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MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1894.

Week's Commercial Summary.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific for the last ten days of October are $711,000, an increase of $3,000.

Mr. G. A. Stinson has purchased Ottawa's new issue of 4½ per cent. debentures at 102.43 and 102.30.

The Preston & Berlin Street Railway Company have definitely decided to construct a street railway line from Preston to Berlin, and are at present negotiating with the township council for the franchise. The company already have a franchise from Berlin.

The number of failures in the Dominion last week show a slight decrease. There were 42, as against 45 the previous week and 57 the corresponding week a year ago. Ontario heads the list with 19. The most important one is that of the North American Mill Building Co., limited, of Stratford, with liabilities of $40,000. Quebec had 12, none of which were of any importance; Nova Scotia 5; New Brunswick 2; British Columbia 3, and Manitoba 1.

We have had another illustration this week of the truth of the honey market. One of the best loans ever made on Toronto property (from the borrowers' standpoint) was negotiated a few days ago. It was for $200,000 for a number of years at 4½ per cent. per annum. The money was Scotch capital, and we under stand that any quantity can be had on good central properties at the same rate. The loan was made through Anderson & Temple, of Toronto street. The time is opportune for the making of loans, and it is largely owing to this fact that the late Canadian issues have been so successfully negotiated. There is a good deal of loan money to be had on choice collateral, no change in the rates have been recorded for some months. Brokers are somewhat surprised at this, they are anxiously looking for lower money. An exceptional loan on bonds was made here last week at 3½ per cent.

There is a possibility of the United States issuing bonds, and this has already had the effect of having an influence on the exchange market. Sterling exchange is slightly weaker in consequence. Colder weather has stimulated the demand for dry goods and furs, but there is little change in other wholesale departments in Toronto. Shipments of hardware and metals have been fair in consequence of the near approach of the close of lake navigation, and the going into effect of winter freight rates on the 15th inst. Sugars have ruled easier this week, but generally the changes in prices of merchandise are unimportant. Remittances are reported to improve with the freer movement of farm produce. Packers are buying freely for hogs, but as yet the receipts are light. A weaker market seems to be expected.

OUR MARKET REVIEW.

The hog is now the main factor in all that relates to the upper world's market. It is attracting more attention than the large and increasing supply of cattle from the Argentine Republic. This country has everything to promote the cheap and easy feeding of a product on the English market, and this, combined with its other home advantages, makes it the most formidable rival which the older cheese-producing countries have in sight. The cost of transportation from Argentine to the market of the world as compared with that of Canada is a mere nothing, as they have little or no freights to pay and the cost by water where there are no transhipments to make is very low. Labor when paid in the lessened cost of money of that country is reduced to more than a fraction of what it is here, and there are little or no municipal or government taxes to meet, so that the farmers there are in the best position in the world for carrying on a cheap cattle raising and feeding business. The latest cable report says: "From the Argentine Republic the latest cable news is the effect that crop prospects are fair to good, but in a country with such a variable climate at this season it will be premature to put too much faith in these early impressions. Meanwhile it is not good to be taken for granted that this new source of supply will increase to more than 1895 to the extent, viz., 52,000,000 to 56,000,000 bushels."

In England the harvest is expected to be a fair one, but the prospect on the whole are not unfavorable. The great bulk of the beef from Canada and the United States is for the foreign market has shown a fair show up, and the feeling seems to be that the crop has been remarkably well up to the present, and that a very much larger proportion of the crop will come to market than in any former year. The American stocks and those afloat for the English market have always in view three to five million dollars worth of October, but during the last fortnight they fell off 232,000 bushels, a shortening factor which has more than counterbalanced the effects of the increase in the visible supply on the Continent.

Wheat is much stronger in England this week, and the reports are decidedly more favorable to the grower. Cables have strengthened very firmly and a fair advance in the latter has evidently taken place in wheat at Fort William in consequence of a demand and at from a cent to a cent and a half higher than a week ago.

The markets are assuming a much more cheerful tone and we may reasonably look for a change for the better during the next few weeks.

Red and white wheat have been quoted at 53 and 53 cents respectively by the Canadian Pacific proportionate figures for spring wheat. We do not see any particular reason for pushing much wheat upon the market.

