HOME V. HOTEL LIFE

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on a Question of Domestic Interest.

He Points Out the Disadvantages of a Life Spent in Hotels and Boarding Houses--The Wholesome Influences Surrounding the Home.

Washington, July 9.—Home life versus hotel life is the theme of Dr. Talmage's sermon for to-day, the disadvantages of a life spent at more or less temporary stopping places being sharply contrasted with the blessings that are found in the real home, however humble. The text is Luke x. 34, 35: "And brought him to an inn and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed he took out two pence and gave them to the host and said unto him, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more when I come again I will repay thee."

This is the good Samaritan paying the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed and almost killed by bandits. The good Samaritan had found the unfortunate on a lonely, rocky road, where to this very day depredations are sometimes committed upon travelers, and had put the injured man into the saddle, while this merciful and well-to do man had walked till they got to the hotel, and the wounded man was put to bed and cared for. It must have been a very superior hotel in its accommodations, for, though in the country, the landlord was paid at the rate of what in our country would be $4 or $5 a day, a penny being then a day's wages, and the two pennies paid in this case about two days' wages. Moreover, it was one of those kind-hearted landlords who are wrapped up in the happiness of their guests, because the good Samaritan leaves the poor wounded fellow to his entire care, promising that when he came that way again he would pay all the bills until the invalid got well.

Hotels and boarding houses are necessities. In very ancient times they were unknown, because the world had comparatively few inhabitants, and those were not much given to travel, and private hospitality met all the wants of sojourners, as when Abraham rushed out at Mamre to invite the three men to sit down to a dinner of veal; as when the people were positively commanded to be given to hospitality; as in many of the places in the east these ancient customs are practiced to-day. But we have now hotels presided over by good landlords, and boarding houses presided over by excellent host or hostess in all neighborhoods, villages and cities, and it is our congratulation that those of our land surpass all other lands. They rightly become the permanent residence of many people, such as those who are without families, such as those whose business keeps them migratory, such as those who ought not for various reasons of health or peculiarity of circumstances, to take upon themselves the cares of housekeeping.

Many a man falling sick in one of these boarding houses or hotels has been kindly watched and nursed; and by the memory of her own sufferings and losses the lady at the head of such a house has done all that a mother could do for a sick child, and the slumberless eye of God sees and appreciates her sacrifices in behalf of the stranger. Among the most marvelous cases of patience and Christian fidelity are many of those who keep boarding houses, enduring without resentment the unreasonable demands of their guests for expensive food and attentions for which they are not willing to pay an equivalent—a lot of cranky men and women who are not worthy to tie the shoe of their queenly caterer. The outrageous way in which boarders sometimes act to their landlords and landladies shows that these critical guests had bad early rearing and that in the making up of their natures all that constitutes the gentleman and lady was left out. Some of the most primitive and all some of the most elegant women that I know of to-day keep hotels and boarding houses.

Lawful and Unlawful Use of Hotels.

But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns and cities are giving up and have given up their homes and taken apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding houses is for most people while they are in transition, but as a terminus they are in many cases demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which families innumerable have begun to disintegrate. There never has been a time when so many families, healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, have stuck fast and taken permanent abode in these public establishments. It is an evil wide as Christendom, and by voice and through the newspaper press I utter warning and burning protest and ask Almighty God to bless the word, whether in the hearing or reading.

In these public caravansaries the demon of gossip is apt to get full sway. All the boarders run daily the gauntlet of general inspection—how they look when they come down in the morning and when they get in at night, and what they do for a living, and who they receive as guests in their rooms, and what they wear and what they do not wear, and how they eat, and what they eat, and how much they eat, and how little they eat. If a man proposes in such a place to be isolated and reticent and alone, they begin to guess about him: Who is he? Where did he come from? How long is he going to stay? Has he paid his board? How much does he pay? Perhaps he has committed some crime and does not want to be known. There must be something wrong about him, or he would speak. The whole house goes into the detective business. They must find out about him. They must find out about him right away. If he leaves his door unlocked by accident, he will find that his rooms have been inspected, his trunk explored, his letters folded differently from the way they were folded when he put them away. Who is he? is the question asked with intenser interest until the subject has become a monomania. The simple fact is that he is nobody in particular, but minds his own business.

