LIFE IN RETROSPECT

Dr. Talmage Calls the Roll of Many Stirring Memories.

Drawing Helpful Lessons From Past Experiences and Vicissitudes of Life--Advantages of the Early Home Teachings and Surroundings.

Washington, May 7.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage calls the roll of many stirring memories and interprets the meaning of life's vicissitudes. The text is Psalms xxxix, 3, "While I was musing the fire burned."

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and to see the dangers we have escaped and to see the sorrows we have suffered and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to prayer.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with obliterations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Our Early Surroundings.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential, as now it is commercial, and Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a grandite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those ware good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by trouble, not had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it far fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them pushing their heads through the barg. Oftimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

Memories of Home.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburned from the field and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for a Christian mother! Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel! Thank God for an early Christian home!

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly-created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered. You were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscences, and let his mercy fall upon your soul, if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound than is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart!

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house or through your office or your shop or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I'm not ready for it. Oh, God have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and, though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start now as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

In the Shadows.

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so, when you started life, your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright clear oar you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread. But after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!"

The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. If you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! If you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts his left arm under your head and with his right hand he pours into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, was your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in your place to hear God's name and to sing God's praise and to implore God's help and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once disposed grand chariots now you have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discomforts, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your heart and light for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the wild winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern, down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe and palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals! Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates! Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear!

A RUINED HOME.

A press despatch from a Western Ontario town, published a few days ago, told an awful tale of mad cruelty and crime. Chas. Hames staggered home at midnight in a fit of fierce drink delirium and announced to his family his intention of setting fire to their dwelling. His wife and children rushed from the house. A daughter, aged fourteen, had not time to dress herself, and outside the house she was seized by her father, who held her till her feet were terribly frozen. Her mother attempted to get the child free and was severely bitten by the drunken ruffian. Yet Charles Hames

was once a worthy citizen, manly and attractive enough to win a woman's heart. He built up a home that ought to have been a haven of safety for all within it, but every particle of manhood left him. He became a terror and a curse to those who looked to him for protection and support, and sank to be a plague, a peril and a burden to society. Is it not strange that men are not roused to even more earnest effort to combat this fearful evil of depraved appetite and to do more than has been done to shield the safe, strengthen the tempted, and reclaim those who have fallen victims to our country's greatest sin and shame?

Samaria Prescription is the antidote of alcohol. It braces and tones the nervous system, cures the inflamed and diseased condition of the stomach and intestines. It tones up the heart, liver and kidneys. It transforms a bloated, shaking wreck into a strong, healthy man.

It is inexpensive--a whole cure won't cost as much as two days' tippling. It's harmless and almost tasteless, and dissolves in any fluid. It is the result of thirty years' experience.

Reader, look back over the years you have passed in pushing your money over bars. Figure up what you've spent in money, in health, happiness, disappointed ambitions and lost opportunities. Estimate, if you can, the cost of your habits to your wife and family.

You may feel discouraged You have doubtless tried to stop--have stopped and relapsed again. You need help now--it is within your grasp. If you will take the Samaria Prescription as a help you will not fail. It is a liquor antidote. You cannot take them both. Failure is impossible.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MONTREAL,
February 15, 1899.

GENTLEMEN,—A profound sense of personal gratitude prompts me to write you regarding the merits of your Samaria Prescription for overcoming and curing the habit of drinking liquor. For many years I have been addicted to going on periodical sprees, when I would lose all control of myself and relapse into a condition unfit for human association. All my efforts to overcome these fits when they came on were unavailing. Recently I was induced to try your Samaria Prescription, in spite of the fact that I had little or no faith in such things. To my amazement I experienced immediate beneficial effects, which not only destroyed all my former craving for stimulants but positively made liquor obnoxious. I feel like a different man. I sleep soundly and enjoy an appetite that is a delight to me. Briefly, I consider your remedy a God-send and you may use this letter in any way you see fit, not mentioning my name.

Yours sincerely, F. G. F.

Ask for Samaria Prescription at druggists, or sent to any address for $3. Remit by P.O. or express order, or registered letter. Parties desiring to conceal identity, write for our private address. All correspondence treated as sacredly confidential.