Rye is in good demand and at better prices than our last quotation, and there is no immediate cause of alarm, but there are grave fears expressed in some quarters as to the probability of the duty being changed by the American Government by way of reprisal for the action of Canada on log booms. Should such modifications arise over this it would be the cause of destroying once for all the production in this cereal which since the duty came into operation has begun to assume very large proportions. The home demand is very active and the offerings have not been heavy so as to affect the prices. Toronto prices range from 40 to 41 cents, and outside points 38 to 42.

Oats are steadily, and there is little or no change to note since our last report. Toronto prices range from 30 to 30½ cents.

Peas have steadily held their price for the entire week on the Liverpool market, and the feeling is that for the present there is not much chance for a change either way for better or worse. English and American markets closed firm.

Despite the dullness of other meats, pork seems to hold its place in the favor of the English people, and there is no doubt but that it will eventually feel the effects of the terrible depression in beef and mutton. We would certainly not advise the holding of hogs which are ready to kill, under the impression that they will be worth more money.

HERE AND THERE.

The most polished gentlemen are sometimes rather dull.

× × ×

Mr. Pants lived in Logan County, Kansas, and not in Boston.

× × ×

The man who calls himself an idiot will never forgive another for agreeing with him.

× × ×

It's a poor kind of politeness that won't work as well in a street car as in a drawing-room.

A Philadelphia dealer in antiques advertises for sale a revolver used by Julius Cæsar

× × ×

There is seldom a day passes but a bicycle record is broken and a polar expedition returns.

× × ×

China cannot be said to be painted red, although there is no doubt it is pretty well japanned.

× × ×

A fast young man doesn't always advance rapidly in business.

× × ×

A man seems wisest to himself at seventeen, to others at sixty.

× × ×

The bear can never see the use of a high fence around a pig pen.

× × ×

Hell's pavement of good intentions is usually laid with a spirit level.

× × ×

Any crank can lay ideas, but it takes a level-headed man to hatch 'em.

× × ×

Orange diet is said to be a very effective remedy for inebrity. One orange before breakfast, another at 11 a.m., 3 p. m. and 7 p.m., with one just before retiring, is the proper dose.

× × ×

In Switzerland there is 1,064 men to 1,000 women; in Greece, 993 men to 1,000 women. In Hong Kong, according to an authority, there are only 856 women to 1,000 men.

× × ×

It is said that 600,000,000 fish of various kinds have been hatched and loosed under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission.

× × ×

Oh, merchant, in thy hour of ease,
If to this paper you should c c c
Take our advice and thrice be y y y,
Go straightway out and advert i t t,
You'll find the project of some u u u,
Neglect can offer no ex q u q,
Be wise at once, prolong your d a a a,
A silent business soon de k k k!

The above appeared—with one or two slight alterations—in one of our exchanges last week. It may be a little difficult to the uninitiated to make it rhyme right; but stick to it and you will soon grasp the meaning the writer intended to convey when he penned it.

In the Family Circle.

Train up a child in the way you should have gone yourself.

Let me give you the recipe, father, how to keep your son right. Be his friend now and always.

My son, be careful how you look at what belongs to another; for from an ill look there may come a liking, then touching, then taking. An honest eye is a princely heritage.

By giving His Son Jesus only plain clothes to wear, and only an ordinary house to occupy, and a cheap shed to be born in, He shows us that it is always the boy He thinks of first, and not the sumptuous dwelling that the boy has his home in. It is the baby first, and not the fancy cradle the baby is rocked in.

No one can keep the innocence of a little child, because it is founded on ignorance; this must be replace by holiness, by the conscious, deliberate choice of the true and the good. But the child's freshness of affection, a child's pity, a child's hope for the best, and a child's joy in God's world we should try to keep.

Many a good father has destroyed his influence with his boy with a "but." You were a boy of promise—but." The boy's spirit is broken. He feels that his father does not believe in him. The ideal has vanished. The incentive is gone. No use in trying, he says, nobody believes in me. Fathers, believe in your boys, without the "but."

A mother's prayer: O! Almighty and Most Merciful Father, be pleased to be a Father unto my children. Give them healthful bodies, good understandings, and sanctified spirits, that they may be Thy children and Thy servants all their days, and joint-heirs with Jesus in the glories of Thine eternal kingdom, through the same Thy Son our Lord.—Amen.