The best landlords and landladies cannot sometimes hinder their places from becoming a pandemonium of whisperers, and reputations are torn to tatters, and evil suspicions are aroused, and scandals started, and the parliament of the family is blown to atoms by some Guy Fawkes who was not caught in time, as was his English predecessor of gunpowder reputation. The reason is that while in private homes families have so much to keep them busy in these promiscuous and multitudinous residences there are so many who have nothing to do, and that always makes mischief. They gather in each other's rooms and spend hours in consultation about others. If they had to walk a half mile before they got to the willing ear of some listener to detraction, they would be out of breath before reaching there and not feel in full glow of animosity or slander, or might, because of the distance, not go at all. But rooms 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25 are on the same corridor, and when one carrion crow goes "Caw! Caw!" all the other crows hear it and flock together over the same carcass. "Oh, I have heard something rich! Sit down and let me tell you all about it." And the first guffaw increases the gathering, and it has to be told all over again, and as they separate each carries a spark from the altar of Gab to some other circle until, from the coal heaver in the cellar to the maid in the top room of the garret, all are aware of the defamation, and that evening all who leave the house will bear it to other homes until autumnal fires sweep across Illinois prairies are less raging and swift than that flame of consuming reputation blazing across the village or city.

Gossip of the Boarding House.

Those of us who were brought up in the country know that the old-fashioned hatching of eggs in the hayrow required four or five weeks of brooding, but there are new modes of hatching by machinery, which take less time and do the work by wholesale. So, while the private home may brood into life an occasional falsity, and take a long time to do it, many of the boarding houses and family hotels afford a swift and easy incubation, and one old gossip will get off the nest after one hour's brooding, clucking a flock of lies after her, each one picking up its little worm of juicy regalement. It is no advantage to hear too much about your neighbors, for your time will be so much occupied in taking care of other faults that you will have no time to look after your own. And while you are pulling the chickweed out of their garden, yours will get all overgrown with horse sorrel and mullen-stalks.

One of the worst damages that come from the herding of so many people into boarding houses and family hotels is injured children. Children are in only another way of bringing them up on the commons. While you have your own private house you can, for the most part, control their companionship and their whereabouts, but by 12 years of age in these public resorts they will have picked up all the bad things that can be furnished by the prurient minds of dozens of people. They will overhear blasphemies and see quarrels and get precocious in sin, and what the bartender does not tell them the porter or hostler or bell boy will.

Besides that, the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchoring, steadying and all controlling memory of a home. From that none of us who have been blessed of such memory have escaped. It grips a man for 80 years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from doors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations. As the fish already surrounded by the long wide net swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they defy the sportsman on the beach, and after awhile the fishermen begin to draw in the net hand over hand and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that, hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the shore and are brought up to the very feet of the captors, so the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out farther and farther from God and farther and farther from shore—5 years, 10 years, 20 years, 30 years—but some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering, and, though they make desperate effort to escape the impression and try to dive deeper down in sin, after awhile are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages.

If it be possible, oh, father and mother! let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semiomnipotent memory of a good, pure home. About your two or three rooms in a boarding house or a family hotel you can cast no such glorious sanctity. They will think of these caravansaries as an early stopping place, malodorous with old victuals, coffees perpetually steaming and meats in everlasting stew or broil, the air surcharged with carbonic acid and corridors along which drunken boarders come staggering at 1 o'clock in the morning, rapping at the door till the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling such a place a home.

The Privacy of Home.

A home is four walls inclosing one family with identity of interest and a privacy from outside inspection so complete that it is a world in itself, no one entering except by permission—bolted and barred and chained against all outside inquisitiveness. The phrase so often used in law books and legal circles is mightily suggestive—every mans' house is his castle. As much so as though it had drawbridge, portcullis, redoubt, bastion and armed turret. Even the officer of the law may not enter to serve a writ except the door be voluntarily opened unto him. Burglary or the invasion of it is a crime so offensive that the law clashes its iron jaws on anyone who attempts it. Unless it be necessary to stay for longer or shorter time in family hotel or boarding house—and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary, as I showed you at the beginning—unless this exceptional case, let neither wife nor husband consent to such permanent residence.