SAMARIA REMEDY CO.,
Jordan St., Toronto, Ont.

Two Odors.

The London Chronicle tells this story of Father Stanton, the well-known London ritualist:

Chancing to enter into conversation with a visitor to St. Albans', Holborn, who had attended the service for the first time, Mr. Stanton asked him what he thought of the service. The stranger replied that he liked it all very well except the incense, to the use of which he strongly objected. "I am very sorry for you, my friend," said Mr. Stanton. The other, not unnaturally, asked, "Why?" "Well, you see," said Mr. Stanton, "there are only two odors in the next world—incense and brimstone—and you'll have to choose between them."

Invisible Building.

Life is a building. It rises slowly, day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our component days, adds something to the invisible building.

Breaking the Rules.

Accepting as true the anecdotes that appear from time to time in the European newspapers, America is a country where queer things happen. New York houses are built 30 stories high, Boston merchants ride races on horseback down State streets, herds of infuriated buffaloes invade Chicago parks, Sioux chieftains break up sessions of Congress with improvised scalp dances. Here is a story of New York customs recently told by a French paper:

"In the Central Park there is a very large bears' den, which lies at a lower level than the ground about it, and is surrounded by a railing.

"One day a stranger, while leaning over this rail, lost his balance and fell into the pit. He struck by the side of a large grizzly bear, which at first stunned him by a blow in its mouth and completely crushed it.

"When the bear had bitten the man's leg nearly in two, some bystanders by the aid of ropes and clubs succeeded in getting him out of the den. He lay in a fainting condition.

"At this point a policeman stepped up.

"'I place you under arrest,' he said to the wounded man.

"'Arrest? What for?' gasped the victim.

"'For violating the rules of the park,' said the policeman. 'Don't you see that sign over there?'

"He pointed to a sign over the railing to the bears' den, which read:

"'It is positively forbidden to feed the animals.'"

Scientific Bread Making.

The following conversation, in which a young lady attending a science school tells how bread is made, is a striking commentary upon a correspondence which has recently appeared in the columns of The St. James' Gazette on the subject of British cooks:

"Bread!" she exclaims. "Well, I should say I can make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see, the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates everywhere, and transforms the plastic material into a linearly obvious atomic structure, and then—"

"But what is the plastic material you speak of?"

"O, that is commonly called the sponge."

"But how do you make the sponge?"

"Why, you don't make it; the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and hydrometer and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table is is just splendid."

Hard Luck for This Scientist.

A scientific gentleman told a little tale worth repeating at a British Association meeting the other day. He is engaged in collecting material for a book on magnetism and heard of a paper on the subject in a German periodical. Not knowing the Teutonic tongue, he sent the article to a translation bureau. In due time the translation was handed to him, and when he scanned the lines he became very wroth indeed, for the article was simply a careless rendering of one from the gentleman's own pen, which appeared in an English paper a year before. Insult was added to injury when the scientist had to pay for translation exactly as much again as he received from the proprietors of the journal in which the article originally figured.

Vitality of Snails.

The snail is blessed with great powers of vitality. A case is recorded of an Egyptian desert snail which came to life upon being immersed in warm water after having passed four years glued to a card in an English museum. Some species, in the collection of a certain naturalist, revived after they had apparently been dead for 16 years; and snails, having been frozen for weeks in solid blocks of ice, have recovered upon being thawed out. The eggs are as hard to destroy as the snail itself. They seem perfectly indifferent to freezing, and have been known to prove productive after having been shut called up in an oven to the semblance of grains of sand.

700 MEN QUIT WORK.

Nearly 600 of Them Are Moulders in the City of Montreal.

100 COTTON OPERATIVES OUT.

Both Sides Confident of Winning the Fight—Seems Now to Be a Question of Union or No Union in the Moulders' Matter—Bad Outlook at Buffalo.