A letter from a schoolfellow was found among the papers of the late Mr. Cyril Buxton. You have been the best friend, it says, I have ever had. It was from knowing you that I came to see what worthless fools some fellows are. You were always so unselfish and straightforward in everything, and you made me feel I was exactly contrary. You have done me more good than you can imagine, and I am very much obliged to you for it.

I received a letter from a lad, asking me to find him an easy berth. To this I replied: "You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer or mechanic; neither be a soldier nor a sailor. Don't work. Don't study. Don't think—none of these are easy. Oh, my son! You have come into a hard world. Know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave."

He was a Sawyer.

It was quite merry at the Cass avenue boarding-house table, as the $4-a-week wit and wassail went round the board, but the new boarder had little part in the festivity. He seemed to be a nice man and the landlady wanted to make it pleasant for him.

"Hasn't Mr. Binks anything to say on the subject?" she said, addressing him.

"No'm," blushed the new boarder, who was industriously engaged in attempting to sever the piece of beefsteak on his plate.

"Oh," she twittered, "you always saw wood, do you?"

"No'm," he responded shrinkingly, "sometimes beefsteak," and a great hush fell upon the scene.

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspepsia, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure if the directions are followed. Mr. C. E. Williams, Druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

Governor Flower expresses a willingness to allow experts to make a test to ascertain whether a man killed in the electric chair can be resuscitated. The Westinghouse people declare that men electrocuted were not killed in the chair, but that the subsequent autopsy made death sure.

All About Phosphorus.

Phosphorus is one of the most potent life-giving principles, and it is found abundantly in the Norwegian Cod Liver. Combined with hypophosphites of lime and soda, it forms the most wonderful blood-creator known to science. Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil produced from the Norwegian fish is the finest preparation of this oil in the world. Its flesh and blood producing qualities enables the sufferer to gain the mastery over consumption and commence a new life under higher physical conditions. Miller's Emulsion is the great nerve strengthener and blood maker, and cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Scrofula and all Lung affections. In Big Bottles, 50c. and $1, at all Drug Stores.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Christ was born in a stable to show his willingness to enter the vilest sinner's heart.

NEWSY CANADIAN ITEMS

THE WEEKS' HAPPENINGS.

Interesting Items and Incidents, Important and Instructive, Gathered from the Various Provinces.

Whitby's tax rate is 28½ mills.

There is good sleighing in Winnipeg.

Small-pox is increasing near Windsor

Belleville citizens are asking for a free library.

Diphtheria cases continue to increase in Ottawa.

Burford village now has a Mechanics' Institute.

A local Single Tax Association has been formed in London.

Tuberculosis is prevalent among cattle on Vancouver Island.

Masska, Quebec, was shaken by an earthquake on Sunday night.

Agricultural teaching is to be introduced in the schools of Manitoba.

Thomas Webster killed Wm. Bole in a quarrel over a girl at Birtle, Man.

The fire losses in London during the past nine months only aggregate $18,000.

A heavy northwest gale and intense cold prevailed at Port Arthur on Saturday.

Whitby harbor was frozen over on Sunday, being the earliest for some years.

T. R. Parker has been elected president of the Children's Aid Society of London.

Mr. Ball, Q.C., of Woodstock, was severely injured by falling from the verandah of his house.

James Beatty has been acquitted at Brandon of the charge of shooting his wife with intent to kill.

The custom collections at London for October were $91,481. For October, '93, they amounted to $88,618.

No bill has been returned against Edward Knoff, at Winnipeg, on the charge of murdering John Wilson.

Mr. Hiram Walker, of Walkerville, proposes to erect a large creamery and cheese factory near that town.

The T., H. and B. has made a satisfactory arrangement with the Grand Trunk to run under its tracks at Cainsville.

The officers of the Kingston Penitentiary have not heard anything about Angus Macdonald, who escaped recently.

The Town Council of Niagara Falls, Ont., has decided to spend $2,200 in adding new departments to the high school there.

The Buffalo Courier states that the Canadian Pacific has completed plans for its branch across the Niagara River into that city.

Dr. McGannon, of Brockville, died in Montreal. He went there to have an operation performed, but did not live through it.

The horse of Mr. James Scott, undertaker of Stroud, ran away, and he was thrown out of his buggy on his head and instantly killed.

The Montreal Street Railway Company's new building collapsed Friday, burying several men. Two have been taken out dead.