The probability is that the wife will have to divide her husband's time with public smoking or reading room or with some coquettish spider in search of unwary flies, and if you do not entirely lose your husband it will be because he is divinely protected from the disasters that have whelmed thousands of husbands with as good intentions as yours. Neither should the husband without imperative reason consent to such a life unless he is sure his wife can withstand the temptation of social dissipation which sweeps across such places with the force of the Atlantic ocean when driven by a September equinox. Many wives give up their homes for these public residences so that they may give their entire time to operas, theaters, balls, receptions and levees, and they are in a perpetual whirl, like a whiptop spinning round and round and round very prettily, until it loses its equipoise and shoots off into a tangent. But the difference is, in one case it is a top and in the other a soul.

Besides this there is an assiduous accumulation of little things around the private home which in the aggregate make a great attraction, while the denizen of one of these public residences is apt to say, "What is the use? I have no place to keep them if I should take them." Mementos, bric-a-brac, curiosities, quaint chair or cozy lounge, upholsteries, pictures and a thousand things that accrete in a home are discarded or neglected because there is no homestead in which to arrange them. And yet they are the case in which the pearl of domestic happiness is set. You can never become as attached to the appointments of a boarding house or family hotel as to those things that you can call your own and are associated with the different members of your household or with scenes of thrilling interest in your domestic history. Blessed is that home in which for a whole lifetime they have been gathering until every figure in the carpet and every panel of the door and every casement of the window has a chirography of its own, speaking out something about father or mother or son or daughter or friend that was with us awhile.

The Grace of Hospitality.

The public residence of hotel and boarding house abolishes the grace of hospitality. Your guest does not want to come to such a table. No one wants to eat such a gauntlet of acute and merciless hypercriticism. Unless you have a home of your own you will not be able to exercise the best rewarded of all the graces. For exercise of this grace what blessing came to the Shunammite in the restoration of her son to life because she entertained Elisha, and to the widow of of Zarephath in the perpetual oil well of the miraculous cruse because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Rahab in the preservation of her life at the demolition of Jericho because she entertained the spies, and to Lahan in the formation of an interesting family relation because of his entertainment of Jacob, and to Lot in his rescue from the destroyed city because of his entertainment of the angels, and to Mary and Martha and Zacchaus in spiritual blessing because they entertained Christ, and to Publius in the island of Melita in the healing of his father because of the entertainment of Paul, drenched from the shipwreck, and of innumerable houses throughout Christendom upon which have come blessings from generation to generation because their doors swung easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating and divine grace of hospitality. I do not know what your experience has been, but I have had men and women visiting at my house who left a benediction on every room—in the blessing they asked at the table, in the prayer they offered at the family altar, in the good advice they gave the children, in the gospelization that looked out from every lineament of their countenances, and their departure was the sword of bereavement. The Queen of Norway, Sweden and Denmark had a royal cup of ten curves, or lips, each one having on it the name of the distinguished person who had drunk from it. And that cup which we offer to others in Christian hospitality, though it be of the plainest earthenware, is a royal cup, and God can read on all sides the names of those who have taken from it refreshment, but all this is impossible unless you have a home of your own.

Advice to Young People.

Young married man, as soon as you can, buy such a place, even if you have to put on it a mortgage reaching from base to capstone. The much abused mortgage, which is ruin to a reckless man, is one prudent and provident is the beginning of a competency and a fortune for the reason he will not be satisfied until he has paid it off, and all the household are put on stringent economies until then. Deny yourself all superfluities and all luxuries until you can say, "Everything in this house is mine, thank God!—every timber, every brick, every foot of plumbing, every doorsill." Do not have your children born in a boarding house, and do not yourself be buried from one. Have a place where your children can shout and sing and romp without being overhauled for the racket. Have a kitchen where you can do something toward the reformation of evil cookery and the lessening of this nation of dyspeptics. As Napoleon lost one of his great battles by an attack of indigestion, so many men have such a daily wrestle with the food swallowed that they have no strength left for the battle of life; and though your wife may know how to play on all musical instruments and rival a prima donna, she is not well educated unless she can boil an Irish potato and broil a mutton chop, since the diet sometimes decides the fate of families and nations.