Montreal, May 8.—The iron founders had a meeting at the Windsor on Saturday evening and decided that they would have nothing more to do with the union leaders who have brought about the strike. On the other hand, the men appear in no wise disconcerted at the announcement that the employers had determined to ignore the union. The following is a pretty correct list of the firms and the number of strikers: Parker's Foundry, 15; H. R. Ives & Co., 60; Amesse & Co., 15; W. Rodden & Co., 25; the Grand Trunk, 90; the Canadian Switch Company, 30; the Caledonia Iron Works, 30; Warden, King & Co., 50; the Canadian Pacific, 100; the Laurier Engine Works; 70; Drummond, McCall & Co., 70; Charity, Garth & Co., 20; Beaupre & Co., 15, or a total of 590 men who have quit work.

Cotton Employes Strike.

The Merchants' Cotton Manufacturing Company, which recently issued a circular announcing an advance in the prices of its products, has another though less important strike. About 100 employes went out on Saturday because they were refused an increase of ten per cent. in the wages.

Last week some of the other employes asked and obtained a similar advance. The company offered the strikers an advance of five per cent., but they refused it and left work.

Bad Outlook at Buffalo.

Buffalo, May 8.—The threat made last week by the officers of the Grain Shovelers' Union that if their troubles with the contractors for unloading grain at this port were not settled they would tie the entire commerce of the great lakes would be tied up, seems about to be fulfilled. The strikers absolutely refused to negotiate further with the representatives of the State Board of Arbitration or with the officials of the Lake Carriers' Association until the contract with W. J. Connors for the unloading of grain is annulled. The Lake Carriers' Association absolutely refuse to listen to this proposition, saying that it is impossible.

Bishop Quigley of the Catholic diocese of Buffalo has been appealed to by the State Board, but asks a day to consider.

In the meantime the harbor is becoming more and more congested.

ANOTHER BANK IS ROBBED.

Bank of Commerce at Dresden Loses $7,000 on Saturday.

Chatham, May 8.—Between 3 and 4 o'clock Saturday morning the vaults in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Dresden were opened and $7,000 in $5 and $10 Bank of Commerce bills secured. At about 4 o'clock Ben Maiden and his wife, who live over the bank, were awakened by an explosion, followed shortly after by another explosion. They had no idea the bank was being robbed, so that they did not bother getting up, and the robbery was not discovered until the bank officials went to work in the morning. Manager Musson sent into the Chatham branch of the bank for money for the day's business. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the job.

Scientific Research in Don Valley.

Toronto, May 8.—The natural history section of the Canadian Institute on Saturday afternoon visited the well which Prof. Coleman is sinking in the Don Valley. When the party arrived, the workmen were down 33¼ feet, and had just struck gravel, after passing through nothing but sand. In this gravel were shells similar to those found in the Mississippi and southern rivers, as well as other shells, showing that the waters of the region have been warmer, and at other times colder than the present temperature of Lake Ontario. This well is being sunk in accordance with a request of the British Association, to prove a long-established theory in regard to interglacial deposits. Probably the best evidence of inter-glacial deposits in the world are to be found between Toronto and Scarboro, and for this reason the British Association, by sinking a well to find the formation, hopes to prove beyond a doubt that the theory is correct. At 34 feet 9 inches the men struck a hard clay just as the party was leaving. Should peat be found in this clay, similar to the peaty clays of Scarboro and at the Don brick yards, the inter-glacial section will be complete. The men have about 80 feet further yet to go.

Hanging in the Barn.

Brantford, May 8.—Mr. George Simpson, a well-known farmer living a mile and a half out of Oakland, made a painful discovery on Saturday. On going into his barn at an early hour he found the body of his nephew, Edwin Simpson, hanging from one of the rafters. He lost no time in cutting the rope, but the suicide's life had been extinct for some hours. Deceased, who was 22, had acted a little strangely of late, but the family had no suspicion that he would attempt to take his life.

Said to Be a Defaulter.

Rossland, B.C., May 8.—W. S. Jones, collector of internal revenue, is alleged to be a defaulter and to have left the country. Inspectors Millar and Gill are here from Vancouver investigating the matter. Jones has been absent from Rossland for about a month, but it was understood that he would return. The amount taken will not exceed $1,000. Jones' whereabouts is not known to the authorities.

