WARNING TO PARENTS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Protests Against Parental Heedlessness.

Finds a Timely Lesson in the Sacrifice of Jephthah's Daughter --Thousands of Children Educated Into Imbecility-- --Body and Brain Weakened.

Washington, April 16.—In his sermon to-day Dr. Talmage lodges a protest against the parental heedlessness and worldly ambition which are threatening the sacrifice of many American children; text, Judges xi, 35, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament. The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me and, now you are in trouble, you want me back," but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country and, gesting no favorable response, marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the points of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah's Daughter.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal arches, swing out flags all over Mizpah, open all your doors to receive the captured treasures, through every hall spread the banquet, pile up the viands, fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, sealed on a prancing steed, advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should be sacrificed as a burnt offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering.

Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, comes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast and pushing the locks back from the fair brow and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection with choked utterance he says: "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip, as a rosoleaf trembles in the sough of the south wind; there may have been the starting of a tear like a rain drop shaken from the anther of a water lily. But with a self sacrifice that man may not reach and only woman's heart can compass she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

Innocence Sacrificed.

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice has rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpah twisted for Jephthah, the warrior, have gone into the dust, but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah or Abigail or Miriam, but no one in all the ages shall have the title of this daughter of sacrifice.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord, especially as a provision was made in the law for such a contingency, and Jephthah might have redeemed his daughter by the payment of 30 shekels of silver, but before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty remember that in olden times when vows were made men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If in former days you had been standing on the banks of the Ganges and you had been born in India, you might have thrown your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more gospel light.

Now I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifice of 10,000 children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

Children Overtaxed.

In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours in school and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life? No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill ventilated schoolrooms and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust. Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrambling for the honors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future; so that, in many places, by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else, and cheerful appropriations, but as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interests of the city we are struck through with an economy that is well nigh the death of us.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies; children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appall a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility, so that connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked. It is push and crowd and cram and stuff and jam until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is ruined, and the health is gone. There are children who once were full of romping and laughter and had cheeks crimson with health who are now turned out in the afternoon pale faced, irritated, asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth, an old manish boy or an old womanish girl. Girls 10 years of age studying algebra! Boys 12 years of age racking their brain over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over their Latin, French and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter of them. I will tell you what is the matter of them. They are finishing their education!

Body and Brain Weakened.

In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was so pushed at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium all night long she was trying to recite the multiplication table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who knew more than all of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated us. When we stood up for the spelling class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was always brought in as a prodigy. At 18 years of age he was an idiot. He lived ten years an idiot and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left or day from night. The parents and the teachers made him an idiot.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your child to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old or dead alas for them if, through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black man's rights, and Chinaman's rights, and Indian's rights, and woman's rights. The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter!

Discipline of the Young.

Again, there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong system of discipline—too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants. There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are those young men that swagger through the street with their thumbs in their vest talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward and broke his neck and died. Well he migh What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulcher are sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer, her hand seems better fitted to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother, cry for it. They hope to dissolve her with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it. A mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs and mocked her wrinkled face and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums!

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child!

Rocks to Avoid.

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness. You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter seek divine direction, O father, O mother.

Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons and all of them good. "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of but something for which to be very grateful."

Again, there are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said: "This was the secret. When in the morning I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school, I prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be infolded in the Saviour's arms." "Oh," you say, "that was very old fashioned." It was quite old fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a 10-cent piece and the Ten Commandments on a 10-cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to vulgar fractions. It seems to be their chief attainment that 10 cents make a dime and ten dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equaled by the other art, how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments.

The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined.

Fashion's Hollowness.

Further on thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialties of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that 50-cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition.

In the siege of Chateau, during out civil war, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-governor of the State of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain, among the wounded to death the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed that she might take the vows before her departure, and when the minister said, "Will thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will!" and in two hours she had departed. That was the slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage. It is a massacre. Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies so he can get the property; then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and, having no power to earn a livelihood, the twain slink into some corner of society—the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah! Spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom!

A Mighty Influence.