Have a sittingroom with at least one easy chair, even though you have to take turns at sitting in it, and books out of the public library or of your own purchase for the making of your family intelligent, and checker boards and guessing matches, with an occasional blind man's buff—which is of all games my favorite. Rouse up your home with styles of innocent mirth, and gather up in your children's nature a reservoir of exuberance that will pour down refreshing when life gets parched, and when the dark days come, and the lights go out, and the laughter is smothered into a sob.

First, last and all the time have Christ in your home. Julius Caesar calmed the fears of an affrighted boatman who was rowing him in a stream by saying, "So long as Caesar is with you in the same boat no harm can happen." And whatever storm of adversity or bereavement or poverty may strike your home all is well as long as you have Christ the king on board. Make your home so far-reaching in its influence that down to the last moment of your children's life you may hold them with a heavenly charm. At 76 years of age the Demosthenes of the American Senate lay dying at Washington—I mean Henry Clay of Kentucky. His pastor sat at his bedside, and "the old man eloquent," after a long and exciting public life, transatlantic and cisatlantic, was back again in the scenes of his boyhood, and he kept saying in his dreams over and over again, "My mother, mother, mother!" May the parental influence we exert be not only potential, but holy, and so the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather, grandmother and grandchild and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now.

"Old Secession."

An interesting relic at the Confederate reunion at Charleston, S. C., was the iron 6 pound cannon, "Old Secession," which was used in announcing the opening of the secession convention in that city and was again fired when the ordinance of secession was passed. It was also used to announce the secession of each state as the news was received in Charleston, and whenever its roar was heard many persons rushed to see what state had joined South Carolina. The cannon has been removed at night to various places and buried since the evacuation of Charleston in 1864. It was recently dug up in Savannah and returned to Charleston, where it has been suitably mounted and labeled with silver plates and will be kept as a relic.

A Woman's Pluck.

Mrs. J. M., Ottawa, gives her experience.

She writes:—"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated, and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart, for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

We will send our pamphlet free, giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. A full treatment sent in plain wrapper to any address on receipt of price, $3. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Write for our private address.

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

THE DANGER OF STEADY DRINKING.

There are men who have never been drunk who are in deadly danger because of their drinking habits. There are slaves of the bottle who never walk with unsteady step. They think themselves safe because they refrain from what they call excess. Let them try to abstain and they will realize that, unknown to themselves, strong drink has become a necessity of their lives. Such men must escape this bondage or go down. Continued indulgence is more harmful than occasional outbreaks of wild drunkenness. Many scientists testify to this fact. Dr. John M. Keating, Medical Referee of the Pennsylvania Mutual Life Association, has written a famous book, in which he sets out the unwisdom of insuring men who are intemperate. He goes into lengthy details of the physical injury which drinking habits entail, and adds: "The primary effects of alcohol on the nervous system—from nervous disorders, from various disorders of motion and sensation up to delirium tremens—are among the earliest, but not the most fatal of its results.

Samaria Prescription may not be wanted by some men who have drifted into the habit of tippling and think themselves safe because they never get "blind drunk." But they need the remedy even worse than those who never touch liquor for months only to break out into a periodical "spree" which "paralyzes" them for several days. The tippler, while never drunk, is never really sober. His system is saturated with the alcoholic disease, and its taint, transmitted to his children, is a curse to their lives.

It's the tippler that most needs the home treatment which a wife may administer without the need of his knowledge or consent. Samaria Prescription is a scientific preparation, acknowledged by some of the best medical examiners connected with life insurance companies as being the most effective remedy to correct the injuries and repair the wastes of the liquor habit of a lifetime and to destroy all desire for liquor ever after. The treatment is in the form of tablets, having neither taste or smell, and which are readily mixed and dissolved in any food. And while its action is primarily directed to cure alcoholism, its effects on the stomach, heart, liver and kidneys are of the highest and most lasting benefits. Its good work begins with the first dose.

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DOINGS OF THE WEEK

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Pruned, Punctuated and Preserved in Pithy Paragraphs for the Perusal of Practical People — Personal, Political and Profitable.

THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The Ontario Department of Crown Lands has been asked to grant a license for a frog manufactory to be located near Napanee. It is the intention of the promoters to breed all kinds of frogs for table use on an extensive scale.

SPORTING.

