Late Foreign News.

A NEW WAR ENGINE.

Sad Death of a Young Lady.

ACCIDENT AT A PUBLIC BATH.

The population of Belgium amounted on the last day of July to 6,147,041. Brussels has about 500,000 inhabitants.

French drummers are to be excluded from Alsace Lorraine, and the French speak of shutting German drummers out of France.

Eton, or the collection of schools which constitutes what is popularly known as Eton, has a thousand scholars.

Japanese lace is coming into the market. It is a new manufacture, and hither has been mainly consumed at home.

Baron Osten Sacken, a descendant of Napoleon's Polish Marshal, rich and unmarried, committed suicide lately in Dulboki, a seaside resort in Livonia, because "life was too monotonous."

Venische Zeitung takes a very gloomy view of the economic situation of Germany. There is great destitution among the lower classes on account of the high price of provisions.

At Freiberg, Saxony, lightning struck three times one of the mines, and the third time it knocked senseless several miners working 300 metres deep under the surface of the earth.

At Belfort, the great stronghold of France on the eastern frontier, a new engine of warfare is being constructed. It is a large velocipede with twenty-eight seats. It is to be tried at the great manœuvres of the army of the east.

An employe at one of the large French arsenals was recently charged with having sent two tons of smokeless powder to the works of Sir William Armstrong at Newcastle. He made use of a friend's name, whom he knew, and who occupied a high position under the Government.

The greatest manœuvres in the world appear to be the Sakants of the Congo region. Among their tribal customs is the paring of the nails down to the quick with an instrument designed for that particular purpose.

A tremendous plethora of novels is reported in Paris. For example, 15,000 copies of the last production of a popular writer have been returned to the publishers. It is said that another publisher has 3,000,000 volumes on hand, which are unsaleable.

The Belgian military authorities have discovered that various songs used in the army are not quite proper, and several poets and composers have been applied to to supply the army with some unobjectionable songs in French and Flemish to take their place.

Some of the small shopkeepers of Paris have appealed to the Pope for protection from the big concerns threatening them out of trade. They ask his Holiness to formulate some plan for applying the law of justice and charity to the relation of trade and competition so that the little dealers can live in the presence of the great.

A marvellous and horrible accident happened at a private house in Paris. The host had invited a number of friends to luncheon. A great Danish dog bounded into the room, according to custom. A cat happened to drop his napkin, and stole stooping to pick it up the dog with a spring seized the Russian and killed him. There was a terrible struggle to pull the beast off, but without avail.

Some alarm and much anxiety have been felt for Emin Pasha's safety. The *Pall Mall Gazette* announces that Kurt Hilbert in Zanzibar has received from Emin a letter dated at Kissa on Feb. 1, in which the writer and that he hoped to reach Tanganyika at or two again at the Northern Railway Station, in Vienna. In a corner of the waiting-room stood a group of three, a venerable old man with a white, flowing beard, a pale-faced girl, and a youth. The old man was weeping bitterly, and presently his sobs attracted the attention of the bystanders, who inquired the cause of his grief. He made no reply, but held up a letter, exclaiming as he did so, "Poor wife! Poor child!" The letter had just been handed to him by the young man who had met him at the station, as soon as he had recovered his composure the following tale was elicited to him:

He was a Russian Jew, named Tobias Monkler, and had been exiled like so many thousands of his co-religionists. The letter apprised him of the death of his wife and the dangerous illness of his daughter. For more than forty years he had kept a dairy at Velikoje Selo, in the district of Kieff. His savings amounted to several thousand roubles. About three weeks ago he and twenty other inhabitants of the same locality received orders to quit the district within twenty-four hours. The Nachalnik (or Burgomaster) was responsible for these expulsion, and carried out his instructions with the utmost rigor. Monkler obtained a brief respite to make some urgent preparations, but his invalid wife and his daughter were compelled to depart at once. They were to go to Cadaix, where they had relatives, and they were to wait until the head of the family and his second daughter—the one who accompanied him to Vienna—should join them. Monkler gave his wife all his available funds, and wound up his affairs at Velikoje Selo as speedily as he could. On the evening of Saturday, the 27th ult., he had just finished his prayers, and was lighting a small oil lamp to commemorate the anniversary of his mother's death, when the Burgomaster and two gendarmes entered his house, ordering him to decamp forthwith. He entreated them to let him finish lighting the oil lamp. "Out with you, Jew," was the answer. "You have taken advantage of our kindness and have remained too long already." Monkler begged for an hour longer, to get a few things together before starting, but they threatened to put him in chains if he delayed a moment. Thereupon he woke up his daughter and left the house with her.