I lift up my voice against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children unwashed, uncombed, un-Christianized. Who care for them? Who pray for them? Who utters to them one kind word? When the city missionary, passing along the park in New York, saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him: "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God today. You ought to be good. You ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said: "Ah, it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are and well fed. But we chaps hain't got no chance!" Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No; heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifference crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers, and they carried a flag and they had on the flag this inscription, "Tremble, Tyrants, Tremble; We Are Growing Up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up! I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day, encouraging you, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be 20 years in heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, though so long postponed his coming. Come at last!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies your prayers, your teachings and your Christian influence will go on and help to people heaven with bright inhabitants. Which would you rather see, which scene would you rather mingle in in the last great day, being able to say, "I added house to house and land to land and manufactory to manufactory; I owned half the city; whatever my eye saw I had, whatever I wanted I got," or on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me?"

Alarmed.

A scientist says, "If the earth were flattened out, the sea would be two miles deep all over the world."

If any man is caught flattening out the earth, shoot him on the spot. A great many of us can't swim.—Tit-Bits.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

THE ANNUAL HOTBED.

Sash the Most Important Item of Expense—Directions For Making It.

Few people who have a garden make any attempt to secure vegetables earlier than may be done by sowing seed outside after spring is far enough advanced to avoid frost. Occasionally some early tomato or cabbage plants are grown in a sunny kitchen window, but the range of season and variety of garden products that can be had by the skillful use of hotbeds or cold frames and sash seem little appreciated. Yet their use is advisable as a means of profit, a healthful addition to table resources and a source of great interest and pleasure to any one who undertakes this species of gardening. The deterring item is usually the sash, which is expensive. While the sash can be bought ready glazed at any sash or door factory they can be homemade after the following plan, originally given by the Kansas experiment station in one of the bulletins of its horticultural department.

The usual size of such sash is 6 by 3 feet, holding three rows of 10 by 12 inch glass, six lights to the row. Double strength glass of "A" grade will be found the most profitable to use in the long run, as it does not break as readily as the lighter and cheaper grades. The best grade of sash is made from first class southern cypress lumber, though redwood or good white pine will answer a good purpose. Stock 1½ inches thick when dressed gives the best weight. Make the stiles 2½ inches wide and the rails 4 inches. No cross mountings are used, but two bars 1¼ inches wide run the length of the sash. These with the stiles and top rail are rabbeted one-quarter of an inch wide and one-half of an inch deep to receive the glass. The glass laps like shingles, and the lowest light projects over the lower rail, which is only an inch thick. In pinning the sash the holes should be bored from the underside not quite through, so as not to allow the leaking of water from above. Through the middle of the stiles and bars a five-sixteenths of an inch stay rod is run just beneath the glass, for the double purpose of preventing spreading and the sagging of the bars.

If the lower portions of the stiles and bars are chamfered away as much as strength will allow, less light will be obstructed by them.

The lights of glass should be firmly set, with large points and a short brad at each lower corner to keep them from slipping down, and then well puttied.

The sash should receive two good coats of paint and be repainted as often as needed.

One of these sash complete weighs 45 pounds, and it is believed that it will last enough longer than a cheaply made one to well repay the extra cost.

Preparing a Hotbed.

To make a stationary hotbed dig a pit about 2½ feet deep, board up the sides and ends to about one foot above ground at the back and three inches above in front. The width and length vary according to the number or size of the sashes to be used, slides being placed across, as in the case of the cold frame, that the sashes may be moved to give air. Into this pit place leaves or coarse litter to the depth of one foot and fermenting stable manure to the depth of 1½ feet, this being trodden down quite firmly and then covered with from three to six inches of soil. Be sure that the manure is trodden in firmly at the sides and corners or it will sink unevenly. The manure is usually too coarse and it gives too rank a heat when it first comes from the stables. It should be thrown in a pile and worked over several times before using. The bed should stand two or three days after making, before planting, to allow the strong heat to subside. The Rural New Yorker, authority for the foregoing, also describes another style, generally called a movable hotbed, made by excavating 1½ feet deep and two feet larger, in length and width, than the size of sashes. One foot of leaves or litter and one foot of heating manure are placed in this pit, the manure being pressed lightly down, but not tramped hard. Plank frames are placed on this one foot from either end and one foot from back and front. Three inches of soil should be put over the manure and the sashes put on. The sides and ends are then banked with coarse manure. The object in making the pit larger than the frame is that it may all sink evenly. Select a sheltered, sunny position for the hotbed and one that is naturally well drained.