The starters in the big double-scull race at Sydney, N.S., will be Durnan and Alward, Toronto; Brennan brothers and Lynch brothers, Halifax.

Kaiser Wilhelm has offered to give his crack yacht Meteor for the trial races with the Shamrock in order to tune her up for her races with the Columbia.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Fire on Sunday started in C. Lang's elder and fruit jelly factory, spreading to a storehouse owned by F. W. Graef at Clifford, completely destroyed both buildings. Insured: Lang, $2,000; Graef, $800; no insurance.

At Chicago on Thursday fire destroyed the Illinois Can Factory, which employs about 400 hands. The coolness and expert precision of the firemen, aided by the police, prevented a panic. The men and women were taken from the burning structure by ladders and fire escapes, and no one was injured. The loss was $150,000; insurance $125,000.

THE DEAD.

Monsignour Jose Perault, Bishop of Panama, died at Colon, Colombia, after a few days' illness.

Robert Bonner, publisher of The New York Ledger and owner of famous horses, died at his home in New York City on Thursday night. Mr. Bonner was born in Ireland in 1824.

Mr. C. Norsworthy of the firm of Norsworthy & Company, St. Thomas, dropped dead on Thursday night about 9.30. The deceased was 68 years of age, and went to that town 28 years ago, and was the founder of the Red Foundry. He leaves seven sons and one daughter.

Four men were killed in an explosion in the Hund mines at Fort Orwin, near Dover, N.J., on Friday. The men were reconstructing an old shaft when a tank of oil exploded.

George Montgomery, a St. Thomas harnessmaker, fell from a bridge on the Wabash Railroad sustaining injuries from which he died on Saturday. Deceased leaves a wife and two daughters. He was about 50 years of age.

On Saturday morning, in the L.E. & D.R.R. yards at Chatham, Isaac Ions, fireman on the yard engine, while attempting to couple the engine to a car, got his foot fastened in a frog. The engine passed over the body, almost cutting it in two.

A destructive cyclone passed Ainsworth, Neb., two miles to the north Thursday afternoon, killing one woman and tearing houses, barns, fences and bridges into kindling wood. All the crops on some farms were completely destroyed and much stock killed in the storm.

The water is now receding in the flood district of Texas, but the country has been swept of everything and the people left alive are in danger of starving before relief can possibly reach them. A number of negroes, who had clung to tree tops for three days and nights, became exhausted, fell and were drowned.

A northbound passenger train on the Burlington road went through a culvert near Waldron, Me., 17 miles north of Kansas City, on Friday night. Fireman Charles Welty of St. Joseph, Mo., was killed, and five or six passengers are reported to have been seriously injured. A heavy rain washed out 120 feet of roadbed.

On Friday evening Bert Fletcher and Albert Green of Newcastle were both seriously injured by the accidental discharge of a gun. Fletcher was getting through a fence on William Lansley's farm, and dragged the gun after him, when the trigger caught against a rail. The fingers of Fletcher's right hand were blown off and the buckshot lodged in Green's legs above and below the knees. The doctors consider the wounds serious.

UNCLASSIFIED.

The British Government announces that it will contribute £45,000 to the Antarctic expedition fund.

Advices from Dawson state that the steamer Robert Kerr left there June 20 with over $3,000,000 worth of gold dust for St. Michael's.

The Roseland Miners' Union has passed a resolution of support in Hon. Joseph Martin, and says that he was grossly insulted by the aristocracy on the occasion of the banquet there because he favored the miners' eight hour law.

The new permanent lighthouse pier at the upper end of the Quebec Traverse was successfully sunk in position on a perfectly level bottom on Thursday night. This new aid to St. Lawrence navigation will be a great boon to mariners.

The committee of Grand Trunk engineers had a conference with the railway authorities on Thursday at Montreal, and were presented with an amended schedule for the one they tendered the Grand Trunk a few weeks ago. The engineers will give a reply in a week.

Comptroller W. J. Morgan charges awful cruelty to women in New York State, and says in his indictment that girls confined in State House of Refuge were stripped of their clothing and whipped naked by male officers.