Mrs. W. C. Whitney Dead.

New York, May 8.—Mrs. William C. Whitney, wife of the former Secretary of the Navy, died shortly before 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Whitney's neck was broken about a year ago, and she has been kept alive ever since by the most modern appliances and the devoted care of a wealthy husband. Her case was looked upon as a triumph of modern surgery.

BANKS MAKING MONEY.

Nearly a Million and a Half to Be Paid to Canadian Bank Shareholders on June 1.

Montreal, May 8.—The sum of nearly one and one-half million dollars will be paid out in dividends on or about June 1 by the Canadian banks. Some 11 banking institutions chose the first of June as the day on which to begin the distributions of the half-yearly earnings, and, as a consequence, over $1,400,000 will be paid out and will again seek investment elsewhere. The Bank of Montreal leads off with $600,000 to be paid out to its stockholders, while the Merchants' Bank of Canada and the Canadian Bank of Commerce come second with $210,000 each. The following is the list of the banks which will pay the dividend and in all cases it is for the half year: Bank of Montreal, 4 per cent., $600,000; Merchants' Bank of Canada, 3½ per cent., $210,000; Canadian Bank of Commerce, 3½ per cent., $210,000; Bank of Toronto, 5 per cent., $100,000; Quebec Bank, 3 per cent., $75,000; Union Bank, 3 per cent., $59,934; Bank of Hamilton, 4 per cent., $50,000; Standard Bank, 4 per cent., $40,000; Banque d'Hochelaga, 3 per cent., $43,466; Ville Marie, 3 per cent., $14,388; Ontario Bank, 2½ per cent., $25,000; total, $1,427,788.

NEWS IN BRIEF SPACE.

Paderewski has nearly completed his gypsy opera. It is to be first produced in Dresden.

Rudyard Kipling is to be made an LL.D. by McGill University at Montreal at the June convocation.

Archbishop O'Connor preached his first sermon since his installation at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on Sunday.

The Montevidian has landed at Montreal 12 heavy field pieces, their destination being: Two for Cobourg, Ont.; two for St. John, N.B.; two for Montreal and six for Quebec.

Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey is fearful of his brother Murad V., whom he dethroned and succeeded, and is taking severe measures to curtail his influence and opportunities to do harm.

Stabbed Almost to Death.

Toronto, May 8.—Daniel Morrison, William Thompon and John Dandy have been arrested on a charge of feloniously wounding Thomas Cullen on Saturday afternoon. Cullen was left for dead, and it was thought at first that his head was cut in several places, one gash extending five inches on the left side, scalp wound one inch long, slash in chin and a cut in his left arm five inches long. A knife covered with blood was found in Dandy's possession, and will be used as evidence against him.

Pinkertons to Hunt.

Kingston, May 8.—Mr. Herrington of Napanee, County Crown Attorney, speaking of the escape of Pare and Holden, said Pare escaped from the only corridor in the jail that it was possible for him to get out from. He thinks that it will be a very difficult matter for the authorities to catch the fugitives, as they know perfectly well that if they are caught this time they will never obtain their liberty again in this world. It is not likely that they will go near a large city. The Pinkerton men will no doubt be on the lookout for them.

Rev. James Faull Dead.

Belleville, May 8.—Rev. James Faull died at the Methodist parsonage at Shannonville on Saturday morning after a two weeks' illness. Mr. Faull was a native of England and had resided in Canada for 30 years. He had been a Methodist minister for 28 years. Prof. Faull of Albert College is one of his sons.

Did They Try to Buy?

Winnipeg, May 8.—It is currently reported in railway circles in St. Paul that efforts have been made to purchase the entire system of the Northern Pacific Railway within the Province of Manitoba, with a view to its ultimate amalgamation with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Noel Was Fatally Hurt.

Montreal, May 8.—Joseph Noel of South Durham fell under the wheels at St. Lambert on Saturday evening, and was crushed so badly that he died yesterday. Noel was to have been married this week.

FRANCE IS DISTURBED

At What The London Times Said About Anglo-Russian Agreement.