Cause and Effect.

"Doctor, I didn't think it would be necessary for you to come again, but my throat this morning is so hot and dry—"

"Has your wife, sir, been showing you my bill?"

Something Unusual.

She—Have you noticed that Mr. Shortleigh is paying a good deal of attention to Miss Cleverton?

He—Yes, and it's the first time I ever knew him to pay anything.

PONTON'S NEXT TRIAL

Has Been Set Down for May in the City of Toronto.

A WIFE'S FATAL HEROISM.

A Boy Killed by a Metropolitan Trolley in Toronto—Alleged Attempted Bribery of a State Attorney by the Standard Oil Company—Wireless Telegraphy at Washington a Success.

Yankee trade dollars, worth 40 cents, are plentiful in Toronto.

The barber shop of W. A. Powers at Pembroke was burned down on Sunday.

Three infants have been abandoned in Toronto within a week. One of them was dead when found.

William Marshall was burned to death on Saturday in a New York stable in which he was sleeping. Two horses were also burned.

Fifty-seven freight handlers at the Grand Trunk sheds in Toronto have struck for an advance in wages. Their places have already been filled.

The body of Richard Sprung, who fell into the electric flume at Trenton last February, was washed in by the waves on Saturday, two miles east of the town.

The Crown has concluded and the defence has begun to put evidence in at the trial of young Dickson for the murder of a young man named Pepin at Tanguay, Que.

Prof. Baume, Berlin's famous high diver, was killed on Saturday at a circus performance in which he essayed to dive from 60 feet above the water into a tank 12 feet deep.

It is said that the Cataract Power Company now owns 60 per cent. of the stock of the Hamilton Street Railway, and that it will make radical changes in the management.

Although Marconi has sent messages across the English Channel from France without the use of wires, the successful mile test on Saturday at Washington is the subject of much jubilation.

The action brought by Mrs. Trant of Hamilton against William Payne of Toronto for $5,000 damages for the alleged seduction of her daughter, Miss Fannie Reeves, has been amicably settled.

A Metropolitan street car ran down on Saturday in Toronto the 3-year-old son of Edward M. Higgins, crushing his skull and inflicting very serious injuries to his right side. He died at midnight on Saturday.

It now transpires that the reason Sampson's squadron will not visit British ports in response to the recent invitation is that Uncle Sam is afraid Europe will think her too friendly with the mother country.

The Ponton trial is to be held at Toronto at the criminal assizes beginning May 15. Justice Robertson's decision providing for the payment by the Crown of Ponton's extra expense due to the transfer of the trial.

At Rochester on Saturday by the falling of an elevator used on a building adjoining the Fahy Block five men were seriously injured. The cables of the elevator broke and the men fell to the ground, a distance of 40 feet.

Louis Montgomery Forbes, a young man who was making ready to go to America, has died at London of blood poisoning, after having been tattooed by Alfred Smith, a professional tatoo artist, at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster.

Attorney-General Monnet of Cleveland, O., on Saturday filed information with the Supreme Court that the Standard Oil Company had attempted to bribe him to prevent cases in which they were interested in coming to trial. The amount of the bribes varied from $75,000 to $500,000.

At Highland, Ill., the gasoline stove in Isaac Becker's house exploded, shocking the man into unconsciousness. Mrs. Becker, who was outside, ran in and dragged her unconscious husband, whose clothes were on fire, out of the house, her own clothes catching fire during her efforts. Both died shortly afterwards from their terrible burns, leaving three small children to continue the battle of life alone.

Bryanites' Dollar Dinner.

New York, April 17.—The "dollar dinner" given by the members of the Democratic party who favor the candidacy of W. J. Bryan for President, at the Grand Central Palace on Saturday night, in point of numbers was one of the biggest affairs ever held in this city. Nearly 8,000 men and women sat down at long tables in the various rooms.

William Jennings Bryan did not arrive until shortly after 7 o'clock. Crowds on the outside signalized his appearance by tremendous cheering. The band played "Hail to the Chief" as Bryan was hurried down one of the main aisles. The demonstration lasted for five minutes.