He came to Vienna, where a friend met him at the station and brought him the letter containing news of his wife's death, which occurred two hours after his arrival at Calais. At the close of his narrative the old man sorrowfully observed: "Now I am alone with my two daughters. What will become of them?" He was asked if he had no son. "Yes," he replied. "I have one son, but he is in Siberia." The boy, a medical student, had been condemned to ten years' hard labor for a speech delivered to some of his fellow students!

A Story of the Czar.

A characteristic story comes from St. Petersburg. The Czar is very fond of wood-chopping, and the other day he was taking exercise in this fashion at Peterhof, when the head of his axe flew off and struck a servant who was standing by. The Czar ran forward to assist the man, who was slightly wounded on the face, and some of his blood trickled on his hands. An officer on guard, seeing that something was amiss, approached, and on perceiving the blood set up a dreadful howl, which brought a number of soldiers to the rescue. Matters were explained, and the servant's wound was staunched; but the officer showed such signs of fright that the Czar at last hastened him and patted him on the cheek, telling him to compose himself. As the officer continued to sigh and tremble, the Czar grew astonished, and asked what was the matter. "Majesty," answered the officer, "the rumour will go forth that an attempt was made on your life, and I shall be punished for spreading the report. Yet I swear to you I will not say a word." "Why, then, should you be punished?" asked the Czar. "Because the War Minister has said that in order to stop communication being made to the public he will hold the officer on guard responsible for anything that is bruited with reference to your Majesty's doings." The Czar promised the officer that he should not be punished. Nevertheless, on the very next day there was a widespread rumour in the capital that a man had tried to murder his Majesty with an axe.

A Boon to Travelers

Anything that will reduce the rattle and vibration of the ordinary railway car is a boon to the traveling man. A new appliance which is said to possess this qualification in a marked degree is the cushion car wheel, which has the additional advantages of being simple, safe, economical and noiseless. The wheel is composed of two parts, the center and the tire, while between the two is a thick rubber band which acts as a cushion to absorb all the vibrations.

The tire is so made that it may be removed without taking the wheel from the axle. The rubber is so placed between the center and the tire as not to be liable to injury from a hot box or from the corrosive action of the lubricants. The rubber will run 20,000 miles without showing the slightest signs of wear, and in a similar distance the wear of the tire is but one-thirty-second of an inch, which is less than one-half the usual wear for this amount of travel.

YOUNG FOLKS

The Angels in the House.

Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow
Held me in fond embrace;
Three little cheeks like velvet peaches felt
Were pressed against my face.

Three pairs of tiny eyes, as clear as dew,
Looked into mine this seem:
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "Good night,"
Then I slept as in a dream.

Alas! is true that "little ones" should love us;
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Savior bade them
Bring "little ones" to him.

And said he not, "Of such is heaven" and blessed them,
And held them to his breast?
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis then they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts encased in mine,
How 'twould be shattered if the Lord should say,
"Those angels are not mine?"

A Delightful Story.

When General Sheridan assumed command of the Federal army, operating in the Valley of the Shenandoah, during the summer of 1864, he moved his forces from Halltown Heights, just beyond Harper's Ferry, to Mount Summit. This irregular ridge of land afforded an advantageous position for the troops, and they held it until Sheridan was ready to advance up the Valley and crush Early's army.

As was usual under such an attitude of waiting between opposing armies, there was a good deal of activity along the picket lines, the constantly dropping shots frequently swelling into brief volleys.

The left of Sheridan's line extended across the Benyville dirt road, and his pickets commanded the ford on the Oppequan Creek. A few hundred yards from the ford stood the Wilson House, occupied by Mrs. Wilson, the widow of a Confederate, and her little daughter, Alice, then about eleven years old. Being assured by Gen. Emory, of the nineteenth army corps, that she would be protected in her home, or safely removed in the event of hostilities coming near the homestead, Mrs. Wilson remained in quiet possession, little Alice being much interested in the movements of the picket parties, as they marched to and fro past the house.

About noon one day, the hot summer air trembled under a sudden crash of musketry, owing to an effort made by the Confederates to seize the ford. For nearly an hour the skirmish continued, finally ending by the Federals driving back their assailants. When silence had again fallen on the scene four men came slowly up the hill from the ford, carrying among them a wounded comrade.

On reaching a big oak tree that threw its wide-spreading branches over the road, these bearers deposited their helpless burden in the grateful shade.