Paris, May 4.—At the request of the Russian Government, M. Delcasse, Minister of Foreign Affairs, communicated to the press an official denial of the statements made in an article in The London Times that the Anglo-Russian agreement was to France's detriment.

The Echo de Paris expresses hope that the official arrangement between Russia and Great Britain differs materially from the present interpretation of it, "otherwise," the paper says, "our interests in Abyssinia and the far east will be held cheaply by the Muscovites."

THE TRANSVAAL.

London Chronicle Has News Which It Does Not Think Advisable to Print Just Now.

London, May 8.—The uneasy feeling that is prevalent here concerning developments in the Transvaal already is shown to an appreciable extent in the fall of South African securities on the Stock Exchange, while The Chronicle on Saturday stated that it has received sensational news, which, in view of the situation, it does not think it right to publish.

Significant, too, is the reply of Lord Lansdowne, Secretary for War, to a question in the House of Lords, where he refused to give up Ladysmith, in Eastern Cape Colony, as a military station.

The Uitlander petition to the Queen is still under consideration, but action thereon will soon have to be taken, and then the responsibility for what follows will be with President Kruger. Private information received here points to a general belief on the part of those interested in South African affairs that Kruger is unlikely to accede to Mr. Chamberlain's demands. In that case the Colonial Secretary is almost certain to proceed to extremities in force.

NEWS FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

Gen. Mascardo Thinks He Can "Whip the Whole Lot" of Americans.

Manila, May 8.—To clear the Filipinos out of Bacolor, about five miles southwest of San Fernando, will be the next task of the Americans. The rebel general Mascardo has a force of 6,000 men there, well armed and possessed of plenty of ammunition. His troops have never met American soldiers, and they think, according to reports carried to San Fernando, that they can "whip the whole lot."

The rebels have an outpost about a mile beyond San Fernando, with a trench that holds between two and three hundred men. From that point several volleys were fired last night upon the camp of the 20th Kansas Regiment.

Neither Major-General MacArthur nor Major-General Lawton moved on Sunday.

It is rumored that Mabini, president of the Cabinet and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the so-called Filipino Government, who is a Radical, is to be succeeded by Paterno, framer of the Spanish treaty of 1896. This change is regarded as significant at the present juncture.

TRADE RETURNS.

Increases and Decreases in Our Trade With Britain.

London, May 8.—The British Board of Trade returns for the month of April show the following changes in Canadian imports in British bottoms: Increases—Cattle, £9,000; corn, £9,000; bacon, £8,000; hams, £19,000; butter, £2,000; lumber, £22,000. Decreases—Sheep, £1,000; wheat, £19,000; flour, £8,000; peas, £2,000; cheese, £1,000; fish, £31,000; pulp, £7,000; timber, £4,000; horses, £1,000. The returns of exports to Canada in British bottoms show that the following increases occurred: Cottons, £5,000; linens, £2,000; lace, £2,000; silks, £1,000; woolens, £5,000; cutlery, £1,000; iron plates, £1,000; lead manufactures, £4,000. The exports of tin and iron decreased considerably.

MRS. BESANT'S POSITION.

The Former Anti-Christian Now "Realists Not Evil."

London, May 8.—Persons who knew Mrs. Annie Besant in her earlier days, when she was a militant anti-Christian, and later, when she was a fighting theosophist, will be surprised to learn that she has taken to Buddhism and she regeneration of the youth of the far east by the establishment of a great native university in India, she has abandoned the right of self-defence. A friend recently wrote to her, urging her to bring an action against a man who libelled her. She replied:

"I could not consistently sue a slanderer nor seek to punish one who injures me. All such actions I have renounced. They belong to the life of the world, and I'm outside the spiritual life to which I am definitely pledged. This man is only playing a lower part. I pay it chosenfully, and cannot open a new account with him by punishing him."

Sir H. S. Naylor-Leyland Dead.

London, May 8—Capt. Sir Herbert Scarisbrick Naylor-Leyland, Bart., who had represented the Southport division of Southwest Lancashire in the House of Commons in the Liberal interests since last August, died yesterday of laryngitis, after a long illness. He passed away at his London residence, Hyde Park House, Albert Gate, S.W., in the presence of his wife, who was Miss Jennie Wilson Chamberlain, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, and of his mother-in-law, Mrs. William S. Chamberlain. Sir Herbert was in his 36th year.

