hours. D. Wark, jr., and E. Law were slightly injured. No person on either boat saw the approach of the other, it being dark at the time.

Archibald McKay Macdonald of Waubashene has been apprehended at Sarnia just as he was about to cross the line. The charge upon which Macdonald was arrested was laid by his employers, Messrs. James Scott & Co., lumber dealers, at Waubashene, and it charges him with stealing the sum of $585. Macdonald was bookkeeper for the firm.

James R. Sutherland, the woman beater convicted in Boston on Saturday afternoon of manslaughter, in causing the death of his mistress, Josephine Augusta Conwell, alias Blanche Ryan, alias Mrs. Sutherland, was sentenced by Judge Haskell to the State Prison for not less than 12 nor more than 15 years at hard labor. Sutherland has a wife residing in Halifax.

Lord James of Hereford has introduced a Government bill in the House of Lords which provides that every money lender must be registered, and must do business solely in his own name. In cases where the interest exceeds ten per cent., or when the incidental charges are excessive the courts may reopen the transaction and give judgment in accordance with all the risks and circumstances of the case.

Baron de Reuter is dead at Nice. Paul Julius de Reuter, Baron of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, director and founder of Reuter's Telegram Company, was born at Cassel, Hesse-Nassau, on July 21, 1816. From 1849, as the various telegraph lines were opened, Baron de Reuter worked them into his great news agency and in 1851, when the cable was laid between England and France, he transferred his chief office to London.

L. A. Congdon, senior member of the ware firm of Congdon & Marshall, Dunnville, Ont., died Saturday morning from pneumonia. Deceased was Grand Registrar of the Grand Lodge of Canada, A.F. & A.M., and was also a past officer of the Grand R. A. Chapter. Mr. Congdon was 39 years old, and at the time of his death was a member of the County Council. He was an ex-reeve of the town. A widow and three sons survive him.

ONE-SIDED STORY.

A Tale of Miners' Woes From Across the Border—The Atlin Lake Gold District in Conflict.

Tacoma, Wash., Feb. 27.—British Columbia may become embroiled in civil war, growing out of the discovery of gold in the Atlin Lake district, and the alleged high-handed action of the Government officials in attempting to corner it all for themselves.

This is the tenor of advices received from Skagway yesterday by the steamship Farnallon. Startling news was brought out from the interior Feb. 16 in a letter written by John McCarthy, correspondent of the Skaguay newspaper. Its publication on the following morning caused great excitement in Skaguay, although no details of the threatened rebellion were given.

According to Mr. McCarthy's letter, British and Canadian subjects, together with a few Americans, whose claims are included in the recently announced government reservation of five miles along the west shore of Lake Atlin, have banded together and pledged themselves to resist the proposed forfeiture of their mining claim town lots to the Government without trial of their rights or judicial process of any description.

A petition has been prepared and extensively signed, binding signers to every power in their power to defend their property, even by resort to arms. The conspiracy of the injured miners was discovered only when a copy of the petition fell into the hands of Deputy Recorder McVicar, who reported the matter to the gold commissioner, who has a force of police and constables to back up his forfeiture order.

In Skaguay, where the facts are well known, public sentiment is practically unanimous in upholding the signers of the petition. The reservation includes many hundreds of the most valuable mining claims in the district, as well as the town site of Atlin.

HIS FORTY-YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

Senator Cox Never Touched Liquor or Smoked Tobacco.

Toronto, Feb. 27.—Senator George A. Cox presided at the Canadian Temperance League's meeting in the Pavilion yesterday afternoon, and made a brief personal reference. He said: In March, 1851, I presided over the inception of the Peterboro division of the Sons of Temperance, when I had the honor to be elected patriarch. From my personal experience I can say that it is not necessary to take a glass of wine or a cigar in order to be thoughtful manly. For above 40 years—from the position of an office boy, without any influential friends, and with no better means than any poor young man in this hall—I have been making some progress in social, commercial and political life, and during all that time I have not found it necessary to take a glass of liquor or a cigar. Nor is it necessary for any young man who aspires to rise in the social scale or attain the highest position.

A Government Cable to Hawaii.

Washington, Feb. 27.—The Senate committee on appropriations on Saturday agreed to incorporate a provision in the sundry civil appropriation bill providing for the construction of a submarine cable connecting the United States with the Hawaiian Islands. The amendment provides for the laying of the cable by the United States and for its subsequent ownership by the Government, the Navy Department to perform the service, and the cable, when completed, to be operated by the Postoffice Department.