Little Alice watched the men from the veranda, as they toiled through the hot sunshine, and, seeing the party pause under the oak, she ran down to them.

"What's the matter?" asked the child, her innocent eyes dilating at the sight of the bleeding and apparently insensible soldier.

"It's our Jim, miss," replied one of the men, as he wiped the perspiration from his sunburned face with his tattered coat sleeve.

"Jim got hit bad just now in the fight below, and we are afraid he'll die."

"Have you said a prayer for him?" was the child's next question.

"Well, no, we haven't, and that's a fact," replied the man.

"You see none of us thought of that, for we were looking for a surgeon. As for praying, I didn't suppose any of us could do it in the right way if we wanted to."

"I know a prayer," said little Alice in a pitying voice. "Shall I say it?"

"Do, Miss, for Jim needs it badly."

The child approached the wounded man, and, kneeling on the grass beside him, put up her little hands in the attitude of prayer. As she did so the wounded man opened his eyes wonderingly; the soldiers who had carried him from the creek leaning reverently on their muskets.

"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

"As the words were uttered in childish treble a convulsive shudder ran through Jim's frame, and a fresh gush of blood sprang from his wound.

"Amen," he murmured, and then death claimed him.

The pathetic little story soon circulated in the Nineteenth Army Crops, touching many a heart that had become hardened by the vicissitudes of war. A week after Jim's death the corps marched over the road to take up a more advanced position.

As the head of the column came in sight of the Wilson mansion, one of Gen. Emory's aides recognized little Alice as she stood on the veranda, and he pointed her out to the commanding officer. As the general rode past the gate he lifted his hat to the child and as the entire column moved past every hat and cap, from the general to the drummer-boy, was raised in salute to the little Confederate girl who had prayed for the dying Federal soldier.

The child did not realise the honors paid her, being more intent on seeing the panoply of war passing before her. Many a man who paid his salute that day sleeps in the fertile soil of the valley, but few of those who are still living have forgotten the incident.

To City Children in the Country.

It is always well to remember the fact that savage cows and fierce dogs can't climb trees.

Don't waste your time in trying to catch two-inch fish with a ten foot pole.

You may imagine that you help the haymakers by jabbing the horses with the pitchfork and getting tangled up in the reins, but you do not, and they will probably tell you so.

Don't go out in the woods to fly a kite—only the birds fly there.

If a strange dog smiles at you, it is policy to smile back, and if he runs at you, the best thing is to run back.

Don't climb trees after blackberries. The only thing you will get on such a quest is—fell.

Don't try swimming in creeks where the water is two feet deep and the mud six feet.

It is adding insult to injury to burn up the farmer's fence in trying to cook the corn that you have helped yourself to.

If you get tired doing nothing, it is a good thing to sit under the barn and pass the time in waiting for the weather-cock to crow. A great many days may be employed in this manner.

When you go out for an all-day tramp, don't eat up all your lunch at ten o'clock. You will feel starved by two if you do so.

Do not be angry if the roosters awaken you at daybreak. Remember that if you went to bed at sunset you would be willing to get up with the chickens, and roosters don't stop to consider such things.

If a goose cries at you do not cry yourself a turn. Only geese do that.

Don't try leap-frog over the cows in the pasture. The cows might object.

A barn roof is not meant as a toboggan slide, and shingles are rather hard on trousers.

Electricity vs. Hanging.

As was to have been expected the executions at Sing Sing have called forth from the press a great many comments favorable and otherwise. Of those which condemn the method, it appears that many had committed themselves against the use of electricity before the executions took place, and, being unwilling to confess their mistake, they have simply revamped the sensational falsehoods they disseminated last year concerning the Kemmler execution, adding a few new particulars from their own imagination. It does at have been at great pains to show that one or more of the bodies had been slightly burned at points where the electric current entered as if a seared spot on a murderer's corpse were worse than the blackened face, bulging eyes and disfigured neck of a man who had been hanged. As a matter of fact there was no burning; the water in the sponges through which the current reached the body was heated by it, and in one or two instances made a blister. This at least is the testimony of the nine or ten physicians and several clergymen who were authorised to witness the execution, and whose official declaration is to the effect that death was instantaneous and painless, and entirely without offensive accompaniments. That the opponents of the new method feel that any attempt to discredit it, or to have the old order restored would end in failure, is seen by the fact that they are now demanding the abolition of capital punishment altogether. In this crusade many, who are in favor of electricity as opposed to hanging, will readily join, believing that the worst that can be done with a criminal is to kill him.

Show Me Heaven.

Christ and Nicodemus. John iii. 1 to 17.