Mr. Bryan's address, which was a lengthy one, was devoted to upholding his well-known views on the monetary question, and predictions of success for the 16 to 1 Democrats in the next Presidential election.

Severed His Jugular Vein.

Norwich, Ont., April 17.—Ira Leo, a highly-respected resident of this place, committed suicide on Friday afternoon by severing his jugular vein and bleeding to death. The body was found on the railroad track a short distance west of the station. A note was found on the body, containing these words: "This is no case for inquiry. I do not wish to live any longer." Deceased was an insurance and nursery agent and was about 65 years of age. His relatives in Hamilton have been communicated with.

Serious Charge Against John Devlin.

Woodstock, April 17.—John Devlin of Tillsonburg lies in the jail here with a serious charge registered against him. Dora Crossett, a 17-year-old Tilsonburg girl, charges that Devlin seduced her under promise of marriage over a year ago. Saturday morning another charge was laid before Magistrate Field against Devlin, in that he seduced the girl while she was under 16 years of age.

A Monster Pilgrimage.

London, April 17.—According to special despatches from Paris a monster pilgrimage to Lourdes will leave various points in France to-day. About 50,000 pilgrims will embark on 53 trains, and will arrive at Lourdes on Tuesday.

TIMES GOOD IN BRITAIN.

Two Prominent Montrealers Have Returned With an Encouraging Tale—Mr. Hays and English Railways.

Montreal, April 17.—Two leading Montrealers, Messrs. E. S. Clouston and Charles M. Hays, arrived home yesterday. The general manager of the Bank of Montreal says people abroad now call Canada's hopes of a fast Atlantic line the "Phantom Fast Line." He adds that in the present congested state of the shipyards it would be quite impossible to have the ships built. The cost also would be excessive. He, in fact, does not expect to see the fast line become a reality before two years, but then the general manager thinks it will be an accomplished fact. He adds that the general prosperity now prevailing in England will probably greatly lessen the volume of emigration towards Canada for the next year or two. Speaking of money in London, he states that there is a tendency to firmness, and he does not expect any serious relaxation of raised rates. Several colonial issues, chiefly Australian, have gone off satisfactorily.

The general manager of the Grand Trunk, who had not been across the Atlantic before, said that one has to go abroad to realize the fact that the great civilizing race of the world to-day is the Anglo-Saxon. The man, he says, who goes to England, and, after passing over some of their leading railways, will come back and proclaim that they are not in it as compared with what we have on this side of the water, simply does not know what he is talking about.

Being asked if there was anything a railway man from this side could learn in the Old Land, he replied: "A great deal. I have returned, in fact, thinking that I know very little."

Mr. Hays states that his reception at the meeting of the Grand Trunk shareholders was cordial in the extreme. Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson will come to Canada in a short time, and he confirms the report that all the difficulties between the C.P.R. and Grand Trunk have been settled satisfactorily to both companies.

GREAT FIRE IN CLEVELAND.

A Bad Blaze in Which Some People Were Badly Burned—Some of Them May Die.

Cleveland, O., April 17.—The immense wholesale millinery establishment of Hart & Company, occupying an entire block, was burned down on Saturday. About a dozen girl employes of it from escape in the Hart building, and ran to the roof and began crying for assistance. The crowd below looked on, begging the unfortunates to wait for the ladders. The firemen eventually succeeded in getting all safely to the ground. The injured so far as known are: Mary Myles, burned about face and head, condition critical; F. J. Rockert, face and hands burned. Three unknown men badly burned. Several of the firemen were slightly scorched. Rockert jumped from a window and is severely injured.

The flames spread to the Franklin block, occupied by Reed Bros. & Company, wholesale millinery, and P. Black & Company, manufacturer of ladies' cloaks. The firemen succeeded in saving this building, but the loss on stock from smoke and water will be heavy. After two and a half hours the fire was brought under control. The total loss is estimated at from $600,000 to $700,000, partially covered by insurance.

Truce of the Eagle.