Argument was finished in the disputed accounts case between the Provinces and the Dominion in the Supreme Court and judgment reserved.

In the Government's case against Emanuel St. Louis at Montreal only informal evidence was taken, and the matter was adjourned for a week.

Sir Charles Tupper delivered the principal address at the annual meeting of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society in Edinburgh Monday evening.

The Manitoba school case will again come before the Privy Council shortly. Mr. Ewart, solicitor, for the Catholics, leaves for England in a few days.

In a fit of epileptic insanity, John Bowers, of London Township, on Sunday hanged himself, but through the vigilance of his wife his life was saved.

The import freight from Montreal during the present navigation season has shown a decided falling off, while the export of cattle has greatly increased.

The jury in the Westwood case at Parkdale returned a verdict Monday night that Frank Westwood came to his death from a bullet fired by an unknown person.

The Government inspectors of live stock at Montreal estimate that over $5,000,000 has been paid to Canadian farmers the past season for cattle exported to the old country.

The Dominion revenue for the four months ending October 31 is less by $1,587,000 than for the corresponding period of 1893. The expenditure has increased over $300,000.

Michael Cavanagh, a laborer, who has been working in Windsor, Ont., has fallen heir to a $30,000 fortune in Galt. Chief of Police Wills, of Windsor, loaned him enough money to get to Galt.

At Brampton Judge McGibbon gave his decision in the Giles pool-room cases finding the defendant guilty of keeping a betting house at Port Credit. One points is reserved, to be argued before the Superior Court.

At Yamaska, Que., at 11.40 o'clock on Sunday night, an earthquake shock was felt, which shook things quite violently for about ten seconds, and was accompanied by a low, rumbling sound, which appeared to travel from west to east.

Mr. James McLeric, freight agent of the Grand Trunk Railway in Hamilton for the last twelve years, was presented with a purse of $400 and a gold chain and locket by the business men of the city on the occasion of his removal to Buffalo.

At the investigation into the cause of the collapse of the Montreal Street Railway building, Mr. E. C. Hopkins gave evidence tending to show that the deviations from specifications of the Dominion Bridge & Iron Company were responsible for the accident.

A by-law for the ringing of the curfew bell has been confirmed by the City Council of Kingston. It will have the effect of making boys and girls under fifteen years keep good hours. In the winter the bell will be rung at 8 o'clock in the evening and in the summer at 9 o'clock. Children found on the streets for pleasure after this hour will be looked up.

On Saturday Walter Cooper and John McDermott, charged with robbing the mails, were brought before Judge Price at Kingston for election. Cooper refused to elect in the absence of his counsel. McDermott asked to be tried before a jury. Mr. J. McIntyre, Q.C., asked for bail on behalf of McDermott. The application was granted and the bail fixed at $6,000, with two sureties of $3,000 each. The counsel for the prosecution wanted the bail fixed at $10,000.

PRISON STATISTICS FOR NOVEMBER.

During the month there were discharged from the Central prison 61 prisoners. Of these 51 were Canadians, 9 English, 3 Americans, 7 Irish, 1 Scotch. The discharged were convicted for the following offences: Against the person, 12; against property, 38; drunkenness and disorderly conduct, 1. From the jail there were 67 discharged; 55 males and 12 females. Of these 27 were convicted for the first time, and 40 more than once. There were 16 cases of drunkenness. The Prisoners' Aid Association assisted after their discharge 21, from the Central prison 12, and from the jail 5. During the month the agent had 180 personal interviews with prisoners in the jail or Central prison. The Central prison night school (secular) is now conducted four nights a week. The average attendance of juniors and seniors for last month was 68.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.

Dr. Joseph Octave Beaume of Windsor has been appointed an associate coroner for Essex in the room and stead of Dr. Ossime Langlois, deceased. Mr. James Edward Day, solicitor, of Toronto, has been appointed a notary public. Under the provisions of the Division Courts, James McLaren of Fort William has been appointed bailiff of the First and Second Division Courts of this district of Thunder Bay, in the room and stead of James Alexander. James E. Mulligan of North Bay has been appointed bailiff of the Third Division Court of Nipissing, in the room and stead of Charles Lamarche, resigned. Daniel Sinclair of Essex has been appointed bailiff of the Eighth Division Court of the County of Essex, in the room and stead of Richard E. Millard, deceased

Six Thanksgiving Turkeys.