"*Show me Heaven*"! Nicodemus,
Pharisee, Scribe, and teacher,
Moved by strength, and by impulse
In this quiet evening shade
Sought the Galilean Preacher,
Whose bold words and bold decisions
Were outshining for the age.

Sought the Christ—alone—with kindly,
Tender, respective greeting,
Acknowledgment of a Teacher sent
From God, in accepting
All divine, yet unmentioned motive
In this quaintly casual meeting.—
Heard the superiory within him
For the Kingdom of the Lord.

"*Show thee Heaven*"! "It may never—
Through the light of human learning—
Be revealed to mortal vision
Or by man be understood.—
They alone, can see the kingdom
Who are born anew, discerning,
Through the light and grace imparted,
What it means to live in God."

"*Born of water and the Spirit*"
Is the guide that points the gateway
To the kingdom. At its portals
So did aspirations part.
To *receive* this truth and *know* it
Is regeneration straight way:
"Tis the fixing upon Jesus
Of the love that rules the heart."

"*Show thee Heaven*"? "Alas the earthly
Is to thee uncomprehended;
Evening Zephyrs fan the olives,
Whispering gently as they go,—
Though thou hearest, canst thou tell me
Whither come or whence ascended?
Thou hast neither sail nor sounding
For the seas Immortals know."

"Never mortal eye hath seen it
In its beauty and its glory;
Never human ear hath listened
To its symphonies, sublime;
But the Son of Man and only
He may tell its wondrous story.—
For He dwells both here and yonder,
In Eternity and time."

"*Show thee Heaven*"! Just as Moses
Lifted high, for faith's exemption,
Brazen Serpent in the desert;
So the Father, God, for sin
Will lift up the Son in love th
And proclaim a free redemption.
Every dying one may see Him,
And believing, enter in."

There is ever lasting fullness
And infinity of meaning
In this double declaration
Of His purpose and His love
With its ringing "*Whosoever*"—
Every soul man it leaning,
Finds the "Kingdom" in the human
And "Eternal life" above.

Oh, 'tis heaven, Nicodemus
Just to know "*The Man*" beside thee;
Life and light and truth and being
Have their precious centre in Him:
Out of doubt's bewildering mazes
And deceptions, He can guide thee,
Into Love's illumination
Where the hope-lights never dim.

Soul of mine; Be still and listen!
Love's divinest, richest message,
Broad and wonderful, is ringing
From the great, Eternal throne:—
"*God so loved the world*"! Oh, hear it!
Join the sanctified embassage
Heralding its grace outreaching,
Till its perfectness is known.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"The Elms," Toronto.

The Bluebottles Resolve.

Buzzing and gay in the early dawn,
Fresh from a nap on the parlour wall,
Out for a flight over garden and lawn,
Fearing no trouble and dreading no fall,

A lively, frolicsome, bluebottle fly—
And his feet
Were as neat,
And his style
As complete.

As his brain
Was replete
With the mischief that laughed in his eye!

What glorious fun I'll have to day,
When the baby's asleep and the nurse away;
When Bridget has left the kitchen door;
I'll waken them both and make them roar!
Oh, what larks!
"There will be
After me,
When I've done
With my fun!"

And he wickedly winked his wee, wee eye!

"There! I'll go and dance on grandma's bald,
While she struggles and scrubs and swears away;
And tickle his ear till he'll wish in hell
And over the table at dinner I'll play
Back and forth,
And feast on crumbs from a freshly-baked pie!
And I'll sip
From the lip
Of each glass
That may pass
All sweet things
As I please!
Quoth this riotous bluebottle fly.

But, alas! for the plans he had laid,
And alas! for the day just begun,
For this fly soon lit in the grateful shade,
To escape the heat of the sun;
And to dream
Of the sights that should soon greet his eye,
When, unseen,
From the green
Of a limb
Above him,
On his head
By a thread,
Fell a spider,
Who coolly devoured that bluebottle fly.

Unrest in Ohma.