Killed by a Train.

Peterboro, Feb. 27.—Mrs. Margaret Sheehan, widow of the late Cornelius Sheehan, was struck by the Lakefield train on Saturday morning as it was drawing into the G.T.R. station here. The old lady was run over and crushed to almost a pulp, being killed instantly. She leaves a grown-up family.

Port Dalhousie Rubber Company.

St. Catharines, Feb. 27.—After the conference between the representatives of the Rubber Company and the Council of Port Dalhousie an arrangement was made whereby the company will rebuild their factory. The company was given practically everything asked for.

Canadian Hardwood in Demand.

London, Feb. 27.—At the office of the high commissioner for Canada, inquiries have been made for the address of the death of his mistress, Josephine Augusta Conwell, alias Blanche Ryan, alias Mrs. Sutherland, was sentenced by Judge Haskell to the State Prison for not less than 12 nor more than 15 years at hard labor. Sutherland has a wife residing in Halifax.

Backed by $300,000,000.

New York, Feb. 23.—John D. Rockefeller, jr., started in business life yesterday. He was elected a director of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. At 23 years of age he thus starts upon his active career with practical training and backed by $300,000,000.

Filipinos Leave Montreal.

Montreal, Feb 23.—Senor Rivera and Senor Riego de Dios, the Filipino representatives, left last night for Halifax on their way to England.

THE ROYAL BOX.

The Prince of Wales, it is said, recently remarked that he believed he would never occupy the throne of Great Britain.

The shah of Persia is styled the "Red King" because he wears a red turban. There have been three European rulers upon whom that title has been bestowed—namely, Amaleus VII of Savoy, Otto II of Germany and William II (Rufus) of England.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is little renowned for anything save his huge collection of dressing gowns. He has a perfect mania for this kind of useful garment and has paid as much as 100 guineas for an embroidered robe made up for him in Paris.

The queen regent of Spain leads an extremely simple life, rising at 7 and retiring to rest at 11. She sees little of society. Most of her time is taken up in anxious consultations with her ministers, and when she has half an hour to spare it is usually spent with her children.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY

ANNUAL MEETING.

The sixty-fifth annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at its offices, Toronto, at noon Thursday, Feb. 16.

The President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair; and Mr. J. H. Sims, who was appointed to act as Secretary, read the following

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit the 65th annual report of the Company, embracing the transactions for the year ending December 31st last, and a statement of Assets and Liabilities at the close of the year.

In the Fire Branch, while there has been a slight reduction in the premium income, the results as a whole have been fairly satisfactory, showing a moderate margin of profit, notwithstanding the fact that there were some serious conflagrations during the year, in which the Company was involved for considerable amounts—notably the almost total destruction of the City of New Westminster in September last.

The closing months of the year were marked by a succession of exceptionally severe storms both on the ocean and on the great lakes, which resulted in an unprecedented loss of life and property. As a consequence all companies engaged in the business of Marine insurance show a heavy loss on the transactions of the year, and in its course the heavily limited operations in this branch this Company has shared in the generally unfavorable experience. It is encouraging, however, in considering the future prospects of this business, to observe that the heavy losses incurred during the past year, coupled with the unprofitable results of some preceding years, have led to a general movement among marine underwriters for materially advancing rates and bringing about other reforms which the Directors feel assured will place the business on a much more satisfactory footing than for several years past.

The Directors feel that there is cause for congratulation in the fact that the Company has passed through a year which, in many respects, has been a trying one to those engaged in Fire and Marine Insurance business, and paid its usual dividend to shareholders without making any material reduction in its Reserve Fund.

Summary of financial statement:

Total cash income	$1,472,307 36
Total expenditure, including appropriation for losses unadjustment	1,442,412 84
Balance	$29,894 52
Dividends declared	32,500.00
Total assets	$1,519,164 18
Total liabilities	108,152 29
Surplus to policyholders	$1,321,011 89

The following gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year: Hon. George A. Cox, J. J. Kenny, Hon. S. C. Wood, E. F. McKinnon, John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, F. A. Myers.

At meeting of the board held subsequently, Hon. George A. Cox was elected President and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President.

When the World Will End.

Sir Robert Ball says the world will come to an end when the waters of the sea break through a thin spot, which must exist somewhere, and come in contact with the raging fires within the globe. This seems rational enough when one recalls the explosion which occurred in the Indian ocean some years ago which sent a tidal wave around the globe and absolutely engulfed an island or two.