Dan Riley was eating his breakfast. Strange to say, he wasn't thinking much about the buckwheat cakes and honey this morning, though Grandma always said breakfast was the only time that Dan was not absent-minded. She had known him to go to school without his hat, and to go to bed with his boots on, and leave his candle burning all night, and forget to mail a letter for a week; but he never failed, Grandma would say, with a funny twinkle, to hear Prue's step at the door, and was always glad to meet her and bring in the hot cakes.

But to-day he was having a debating society with himself, and was so much interested in the discussion that he didn't even know how many cakes he was getting away with.

It was two days before Thanksgiving. There was a fine snow on the ground and Dan had a new sled. Ike Paxton, his chum, had no sled and no time to make one (it was all like's mother could do to spare him school times). Should he let Ike coast with him Thanksgiving, when all the fellows met on Big Spring Hill—for, of course, even like would have some thanksgiving holiday? Or should he give him his old piece of a sled, that wouldn't go straight and would certainly go to smash the first time it struck against a tree?

Meantime Grandma was interviewing Grandpa about her Thanksgiving dinner. Son John was going to drive over his big sleigh, with wife and six children; and daughter Caroline would bring her family to dinner; and I am determined to cook two turkeys," said the old lady, as fiercely as if somebody was going to oppose her.

"Very well," said farmer Riley, smiling. "You don't say no him 'bout how many ears of corn Dobbin gets. I ain't got nothin' to pay against your two turkeys."

"And that ain't all," continued Grandma, still defying an imaginary opposer. "I want another one killed for Widder Aldrich. Don't you think, father, when I asked her, at Mrs. Rogers' quiltin', whether she put chopped parsley in her turkey gravy, she said she didn't, had a turkey to cook for so long she most forgot. I just made up my mind that minute that I'd kill three turkeys instead of two this Thanksgiving."

"All right, old woman," said the farmer, finishing off his breakfast with a glass of fresh buttermilk. "Better have 'em killed t'ore night and hung up. Do you hear, Dan? if Granny wants all her turkeys killed, don't you ask no questions. Just go ahead and do it."

"And Dan," said Grandma, "don't be too late getting at it."

Dan was busy picturing himself, alone in his glory, dashing down Big Spring Hill on "The Rainbow" and trying to persuade himself that to a fellow who had no sled an old, rickety trap would seem a very fine affair. He didn't take in very clearly what was expected of him, but contented himself with a vague assurance that he was to kill all Grandma's turkeys and ask no questions.

He thought he was beginning his job pretty early that evening; but the November twilight seemed very short, and he had only killed six turkeys when he heard the supper-bell out of the window at him, and he knew he must give up the job for the night. He lugged them up to the kitchen door, washed his hands at the pump, and, by no means in a gentle humor, went in to the supper.

"Well, Dan," said Grandma, putting an extra spoonful of sugar in his cup "did you get through?"

"No'm," he said in a very injured tone, "not half through. I only killed six."

"Six!" said Grandma Riley, and set down the cup and saucer. There was a blank silence, while an uncomfortable suspicion began to dawn upon absent-minded Dan.

"Grandpa said I was to kill all your turkeys, without asking any questions," he said, presently; and then Grandpa roared out laughing, and laughed and laughed, until Grandma herself had to join and Dan. They were still at it when Prue rushed in with the overwhelming statement that there were six "kilt" turkeys at the kitchen door.

Her chances for scolding Dan being spoiled by all this laughing, Grandma Riley took the fact of the six turkeys very quietly.

"Taint often you make me a present, mother," said the old farmer, "and I want one of them turkeys for Jim Coale's family."

"Grandma, can't I have one for Ike Paxton's mother," said Dan, conscious of a guilty thought that this might buy off his conscience about that coasting business.

"Oh! go 'long," said Grandma; "but you needn't ask for t'other, 'cause Prue is a-goin' to fetch it to her old uncle. And now come 'long and help me and Prue to pick them six turkeys, Dan'l Riley."

Next afternoon Dan and Dobbin went round getting rid of those turkeys. But giving is a very spreading sort of thing. When Dan got to Mrs. Paxton's he had almost forgotten his old broken sled, and he and Ike laid their plans for double riding on the Rajubov. And the spreading did not stop there. That was the gayest Thanksgiving the Rileys had ever known.