According to latest advices the situation in China is anything but assuring. A widespread feeling of unrest prevails; while in several places riots have occurred and blood has been spilled. The whole country seems to be on the verge of a rebellion. A despatch from Shanghai says: "The whole empire is in a ferment; Pekin is in a panic; foreign volunteers are drilling; insubordinate is Shanghai; warships are hurrying from all parts of Chinese and Japanese waters up to the Yangtsze, and the yellow bosom of the 'Eldest Son of the Ocean' is covered with the men-of-war of Great Britain, America, France and Germany, while the quick cruisers of Russia and Spain are hastening to the protection of people of their nationality from the South and further east. The air is full of trouble and the Central Government of Pekin is simply paralyzed with terror at the seriousness of the situation." This despatch is confirmed by the Steamer Empress of India, lately arrived at Victoria, B.C., which reports that the whole southern portion of China is in a state of turmoil, law and order being set at defiance, and armed bands of plunderers making business almost impossible. What adds to the seriousness of the situation as seen through European and American eyes is the circumstance that the feeling of hostility against foreigners is very marked, and that several have already been killed. Of course there are agitators and conspirators, and these are said to be stirring up the natives against the foreign residents who live in constant fear of being attacked at any moment. That this is bad news no one will deny. And yet, it is a question that America (including both the United States and Canada) may ask, is there not some justification for this opposition to foreigners? Have Americans shown themselves worthy of the hospitality of the Celestials? True, we do not kill the Chinese when they come to us, and in that respect are getting more than we give. We should not forget, however, that those who set to avenge themselves do not always stop when they have rendered a full equivalent. May not this be our seventfold recompense returned into our bosom?

Immigration to Canada.

The Canadian immigration returns for the half year ended June 30, show a total arrival of immigrants by rail and water routes of 14,244 as against 13,311 for the same period last year. Of these, 1,721 settled in Quebec, 3,222 in Ontario, 2,260 in Manitoba, 667 in the North-west Territories, 551 in British Columbia, and 5,537 passed through to the United States. Of the total 4,254 debarked at Montreal, where they gave an account of themselves, whence they came, whither they were going, and what they brought with them. In respect to this latter the report was very satisfactory showing that the quality of the new comers this season is exceptionally good. They brought with them into the country in all $166,400, or an average of about $200 per family of five. Certainly this is not a very large amount to begin life with in a new country. And yet if properly husbanded and judiciously invested it will ease the start considerably. It does at any rate place its possessor at a long remove from the pauper immigrant who is giving our neighbor so much anxiety and trouble. Indeed there is at the present moment a commission of Americans in England, sent over to investigate and to discover, if possible, some means of checking at its source the tide of undesirable immigrants that is sweeping in upon their shores. They contend that there is no use of trying to send back the immigrants once they have come, and that the only effectual method is some system that will shut off bad immigration at the sources abroad. There can be no doubt but Canadians would be glad to see an increased inflow of settlers to people the waste places of our great north-west territories, but no one who appreciates the situation correctly will grieve that the influx is not greater, if a larger number meant a deterioration in the quality of the new comers. Better a thousand of that our prairies should lie unbroken than that we should be called upon to care for and dispose of the pauper and criminal classes which the countries of Europe are sloughing off. Such immigration is worse than no immigration.

SUMMER SMILES.

The most attentive man to business we ever know was he who wrote on his shop door "Gone to get married; return in half an hour."

Blushing Girl—"Yes, Dick. My heart is in your keeping." Young Baggageman—"My own darling! I will give you a check for it."

Colonel Mooney says it is a mistake about it being unhealthy to sleep in feathers. "Here's a Spring chicken, for instance," he remarked, the other day. "See how tough he is!"

Teacher—"Name some of the most important things existing to-day which were unknown one hundred years ago?" Tommy—"You and me."

She—"Papa, may I marry Jack? I could go further and fare worse." He—"You couldn't fare worse." She—"Then what's the use of my going further?"

First Vag—"How did you plead?" Second Vag—"Not guilty, of course." First Vag—"And what did the Judge say?" Second Vag—"Ninety days."

Cook (ruminating in the kitchen)—"I wonder what I must do to-day to rile the missis. Shall I burn the roast meat to a cinder or boil the potatoes to a hash?"

"Well, Rastus, what would you do if you had a million?" asked Barberry. "I'd eat de whole business," returned Rastus. "I'se powerful fond of millions sah."

She shed a tear upon his vest;
The effort made him wince;
The vest was made of flannel, and
He hasn't seen it since.

McFingle—"Did you have much of a time with the boys last night?" McFaugle—"Time? Well, I should smile! You ought to have had the headache I woke up with this morning."

The young dramatist telling the story of his new play to the new manager, said: "As the two robbers crawl in at the window the clock strikes one." "Ah," said the manager which one?"

"I understand now," said a guest at a fashionable resort, "why they call this the Overlook House. Unless you are tipping the waiter all the time your wants are completely overlooked."

Lady (to tramp)—"This is the third time you have called here to-day." Tramp—"It is true, madam; but I am sure you wouldn't want a man to get along with any less than three meals a day."