Kingston, Jamaica, April 15.—Considerable apprehension has been conceived here by the announcement that the American Government has notified the Governor, Sir Augustus Hemming, that, as the proposed tariff threatens to operate against American trade, in the event of its passage retaliatory provisions will be adopted against Jamaica. The newspapers of the island regard this notification as a threat to involve the colony in financial and commercial ruin in view of the Cuban and Porto Rican industrial competition.

Baby Died of Neglect.

Huntsville, Ont., April 17.—On Thursday morning a baby, 3 months old, daughter of J. T. D. Coultard, barber, of this place, was found dead in its cot. Information was laid before Coroner Reece, who held an inquest. Evidence was given by the parents and others, showing very serious neglect of the baby on the part of the parents. The verdict was that the death of the child was caused by want of attention and willful neglect on the part of the parents. The Crown Attorney has further action under consideration.

Judgment Against Charlebois.

Quebec, April 17.—Judge Caron, in the case of the Union Bank v. Charlebois, gave judgment against Charlebois for $150,000, the amount of three promissory notes given by defendant, with interest from 13th of June, 1894, and costs.

Died of Pneumonia.

Ottawa, April 17.—I. B. Taylor, assistant clerk of votes and proceedings in the House of Commons, died on Saturday morning of pneumonia after four days' illness, aged 60. At one time Mr. Taylor published The Ottawa Citizen.

How to Fight Early Lice.

It is a task to get into the poultryhouse at night, take each hen off the roost and dust the body with some substance obnoxious to lice, yet there are times when it should be done, especially during the warm season. A mixture for that purpose, and which is cheap, is made by using one pound of sulphur, four ounces of Scotch snuff, two ounces of Dalmatian insect powder and half a pound of carbolate (not carbonate) of lime. It must be thoroughly mixed and kept in a closed vessel. Hold the fowl's head down, and with a pepper-box dust well in among the feathers.—Farm and Fireside

He Was "Next!"

Smith—Smart is a pretty slick individual, but I managed to get ahead of him to-day.

Brown—How did you do it?

Smith—By getting to the barber shop first.

Content.

"It's all right," said the optimistic citizen. "I used to be a little blue over the baseball outlook, but since I've thought it over I have taken heart."

"I guess we'll manage to make up a good club when the arrangements are completed."

"I can be happy whether we do or not. We've sold so many players in all parts of the country that no matter which side is winning I can throw up my hat and holler for old friends."

Apt Reply.

"What!" exclaimed the surprised traveler in Florida. "You want me to pay $2 for riding half a mile in your old carriage?"

"Certainly," replied the native, with eyes wide open. "You don't think I'm like you other jays—down here for my health, do you?"

Spotted.

The female detective smiled craftily as she listened to the description of the latest crimes.

"It must have either been Sally Scott or May Dubbs," she mused. "Both of them wear such hideous bonnets that I believe they'd be guilty of anything."—New York Journal.

SPRING MEDICINE.

It Is Absolutely Necessary to Give Some Attention to the Blood at this Season.

In the springtime the blood needs attention. The change of the year produces in everyone, whether conscious of it or not, some little heating of the blood.

Some people have pimples, a little eczema, or irritation of the skin; others feel easily tired and depressed and have a poor appetite. A tonic is needed, and the best tonic—the best spring medicine for man, woman or child is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills do not purge and weaken like other medicines. They make rich, red blood, build up the nerves, and make weak, depressed and easily tired people feel cheerful, active and strong. No other medicine in the world has offered such undoubted proof of merit and what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others they will do for you if given a fair trial.

Miss Ella M. Kelly, North-West Harbor, N.S., says: "I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams's Pink Pills to any person suffering from any form of weakness, as I have proved their worth in my own case."

Remember that pink colored pills in glass jars or in any loose form or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" are not genuine. No one was ever cured by a substitute. Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Couldn't Be Returned.

Six-year-old Tommy was sent by his eldest sister to the corner grocery to buy a pound of lump sugar. He played alline on the way to the store, and by the time he arrived there he had forgotten what kind of sugar he was sent for. So he took home some of the granulated article. His eldest sister sent him back to the store to get lump sugar. After the proprietor of the grocery shop had made the change for the little lad, he engaged Tommy in conversation:

"Tommy," said he, "I understand there is a new member of your family."