The story of the six turkeys was told, amid shouts of happy laughter, and, when it had quieted down, John's wife said:

"Sister Caroline," while we come home to eat mother's turkeys, I think we might kill our own for somebody that hasn't any." And they made the bargain between them.

When Grandpa Riley was covering the bedroom fire for the night, Grandma shook her head at him from the pillows, and said, in the tone of one who quells an enemy:

"You needn't say a word, old man, I mean to kill six turkeys every Thanksgiving as long as I live!"

One for the Barber.

Every man who patronizes a barbershop knows that the regular charges are ten cents for a shave and fifteen cents for a half cut. There are some people who regard these prices as exorbitant. A case in point happened in a barber shop the other afternoon. A man with the top of his head entirely bald, but with a fringe of long hair beginning at a point where the hat rests upon the head, jumped in a chair and wanted a hair cut. The obliging barber faithfully did this, carefully trimming off the locks on the side, and nicely brushing them down when completed, in lieu of enough on top to make a part. Sliding out of the chair, the customer asked the charge, and was informed that fifteen cents would pay for fixing him up.

"Isn't that a rather high price for a man to pay with as few hairs as I have?" inquired the customer expostulatingly.

"No, sir," quickly replied the witty barber, "it's worth double the price for the time spent in hunting for the stray hairs."

The man paid the price and left the shop without saying a word, while the barber chuckled to himself.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Shallow cultivation is always best for grape vines.

FROM THE UNITED STATES

DOINGS ACROSS THE LINE.

Uncle Sam's Broad Acres Furnish Quite a Few Small Items that are Worth a Careful Reading.

A Chicago despatch says the sugar trade is booming.

A great international fair was opened at Los Angeles, Cal., on Saturday evening.

The National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, was robbed on Thursday night of $500 in silver.

Forest fires in West Tennessee have destroyed thousands of dollars worth of property.

All the Hebrew hatmakers of New York City have returned to work at the old wages.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst has been made a member of the Union League Club in New York.

The advance guard of negro emigrants for Liberia, Africa, has started from Birmingham, Ala.

Michael Dwyer, the New York horseman, is said to have won $80,000 on Tuesday's election.

There is talk now of investigating the Chicago police because of lawlessness during the election.

Owing to lack of money about 500 officers of the police department of Chicago are to be discharged.

It is said the United States Government will at once ask New York bankers for another loan of $50,000,000.

The athletic council of Cornell University has decided to send a crew to compete in the Henley regatta in London next June.

James J. Corbett's pugilistic champion belt is reported to have been stolen from a store in Davenport, Iowa, where it was on exhibition.

A lion is at large near Washington Court House, Ohio, and the people are in a state of fright. The beast is supposed to have escaped from a circus.

President Cleveland has decided to call tenderers for another issue of bonds to the amount of fifty millions for the purpose of replenishing the gold reserve.

The new steamship St. Louis was launched from Cramp's shipyard in Philadelphia Monday. Mrs. Cleveland did the christening in the presence of 50,000 people.

Wilbur Robinson and Frank Seiler, two prominent and well-to-do young men of Niles, Mich., have been arrested charged with burglary. Their arrest has caused a sensation.

Attorney-General Patterson, of Tennessee, has filed suit in the Circuit Court against six members of the cotton trust, asking to have their charters forfeited, for forcing down the price of cotton seed.

At the meeting of the Central Labor Union in Buffalo Stuart Reid, its president, resigned owing to the attacks made on him in consequence of his alleged membership in the American Protective Association.

Theodore Davis, the war artist and the designer of the celebrated White House dinner-set during the Hayes Administration, died on Saturday at Asbury Park, N.J., of Bright's disease. He was fifty-four years old.

The United States Government Committee's report on the great railroad strike has been made public at Chicago. The commissioners blame the Managers' Association as well as the A. R. U., and endorse the calling out of the Federal troops to quell disorder.

The first elections under the Republican Government took place recently in Hawaii. Every candidate was pledged to support annexation to the United States to the exclusion of all other matters. Only one man ran against the Government ticket and he was defeated.

STOPPING A RUN ON A BANK.

It Was Only a Bluff, but it Had the Desired Effect.

A man whose hair is now snow-white, and whose activity long ago gave place to the slowness and feebleness of old age, tells the story of how, over thirty years, in fact, nearly forty years ago, in the days of the gold fever on the Pacific coast, he stopped a run on a bank by quick-wittedness, nerve and boldness.