Mrs. Spooney—"Will you love me just as much, darling, when I am old?"—Mr. S.—"More, dear; you won't be so silly then."

It is often said that second thoughts are best; so they are in matters of *judgment*, but not in matters of *conscience*. In matters of *duty* first thoughts are commonly best—they have more in them of the *voice of God*.

A paper printed not a hundred miles from Govan contained the following advertisement:—"Lost, a cameo brooch, representing Venus and Adonis on Paisley Road, about ten o'clock on Wednesday evening."

"I like to go in bathing with my wife."—"Why?" "Well, she's afraid of being choked by the breakers, so there's a certain amount of satisfaction in something being able to make her shut her mouth."

Sister (in the privacy of their own room)—"How do you know, Clara, that Mr. Nicefello has always associated with nice girls?" Clara—"Because he doesn't make any noise when he kisses."

THE GREATEST YET.

The Cream of the Continent to be Exhibited at Toronto.—What may be expected at the Toronto Exhibition in a Few Weeks.

From all quarters applications for space at the forthcoming great Industrial Fair to be held at Toronto from the 7th to the 19th of September are being sent in by every mail. It is now a assured fact that Canada's Great Fair will this fall outrival any of its predecessors. Never before were there so many entries from the United States, and on no former occasion has such outspoken interest been manifested in its success. Notwithstanding the fact that new buildings have been erected and old ones enlarged during the past summer, sufficient entries have been received to almost fill them. Even Great Britain is beginning to realize that it pays to bring its manufactures before the people of Canada, as at no place can they be seen by so many, and several of the leading manufacturers of England have applied for space during the past couple or three weeks at this Exhibition. The railway and steamboat companies have this year notified the Association of their intention to give extremely low rates during the progress. A new line of railway into the grounds will enable exhibitors of live stock on both the great railways to unload within a few yards of the stock sheds. It is wonderful the success that has attended this really great enterprise since its inception fourteen years ago, but it may readily be accounted for by anyone who will take the trouble to examine the prize list.

No less than four-fifths of the many thousands of dollars distributed annually go to the farmer and stock raiser, and while no other industry is slighted, this greatest one receives the lion's share, and justly so. The farming community appreciate this and by their presence at Canada's great gathering every year endorse the action of the Association. While the farmer visiting the Exhibition cannot turn in any direction without seeing something to instruct him, he finds more than that. No pains have been spared to interest and amuse visitors every minute of the day. Manager Thayer of Boston, a man whose reputation in his particular line is continental, has this year added his vast experience in assisting to make the amusements eclipse anything that has ever preceded them. Then again the scientist, the mechanic and the artist will find in the various departments something of special value to them. When it is remembered that over a quarter of a million people from all parts of Canada and the United States verified the statement made by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovered—Facsimile of the Cheque for $1,000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Victims.

A few weeks ago a marvellous and almost miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more than renewed health and strength and even brighter spirits than he had enjoyed for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent! Some believed, most people doubted although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure, and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a *Globe* reporter a few days ago. The *Globe* representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. Mr. Marshall's home, cosy and comfortable, with climbing flowers covering its front, was reached only to find him out, taking a few miles constitutional up town. Mrs. Marshall, with smile-wreathed face, and looking as happy and light-hearted as upon her wedding day, welcomed her visitor and appeared delighted to have the opportunity of talking briskly and fully—while awaiting Mr. Marshall's return—what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for her husband.

"It was a happy day for me," she said "when Mr. Marshall tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many's the weary day I had before that. Look at all these things we bought, hoping they would cure him," and the good lady turned with an armful of straps and tacklings of ill kinds. There was a combination of harness and attachments of leather used for the "suspensory treatment" by which the crippled man was hung in the barn by his body with his feet but a few inches from the floor. There were enough belts, bandages, supporters and soles to set up a good-sized store. Then Mrs. Marshall showed a collection of crutches and sticks which her husband used. The whole collection was a remarkable one.

Mrs. Marshall showed a letter received a day from New York State in which was a query similar to many that had previously been received by Mr. Marshall, "Write me if it is a fact or only a judgment."