"Yes, sir," replied the kid, "I've got a little brother."

"Well, how do you like that, hey?" inquired the grocery man.

"Don't like it at all," said Tommy; "rather have a little sister."

"Then why don't you change him, Tommy?"

"We would if we could, but I don't suppose we can. You see we have used him four days now!"

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Useless Extravagance.

They were on their way home from a visit to relatives, when the husband was taken ill, and they had to leave the train and go to a hotel.

"I think I shall die," gasped the husband, as he lay groaning in bed, but his wife was not exactly sympathetic.

"Of all the extravagant, shiftless men!" she said angrily. "Why can't you wait till you get home to die? Don't you know it will cost a good ten pounds extra if you die here? Don't you let me catch you a-doing it. That's all!" And he didn't.

St. Vitus Dance rapidly cured by Miller's Compound Iron Pills. Cases of years' standing now enjoying the best of health as a result of taking them.

Ask the GENDRON

Rider what he thinks of his wheel, and we will abide by what he says. Always reliable, the handsome easy-running Gendron again leads the procession for 1899.

Gendron M'f'g Co., Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

Send for a Catalogue Free.

The Manchester Fire Assurance Co.
Established 1824. OF ENGLAND.

THE AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.
Established 1857.

Combined Assets, $15,000,000.

Head Office for Canada: TORONTO.

Jas. Boomer,
Manager.

J. J. Vipond & Co.,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Correspondence Solicited.
Advances Made on Consignments. MONTREAL.

REPUBLIC MINING STOCKS.

I invite the intending purchaser to write for a copy of my price publication, entitled "Republic Mining Camp". This is a little effort of mine dealing with one of the richest gold producing areas in the world. I am exceptionally well informed as to the merits of the Republic and I can post any enquirer and advise any intending purchaser. At present I can recommend Lone Pine, Butte and Boston, Princess Maud, Reindeer and Jumbo.
E. GARTLY PARKER, Mining Broker, 12 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

Woman's Suffrage in France.

About a month ago women had the right, for the first time, of voting in Paris. They seem to have been for the most part little desirous of exercising the privilege, the occasion of which was the election of a number of municipal councillors. In the second arrondissement only three voted, and a similar number in the eighth. Much the same was the result in every arrondissement, while in the Quartier Latin, which might be thought the very sanctum sanctorum of women's rights, not a single member of the fair sex took the trouble to vote.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Cause for Pain.

Bill—Old Squeers took gas and had a tooth out.

Jill—Did he indeed?

Bill—Yes, and he said it hurt more with the gas than it would have without it.

Jill—How's that, I wonder?

Bill—Why, don't you understand? He had to pay for the gas.

Mental and physical vigor follow the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

The Model Young Man's Virtues.

A model young man's characteristics are honesty of speech, respectability of carriage, industry of mind, and consideration for others. With these a young man is as "model" as it is given an earthly being to be.—Edward Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Strength.

"I thought you told me you never drank anything stronger than water," said Mr. Booce's new acquaintance.

"Wat (hic) water," said Mr. Booce, with painful dignity, "been known to blow up boilers."

Rich, red blood is produced by Miller's Compound Iron Pills. They possess the great vitalizing principle upon which depend health and strength.

Lingual Confusion.

"Julia, I can say 'How d'ye do' and Good-by' in French."

"Ah, that's good, as far as it goes."

"Yes; but I can't remember which is which."

Lady—I think you are the worst-looking tramp I ever saw.

Tramp—Ma'am, it's only in the presence of uncommon beauty I looks so bad.

Real Grievance.

"The way I wrote it," said the young man who was leaning over the railing, red with mortification and outraged feeling, "was that the young men of the Highupandup Club would hold a bowling contest at their club-room this evening."

"Well?" said the city editor.

"The way it was printed in your paper this morning, sir, was that the young men of the Highupandup Club would hold a 'howling contest,' sir!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

DEAR SIRS,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

Glamis, Ont. R. W. HARRISON.

Ineligible for Matrimony.

A law recently passed in Norway makes girls ineligible for matrimony unless they can show certificates of skill in cooking, knitting and spinning.

No worm medicine acts so nicely as Miller's Worm Powders; no physic required.