A FISHERMAN'S TRIALS.

Exposure While at Sea Brought on an Attack of Sciatica Which Caused the Most Excruciating Agony.

Mr. Geo. W. Shaw, of Sandford, N.S., follows the occupation of a fisherman, and like all who pursue this arduous calling is exposed frequently to inclement weather. Some years ago, as the result of exposure, Mr. Shaw was attacked by sciatica, and for months suffered intensely. He says the pain he endured was something agonizing, and he was not able to do any work for some months. His hip was drawn out of shape by the trouble, and the doctor who attended him said that it had also affected the spine. After being under the care of a doctor for several months without getting relief, Mr. Shaw discontinued medical treatment and resorted to the use of plasters and liniments, but with no better results. He was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and finally decided to do so. After using them for a couple of weeks he found a decided relief, and in about two months' time every trace of the trouble had disappeared, and he has not since been troubled with any illness. Mr. Shaw says he occasionally takes a box of pills to ward off any possible recurrence of the trouble.

Those attacked with sciatica, rheumatism, and kindred troubles, will avoid much suffering and save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset of the trouble. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Have you tried Blue Ribbon Tea yet?

NATIONAL FARMERS COMPANY

National Binder Twine

(TRADE MARK).

Full strength: over 75 lbs. breaking strain. Full length: 600 feet to the pound. Full weight: 80 lbs. to each bale. No clogging in the binder—compactly wound; made entirely of pure Manila Hemp without adulterant of any kind, absolutely the best ever offered the Canadian farmer.

80 lbs. NATIONAL BINDER TWINE FOR $11 CASH with any one of the following valuable and useful

PREMIUMS:

14-Karat GOLD-PLATED WATCH, stem-winding and stem setting, guaranteed reliable time keeper—lady's or gentleman's size—maker's guarantee with each watch.

SOLID GOLD RING set with genuine Garnet and Opal gems—stamped and warranted—with maker's Trade Mark and guarantee.

MUSICAL CLOCK, glass sides, in Nickel Silver and Gilt—a handsome ornament and accurate time-piece. A never ending pleasure in the home.

HOW IT IS DONE: The National Farmers Co. sells direct to practical bona fide Farmers; employs no middle men or agents, does business only for cash, makes no losses—every dollar does its full duty. We have a lot of **NATIONAL Binder Twine** on hand—so much that the bank of interest until after harvest, on the money locked up, will amount to many thousand dollars. We want to save that interest and give it to the farmer in return for cash. That is where the premium comes in.

This Company reserves the right to refund your money if the price of Hemp advances by reason of the Philippine war or other causes. Manila Hemp comes from the Philippine Islands. ORDER AT ONCE and make certain of your season's supply before Hemp advances.

Remit money to us only by Postal Note, Post Office Order, Express Order or Registered Letter. Write your name plainly, give your post office address and also the railway station to which you are to ship the Twine. You pay freight on the Twine from Toronto. Our Office, we pay the premiums prepaid by mail or express from Toronto.

Observe above directions carefully so we cannot make any mistake in forwarding your goods. Say whether you want a Gentleman's or a Lady's Watch, a Musical Clock or a Ring—if the latter, send a piece of string or paper size required.

Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

NATIONAL FARMERS COMPANY, TORONTO.

Enquirers are referred to any Mercantile Agency and to the Editor of this paper as to our responsibility.

As an Emperor's Book.

In view of the recent discussion in the English Parliament about the necessity of keeping German and other inquisitive foreigners out of British dockyards, it is rather amusing to learn that Emperor William has just had printed and bound in a large volume, containing minute and exhaustive particulars about the construction and armament and the peculiarities of the British warship. And, as it is poke fun at the English Government, he has sent a copy of the compilation, with his compliments, to every member of the board of admiralty in London. The book is a MAP of the official state of the admirals and politicians who are entrusted with the destinies of the royal navy—are now engaged in endeavoring to discover the source of the German Kaiser's extraordinary amount of information, much of which is comprised among what has hitherto been considered in the light of official secrets of the British Government.—Keystone.

Makes Too Many Himself.

"Do you endeavor to profit by the mistakes of others?" asked the curious one.

"I haven't time," replied the modest one. "I have to crowd things pretty hard to profit by all the mistakes I make myself."

I used to be continually tired, now I