"Here's a bundle of letters," said Mrs. Marshall, showing about a hundred tied together, "that my husband has received during the past two weeks, and I can tell you he is only too glad to answer them cheerfully and readily, for he wants to give all the information he can to others suffering as he did." A firm step here was heard at the gate and in a moment a sturdy healthy-looking man of middle age with glowing black side whiskers and a pleasant features stepped into the room. It was Mr. Marshall, who gave no indication of ever having been a sick man, suffering from ataxy. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall broke up with a smile, which caused a number of ladies to rise upon the features of the reporter, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years since I did a day's work but I guess I can start again. About my illness, it was caused through falling and hurting my back. I kept getting worse until I could not get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body or legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was said to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose I have also shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen times I gave me up. I got enough electricity for half a dozen men, but the shock was good. I had control of my water and couldn't sleep without a catheter. During the day my legs were cased in wool to aid by the stove wrapped in blankets, suffering intense agony from my back and in the legs, neck and head. You see I received from the Royal Templars a certificate of being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I noticed a notice to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. Why, in three days I got relief and kept on mending. I threw away the morphine pills and the other medicines. I recovered my appetite and regained strength and my bowels and water and kidneys were getting better and stronger and more natural. I can see no strength and improvement in the treatment" by which the crippled man was hung in the barn by his body with his feet but a few inches from the floor. There were enough belts, bandages, supporters and soles to set up a good-sized store.

"I weigh 160 pounds," he continued, "and I've gained 20 since I began the first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I haven't such a thing as a pain in my back, nor a weak spot in me, and another thing, I can see in the dark as in the day."

Mr. Marshall offered to make affidavit to the truth of the above statement, but the reporter considered that was unnecessary. He carried conviction to the mind by every word and manner that he was gainsaying the fact that this was one of the most marvellous cures on record. The genuineness of the cure was further evidenced by the fact that he had to go again and regain the flesh he had lost, as no doubt short of meat.

Inquiries among the druggists showed the fact that a great demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the druggists, the proprietors of the remedy, have cures. It may be that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not the best medicine in the world, but the proprietors do claim that they have no rivals for those suffering from a shattered constitution, from the effects of a disease resulting from worry, abuse or excess.

John A. Rapp, a well-known druggist and dispenser of drugs for over 30 years, says that he knew of no medicine that had such a demand or gave such general satisfaction as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dealers may be supplied by any wholesale druggist, or by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The eye telegraphs its message, and the tongue expresses the sentiment.

A. [illegible]

The Long Dress.

The young woman of to-day who is seen walking the streets with the tail of her frock would do well to remember the story that was told in the middle ages about a proud dame who flaunted along with her tail behind her as vain as a peacock, and yet presenting a horrible appearance. For on this tail sat a collection of little devils, all fighting as hard as they could and making her burden very hard to bear. Such, however, she became conscious of her folly, and, reaching a sloppy place, she lifted up the train, and all the devils fell in the mire. Her sense returned to her, and she cut off the nonsensical length and gave it to be made into flannel petticoats for the poor. History doesn't relate how many petticoats were made out of this tail, but it is fair to conclude that there must have been several, else they would not have been referred to in the plural number. It may be mentioned, quite casually, that the little devils sitting on the trained skirts of to-day are named Dirt and Rags. She who runs ought to read the moral of this story.

The Crops Prospects.

Minnesotta and the Dakotas will yield 115,000,000 bushels of spring wheat from the very best seed, worth in the home market over $80,000,000. The harvest is in progress and the quality so far graded up to No. 1 hard. The Red River Valley will produce 46,000,000 bushels of this vast supply of the world's best food grain. The Great Northern Railway, well known as the largest carrier of wheat in America from original points, will bear all former records from present outlook.

singular case of a lark returning to its captivity is reported from Aman. It is a splendid singer, and has often been shown, having been in the possession of its present owner for several years. Every morning during the summer months it was placed above the door outside of the house. A few weeks ago a storm of wind dashed cage and bird to the ground. The end of the cage was knocked out, and the bird escaped. One morning, at the expiration of three weeks, the lark suddenly appeared hovering round its former home and showing unmistakable signs of a desire to be restored to its old quarters. The cage, still all tattered, was hung up in the usual place; the bird immediately entered the door, and, being supplied with food and water, once more proceeded in its accustomed manner to enliven the neighborhood with its strains.

Ho! my sisters, see the banner
Waving in the sky,
Are you broken-down, discouraged?
Courage! help is nigh.

On that banner read this legend:
"Suffering women hail!
Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Ne'er was known to fail."

The success of this remedy is wonderful. Its record is unparalleled. It has cured thousands of cases of female weakness, irregularities, and all diseases peculiar to the sex. It can always be depended on to do exactly what is claimed for it. All the proprietors ask is a trial. That will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful virtues. Price ($1.00) refunded if it fails to give satisfaction. *Guarantee* printed on every bottle-wrapper.

A lie can be told without saying a word.