De Freycinet Steps Down.

Paris, May 8.—The Dreyfus juggernaut has crushed another War Minister, and the retirement of M. Freycinet is welcomed by both his friends and enemies. His vigor is disappearing with age, and he is no longer capable of performing the duties of responsible statesmanship. M. Krantz, the new War Minister, has no important antecedents, but it is understood that he favors revision. Sr does M. Monestier, the new member of the Cabinet, but he is rated politically as a mere satellite of Premier Dupuy.

Rome, May 8.—The young Duke of Abruzzi, King Humbert's nephew, has taken a tearful farewell of his royal relatives and started, via Norway, for the Polar regions. He proposes to make straight for Franz Joseph Land in a specially prepared steamship, the Star of Italy, penetrate as far north as possible, and, when frozen in, to make a rush for the Pole with sleighs. He promised his friends so he back in Rome on June 1, 1900, with relics of Andree.

FOR PAINS RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC, LUMBAGIC, FOR HEADACHE, BACKACHE, TOOTHACHE, USE

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT CURE,
THE SURE CURE,
THE CURE ALL 'ROUND.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE BEST

Like a Woman.

She—My dear, I want to go to Cuba.

He—No, you don't, dear. Don't you remember how the climate disagreed with our soldier boys?

"Well, it will agree with me all right or I'll know the reason why."—Yonkers Statesman

KIDNEY DISEASES

Are Positively Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Lanark County People Know This—Their Experience Has Proved It—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Peter O'Brien of Kidney Complaint.

Kilmarnock, May 1.—The people of this section are among the shrewdest and most level-headed people in Canada. They know a good thing when they meet it. And when they "run up against" a good thing they make use of it. That is why Dodd's Kidney Pills have such an enormous sale in this district. That's the reason Dodd's Kidney Pills are used in nearly every household in the county.

It is nothing unusual to hear of several cures of Kidney Disease every day by Dodd's Kidney Pills in this neighborhood. The medicine is in universal use. It has the record of having completely cured every case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Heart Failure, Urinary Disease, Diseases of Women, or Blood Impurity, in which it has been used. Our people also claim that it is the only medicine on earth that will cure these diseases.

A still further claim is made by those who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They assert emphatically (and, to speak the truth, they bring convincing proof) that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are as easily cured, if Dodd's Kidney Pills are used, as is a common cold.

Mrs. Peter O'Brien, of Smith's Falls, whose cure is the latest reported, has many friends in Kilmarnock, and her complete recovery amazes her neighbors and friends. Her case was a severe one of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills worked a wonderfully quick and complete cure.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes for $2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Catching Turtles in the West Indies.

A curious mode of catching turtle is practiced in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker fish, which is then thrown overboard and immediately makes for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged on the top of his head. The fisherman then hauls both turtle and sucking fish in.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

She Had a Lover.

Practical Maiden—Of course your house is supplied with what we call a sitting-room.

Sweet Sixteen—Certainly.

Practical Maiden—How large is it?

Sweet Sixteen (ingenuously)—About one lap.

That tired feeling will disappear and you will be able to eat well and sleep well by using Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

An Immortal.

"Kipling" said the amateur poet, "will never die."

"And yet," replied the critic, "he is being murdered every day."—Philadelphia North American.

PORT MULGRAVE, JUNE 5, 1897.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for all ills. It is the best liniment I have ever used.

MRS. JOSIAH HART.

Potatoes Prevent Gout.

Gout is rarely known among the working classes of Ireland. Their immunity from this complaint is thought to be due to the fact that their food consists largely of potatoes.

Dogskin Clothes.

In northern China many of the natives are dressed in dogskin. There are many establishments where dogs of a peculiar breed are raised for their skins. They are killed when eight months old.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the liver and secretory organs, through which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system, and thoroughly purify the water or food and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

It Was Too Good for Her.

Clerk—Madam, this goods will wear you five years.