The House of Commons on Thursday evening rejected the amendment to the London Government bill, permitting the election of women as councillors, by a vote of 248 against the amendment to 177 in favor. The House of Lords amendment providing for the exclusion of women from the office of councillor was then formally agreed to.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

August Becker, the Chicago stock yards butcher, was found guilty of the murder of his first wife on Friday. His punishment was fixed at death.

A tramp has been arrested at Tress Bank, near Brandon, Man., on suspicion of having committed the murder of Mrs. Lane. A revolver, with two empty cartridges, was found in a lane near the spot, and a cartridge belt was found on the man.

Frank Elliott, a Toronto City Hall clerk, is lying in St. Michael's Hospital suffering from a gash in his head which required 16 stitches. Elliott says he received the injury from Charles Sanderson of 16 Dufferin street, who used a penknife. He is in a precarious condition.

Former King Milan, father of King Alexander of Servia, narrowly escaped assassination there on Thursday evening. The would-be murderer, who is about 28 years old is under arrest. He has not yet been identified. He fired four revolver shots, one of which slightly grazed His Majesty, another wounding the hand of Adjutant Lukitch, who was with him.

Joseph Ponessa, a laborer of Fort Erie, Ont., piled several ties on the Grand Trunk tracks near the curve and fixed them so that any train that struck them would surely be derailed. The obstruction was discovered just in time to prevent a train carrying a big crowd from the race track at Fort Erie to Buffalo being wrecked. Ponessa was arrested and sentenced to two years in penitentiary.

PARE AND HOLDEN.

Once More They Are Behind Prison Bars at Napanee.

Napanee, Ont., July 7. — Detective Greer of Toronto arrived at 3.40 yesterday morning with the prisoners, Pare and Holden from Campbellton, N. B. Both prisoners seem to be in their usual health.

Constable Duncan of Campbellton, N. B., who is now with Inspector Greer, is just $1,000 richer through the Pare and Holden escape. He is was who apprehended the prisoners, and he will get the reward offered by the Ontario Government. The jailer of Napanee has informed Dr. Chamberlain at Toronto that the jail is perfectly fit to accommodate Pare, Holden and Roach. Dr. Chamberlain made some recommendations to a special committee of the Napanee Council a couple of weeks ago, which have been carried out to the letter. Extra men will be placed in the prison as guards.

Bisley Is Already White.

London, July 10.—Although they only landed Tuesday the Canadian riflemen were already practicing at Bisley Wednesday. They had an unpleasant experience Tuesday. The visitors arrived in London late, missed the last train to Bisley and drove about London for hours seeking lodgings. Finally they had to separate and each man hustled for himself. Bisley is already white with tents. The attendance promises to be unprecedented, and the entries have increased immensely, aggregating hundreds above those of 1898.

KRUGER BACKS DOWN

AGREES TO MAKE FURTHER FRANCHISE CONCESSIONS.

Great Britain Still Keeping Up the Clatter of Arms for the Purpose of Hastening a Settlement—Those Who Will Get the Franchise.

Pretoria, July 10.—After an all-day secret session the Volksraad on Saturday appointed a committee of five to draft a franchise reform bill. The Government proposals comprise a revision of the Registration Act and provide for the Uitlanders obtaining the franchise by nine years' residence. They are to be allowed to exercise the right immediately.

"Absurdly Insufficient."

London, July 10.—According to the Johannesburg correspondent of The Daily Mail, the Uitlanders regard the Transvaal Government's proposals as "absurdedly insufficient."

The Crisis Passed.

London, July 10.—The Rome correspondent of The Daily Mail says: "The Pope has been in correspondence with Great Britain, and yesterday he received a despatch from the Transvaal's chief magistrate, declaring that a settlement was still distant, but that the crisis was passed."

Will Prosecute for Treason.

Pretoria, July 10.—The Transvaal Government has decided to prosecute, on the charge of high treason, the three principal defendants whose complicity in the Johannesburg disturbances a rebellious rising at Johannesburg has been for several weeks under judicial investigation.

Kruger Dallying to Gain Time.

London, July 10.—All the despatches from Cape Town and Johannesburg to the morning papers concur as to the complexity and obscurity of the Boer proposals, and declare that the Uitlanders are profoundly disappointed. In Johannesburg it is believed that President Kruger is only dallying to gain time until the wet season makes campaigning difficult for the Britishers.

HAS SEDAN BEEN FORGOTTEN?