"The bank was perfectly solvent," he said, "but one of those wild rumors that used to float over mining towns insisted that it had no gold, and that deposits could never be made good. The run started one afternoon just before the hour for closing, and it was pretty exciting. I tell you. Those miners were all armed, and they swarmed around the house, swearing, shouting and howling desperately. We continued to pay out money up to the usual hour for closing, and then we stopped. It was just about time to stop, too, for our supply of gold was nearly exhausted.

"We drove the people out of the bank and posted a big notice on the door:

"'This bank will open at the usual hour in the morning.'

"They cheered at that, but they did not disperse, and leaving an armed guard in the bank I went home to think over some possible way of avoiding a collapse. This was the plan I had to follow: It was a slim chance, but my only one. Over in S——, another town, I had another bank, no better off for ready gold than this one! I was interested in a stage line, and among the property which I had acquired in a 'dicker' once was a load of wagon washers. They were stored over in S——. I set out on horseback at a gallop for S——, had four horses hitched to a stage coach, filled several gunny-bags with washers and loaded them on the coach. The bluff did not stop there. Inside and on top of the coach I placed half a dozen men armed to the teeth, to guard the immense treasure.

"We went out of S—— at a sharp trot before daylight, and arrived at my besieged bank shortly before the time for opening. When the crowd saw the well-filled sacks they cheered like mad, but I never said a word. I had half the guards clear a passageway, and then, while the armed men carefully watched the crowd, the sacks of washers were transferred to the vault—it was a brick and sheet-iron affair, on the same floor with the desks—while the crowd cheered and cheered.

"When it was time to throw open the doors for business I came out to the steps.

"'Boys!' I shouted, 'I don't know how much of a run you are going to make on this bank, so I have prepared for you. All I have to say is, start right in. There are plenty of full sacks in this bank, and we can get more if we need them. The bank is now open for business.'

"Well, those boys lifted the hair off my head with their yelling, and there was no run. A few timid people withdrew their deposits, but we were able to pay them without having to open our sacks of washers—fortunately for us."

Street Car Accident.

Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P.O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

VICTORY OVER PAIN.

A Vivid Word Picture of the Joys of Immortality—Consolation for the Sorrowful and Weary—The Pains of Living and Joys of Heaven.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing the close of his globe-circling tour, and will shortly reach American shores, has selected as the subject of to-day's sermon through the press—"Victory over pain," the text chosen being Revelation 21, 4—"Neither shall there be any more pain."

The first questions that you ask when about to change your residence to any city are, "What is the health of the place? is it shaken of terrible disorders? what are the bills of mortality? what is the death rate? how high rises the thermometer?" And are I not reasonable in asking, what are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text answers it by saying "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it, beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments. Perhaps you have expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them; you have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn and your brain was racked and your heart fainted, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been positively defeated it has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle—this year losing what you gained last, financial uncertainties pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Perhaps you have had domestic disappointment. Your children, upon whose education you lavished your hard-earned dollars, have not turned out as expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and painstaking, they will not do right. Many a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments. But come with me, and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace, entering the other city you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other hights rising upon the vision. This song of transport will but lift you to higher anthems; the sweetest choral but a prelude to more tremendous harmony; all things better than you had anticipated—the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain of weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are unrested, some from overwork and some from dullness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache, your spirits flag, you want rest. Are these wheels always to turn? these shuttles to fly? these axes to hew? these shovels to delve? these pens to fly? these books to be pested? these goods to be sold?

Ah! the great holiday approaches. No more curse of task-master. No more stooping until the back aches. No more calculation until the brain is bewildered. No more pain. No more carpentry, for the mansions are all built. No more masonry, for the walls are all reared. No more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set. No more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed. No more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain of poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor: to have your coat wear out and no money to get another; to have your flour barrel empty and nothing to buy bread with for your children; to live in an unhealthy row and no means to change your habitation; to have your child sick with some mysterious disease and not be able to secure eminent medical advice; to have son or daughter begin the world and you not have anything to help them in starting; with a mind capable of research and high contemplation, to be perpetually fixed on questions of mere livelihood.