The Fools are not all Dead.

A lazy man, whose horses and cart were stuck in the mud, prayed to Jupiter for help. Jupiter answered: "Fool! get up and put your shoulder to the wheel, and do not call on me when you can help yourself." Foolish people buy medicines haphazard, blindly trusting to promises made *without a guarantee*. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is *guaranteed* to cure colds, cough, all lung affections, and even Consumption, in its early stages. It puts to rout all stomach troubles, purifies the blood, gives healthful action to the sluggish liver, and drives blemishes from the skin. It is an honest medicine, and an invaluable health insurance policy which should never be allowed to lapse. All druggists keep it.

Self conceit is harder to cure than cancer.

A Solid Knock-Down Blow.

The whale blows water while at play;
Trees blow in every clime;
The sweetest flowers blow in May,
But wind blows all the time.

There's lots of blowing in this world. Sufferers from catarrh blow their noses, and quacks blow about their "cures." Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the only infallible one. Its proprietors back up this claim by offering $500 for every case they fail to cure permanently. This is a unanswerable blow at humbuggery, coming from men of sterling reputation and ample capital. Nasal Catarrh cannot resist the potency of this Remedy. It stops discharges, leaving the senses acute, the head clear, and the breath normal. Of all druggists, 50 cents.

God will be to us all that we trust Him for.

Easily Settled.

Adam—"Where shall we go for our honeymoon, my dear?"

Eve—"I don't care about anywhere. I haven't a thing to wear."

Adam—"Then we'll go to the tailors."

Neither Did He.

Niece (whispering)—"Now, Uncle Hiram, let me give you a hint. Here in Newport we do not use a knife."

Uncle Hiram (from Haverhill, Mass.)—"Neither do I, Mandy! Any way, I don't."

(Takes his piece of pie up in his fingers.)

Pure Cod Liver Oil and Emulsions properly made from it are unobtainable by medical profession or pulmonary invalids. Many emulsions have been placed on the market of late years, but none seem to have the success accorded to SCOTT'S ANALYZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. Their Laboratory at 186 Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., is kept busy day and every druggist in the country is supplied with the famous emulsion.

People who think low, are sure to think low.

Athletes all over the world celebrate Tutti Frutti Gum. Healthful and aids digestion. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.

People who love themselves should use Sozodont.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM. For sale by all Druggists. Price 25c.

Righteousness is a straight line, always the shortest distance between two points.

"If a man is yielding to God's wishes, as to his personal conduct, he is coming a fast friend of God."

Charlatans and Quacks

Have long plied their vocation, offering pedals of the people. The public prepared to the quick, caustic application, tormented the victim of corns, in conviction shaped itself—there's Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, on what slender basis public opinion rests. If you suffer from corns get Putnam's extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

There is nothing meaner than a lie.

Nature provides a remedy for all ills, and in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills people have a remedy for all those ills peculiar to their sex. Suppressions, irregularities, pains, nervous headaches, etc., speedily yield to their treatment, and restoration follows to perfect health. Try them. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The eye telegraphs its message, and the tongue expresses the sentiment.

A. [illegible]

Hamilton, Ont., Nov 12 1898

Bank of Hamilton

Pay to the order of John Paul the sum of Eleven Hundred Dollars, $1,100

BENEFICIARY FUND. For Total Disability

Stalker

THE HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Case Investigated by a Globe Reporter.

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovers—Facsimile of the Cheque for $1,000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Victims.

Canada's Great INDUSTRIAL FAIR TORONTO Sept. 7 to 19 1891

Greater and Better Than Ever

SCIENCE, ART AND INDUSTRY COMBINED WITH INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

NEW IDEAS Latest Inventions Superior Attractions

CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON ALL RAILWAYS

J. J. WITHROW, President. H. J. HILL, Manager, Toronto

Fortify Yourself Against the Hot Weather BY STRENGTHENING UP Has a wonderful effect Keeping the system well Nourished. The best safeguard against disease is to keep strong.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

LYNDON OF HIGH

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "Into a Larger Room," Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

PATENTS W. J. GRAHAM

CARPETS

PARTNER WANTED

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

FOUNDED

TO THE RED RIVER VALLEY

Are You Thinking of Emigrating?

CANADIAN PACIFIC HARVEST EXCURSIONS

METHVEN $20.00
LAKE LENORE
DELORAINE
MOOSOMIN
BINSCARTH
REGINA $30.00
MOOSEJAW
YORKTON
CALGARY
PRINCE ALBERT $35.00

SEPTEMBER 1st.