German Emperor Showing Great Friendliness to Frenchmen.

Bergen, Norway, July 8.—Emperor William has invited the officers and 60 cadets of the French training ship Iphegenie, which he visited here yesterday and inspected, and the German cadets of the training ship Gneisenau, to meet at an entertainment last night on board the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern.

The Kaiser to Loubet.

Paris, July 8.—Emperor William of Germany has telegraphed as follows to President Loubet: "Bergen, July 6.—To the President of the French Republic, Paris:

"I have had the pleasure to see on board the schoolship Iphigenie young French sailors whose military bearing and sympathetic demeanor worthy of their noble country made a deep impression upon me. My sailor's heart and spirit of comradeship rejoiced at the gracious welcome accorded me by her commander, officers and crew. I congratulate myself, Monsieur le President, on the happy circumstances which permitted me to meet the Iphigenie and your amiable countrymen. (Signed) 'William.'"

Loubet's Reply.

President Loubet replied:

"His Majesty William II., Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, Bergen:

"I am deeply touched by the telegram Your Imperial Majesty addressed to me after your visit to the Iphigenie, and desire to thank you for the honor done our sailors and the manner in which Your Majesty was pleased to convey to me the impression made by this visit. (Signed) Loubet."

IS OTIS DECEIVING UNCLE SAM?

German Advices Indicate That His Despatches From Manila Are Doctored.

Berlin, July 10.—The press comments on the war in the Philippines, and the decision of President McKinley to increase the force of American troops there are not hopeful for American success. The difficulty of the situation is regarded as confirmatory of the views expressed before the rebellion. The Vossische Zeitung makes merry over what it calls Gen. Otis' Napoleonic art of preparing bulletins, and adds: "With negligence of the most obvious facts, he has been reiterating for months that the resistance of the Tagalos was broken, their armies in complete dissolution, and the end of the war in sight." The Deutsche Tages Zeitung prints a letter from a German at Manila complaining of the Americans "destroying the best part of trade and industry in the Philippines, and deceiving their countrymen at home by sending false news."

Having a Dreadful Time.

Manila, July 10.—It has been raining and storming almost constantly for two days, and the country along the American south and by lines is literally flooded. The soldiers are suffering great discomfort. The 13th Infantry Regiment at Pasay is in the worst position, being practically surrounded by water. In many cases the men are sleeping with three feet of water beneath their bunks, which are elevated on cracker boxes.

Fatherly Advice.

Little Egbert—Papa, did you ever hold a political office?

Mr. Swopsleigh—No, my son, and when you see other boys who may throw money around more freely than you are permitted to always remember that I have had to work for every dollar I ever got in my life.

"Then shall our names be as familiar in their mouths as household words." Says Shakespeare. Or, as Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

Machine Versus Hand Labor.

A discriminating writer persistently says that well-equipped farmers who have lands adapted to potato growing will grow them by the hundred acre and win profit even though prices should be low, while those who cannot afford to own an outfit of machinery will quit raising them for market. The man who plants and harvests by hand labor cannot compete in raising for the market with the one who plants and harvests with machines any more than the wheat grower who sows by hand and harvests with a cradle can compete with the grower who runs a feeder and a self-binder.

Culinary Item.

Hicks—So you were at Pincheley's last night. Does he serve a good dinner?

Wicks—Well, I'll say this much for Pincheley, he serves the dinner rather better than he did the diners.—Boston Transcript.

Cause of the Trouble.

"Why must you and your good wife separate, Pat? Can't the trouble be patched up?"

"No, sir. That's joost it. She won't patch up me pants."—Philadelphia North American.

BLOOD POISONING.

Terrible Suffering of a Prince Edward County Farmer.

Hospital Treatment Failed to Benefit Him and His Life Was Despaired Of—Again Well and Strong.

From the Belleville Sun.