Poets try to throw a romance about the poor man's lot; but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his sciatica, and so all of Christ's poor wake up at last without any of their disadvantages—no almshouses, for they are all prices; no rents to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garments to buy, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folks, but equality among temple worshippers. No hovels, no hard crusts, insufficient apparel. They shall not hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." No more pain.

Further, there will be no pain of parting. All these associations must soon time break up. We clasp hands and talk together, and talk and laugh and weep together; but we must after awhile separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some evening, or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance, or our conversation; but God knows that it is the last time; and messengers from eternity, on their errand to take us away, know it is the last time.

Oh, the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child, and try to hold fast the little one, and see all the time that he is getting weaker, and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us, and the doctors to save him, and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone, and that you have nothing left but the casket that held the jewel. And that in two or three days you must even put that away, and walk around about the house and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and then to resolve to feel differently, and to resolve on self-control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self-control to suddenly come upon some little coat, or picture, or shoe half-worn out, and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kindness. I know religion gives great consolation in such an hour, and we ought to be comforted; but any how and any way you make it, it is awful.

On steamboat wharf and at rail-car window we may smile when we say farewell; but these good-byes at the death-bed, they just take hold of the heart with iron pincers, and tear it out by the roots until all the fibres quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are wine-presses into which our hearts, like red clusters, are thrown, and then trouble turns the windlass round and round, until we are utterly crushed, and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, at every doorstep, by every couch there have been partings. But once past the heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that land there are many handclaspings and embracings, but only in recognition. That great home circle never breaks. Once find your comrades there and you have them forever. No crape floats from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of the emigrant ship for foreign shores. No tolling of bell as the funeral passes. Whole generations in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, joy to joy. No creeping up the limbs of the death chill; the feet cold until hot flannels cannot warm them. No rattle of sepulchral gates. No parting, no pain.

Further, the heavenly city will have no pain of body. The race is pierced with sharp diseases. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pincers must pull. Pain is fought with pain. The world is a hospital. Scores of diseases, like vultures contending for a carcass, struggle as which shall have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold diseases. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the lancet strikes into the swollen gum. You see its head toss in consuming fevers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dizzy and weak, and short-breathed, and dim-sighted. On every north-east wind come down pleurisies and pneumonias. War lifts its sword and hacks away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groan into the ear of God their complaint. Asiatic cholera and ship fevers and typhoids and London plagues make the world's knees knock together.

Pain has gone through every street, and up every ladder, and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Wounds from clips of elephants' tusk, and adder's sting, and crocodile's tooth, and horse's hoof, and wheel's revolution. We gather up the infirmities of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our own sicknesses, and they add to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A.D. 262 the plague in Rome smote into the dust 5,000 citizens daily. In 544, in Constantinople, 1,000 grave-diggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1813, ophthalmia seized the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweltered with suffering.

Count up the pains of Austerlitz, where 80,000 fell; of Fontenoy, where 100,000 fell; of Chalons, where 300,000 fell; of the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacred 1,000,000 men, and of Nishar, where he slew 1,747,000 people; of the 18,000,000 this monster sacrificed in fourteen years; as he went forth to do as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasture for cattle. Think of the death throes of the 5,000,000 men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the 120,000 that perished in the siege of Ostend, of the 300,000 dead at Acre; of 1,100,000 dead in the siege of Jerusalem; of 1,816,000 of the dead at Troy, and then complete the review by considering the stupendous estimate of Edmund Burke that the loss by war had been thirty-five times the entire then present population of the globe.

Go through and examine the lacerations, the gunshot fractures, the sabre wounds, the gashes of the battle-axe, the stain of bombshell and exploded mine and falling wall, and those destroyed under gun-carriage and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirsts, the camp fevers, the frosts that shivered, the tropical suns that smote. Add it up, gather it into one line, compress it into one word, spell it in one syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out in one groan, distill it into one tear.

Ay, the world has writhed in six thousand years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the torture that has been inflicted in this? A deserter from Sebastopol coming over to the army of the allies pointed back to the fortress and said, "That place is a perfect hell."

Our lexicographers, aware of the immense necessity of having plenty of words to express the different shades of trouble, have crowded into their pages such words as "annoyance," "distress," "grief," "bitterness," "heartache," "misery," "twinge," "pang," "torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribulation," "wretchedness," "woe." But I have a glad sound for every hospital, for every sick room, for every lonely invalid, for every broken heart—it shall be no more pain." Thank God! Thank God! No malaria