A reporter of the Belleville Sun recently had an opportunity to investigate a cure made through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which is little short of miraculous. The subject of the cure is Mr. William H. Conklin, a well known farmer who lives in Ameliasburg township, Prince Edward county. When the reporter drove over to see Mr. Conklin he was under the impression, from what he had heard of the case, that he would find a partial invalid, but to his surprise found a stalwart, robust man of six feet, actively engaged unloading logs from a sleigh. On making known the object of his visit the reporter was invited into the house and Mr. Conklin gave his story as follows:

"You can see for yourself that my condition is now one of good health, and yet I have been near death's door. A year ago last summer I injured my hand, with the result that blood poisoning set in. A doctor was called in and the usual treatment given, and the hand apparently got well and I started to work. It soon turned out, however, that the poison was not been entirely got rid of and it spread through my whole system. The doctor was again called in, but, looking upon my case as critical, advised me to go to the hospital at Belleville. This I did and remained there throughout the month of October, 1897. My condition was desperate, and as I was not making any progress toward recovery, I may frankly say that I gave my case up as hopeless. Believing that I could not recover, I asked to be taken home. I then tried various treatments with no better results. I could not walk without help, and I was doubled up like a jack knife. At this stage I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and sent for half a dozen boxes. After using the first half dozen my appetite returned, and night sweats, which had been the bane of my sleeping hours, deserted me. Knowing that the pills were helping me, I sent for a further supply. Meantime a swelling came in my hip, which finally broke, and from that on my progress was more rapid, and I am again as sound as ever, and able to do a day's work with any one. I can only add that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought me to my present state of good health, and as long as I live I shall praise the remedy that brought me back from the verge of the grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

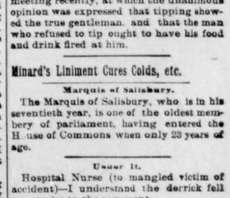
Remarkable Telephone.

A new telephone will shortly be placed before the public, announces the London Chronicle. Its distinguishing merit is that it enables a conversation to be conducted without the necessity of the listener holding the instrument to his ear. A representative of the Chronicle was present when some experiments were made William one of the instruments, and speech was clearly heard through various resistances at a distance of 30 feet.

HANDY POST LIFTER.

Although Extremely Simple It Never Fails to Do Its Work.

During the slack of work I have been doing some fence building, changing the boundaries of a large field, which has necessitated the moving of some 80 or 90 cedar posts still in sufficiently good condition to replant. These posts had been set, not driven, says Guy E. Mitchell, and had not been pointed, so that getting them out of the ground was at times a difficult task. Although the sod was wet, yet after working them loose in all directions they stuck so persistently and required so much tugging, effort and



SUBSTANTIAL POST LIFTER.

time to get them above ground that I decided to procure some assistance which would not only be available for the job in hand, but for future references. I concluded if I could get a crowbar with an upturned end, which could be hammered out to a point at the blacksmith shop, that it would answer; but, failing in this, I took a stout, seasoned post about four inches in diameter and six or seven feet long and had it shod with a heavy piece of iron with an out-turned point. With this implement, after working them loose, it was a very easy matter, with the use of another post for a fulcrum, to pry out the old posts, no matter how tenaciously they stuck.

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 Hickie'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.

Compressed Air for Power.

A gas motor car of the Dessau Gas Railway Company was on exhibition at the German industrial exposition in Berlin, together with a portable engine which furnishes compressed gas to run the car. For more than a year a car similar to this has been making regular daily runs on the Charlottenburg-Knie street car line in Berlin, and has rendered very satisfactory service.

It is not what you eat, but what assimilates that nourishes. MILLER'S COMPOUND IRON PILLS cure faulty assimilation.

Waiters Demand Tips.

The waiters of London, England, held a meeting recently, at which the unanimous opinion was expressed that tipping should be the true gentleman, and that the man who refused to tip ought to have his food and drink fired at him.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Marquis of Salisbury.

The Marquis of Salisbury, who is in his seventieth year, is one of the oldest members of parliament, having entered the House of Commons when only 23 years of age.

Under It.

Hospital Nurse (to mangled victim of accident)—I understand the derrick fell ten stories to the pavement.

Mangled Victim (weakly)—I was under that impression.

Health for the children. Miller's Worm Powders.

The Downward Path.

Lord Rakeleigh—My descent dates back 500 years.

Miss Gothamme—What a long time! And it seems to have been a very steep one, too.

Ambiguous.

Mr. Saphed—Will you tell me your candid opinion of me, Miss Kene?

Miss Kene—I have no opinion of you, Mr. Saphed.

A lady writes: "I wasenabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.