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# MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1895.

## Week's Commercial Summary.

A general break in wheat occurred early last week, culminating on Tuesday with a new record for May wheat, almost down to 57 at New York. Option trading amounted to 11,000,000 bushels on that single day, which was nearly equal to any two other days this year.

Commercial paper falling due on the 4th was fairly well met, about the usual percentage asking for renewals. The most trying months will be March and April, but even in these months the amount of paper due will be comparatively light. The obligations assumed by the retail trade last autumn were probably less than for some years past, and indications are that the financial disasters for the coming two months will not create any unusual ripple.

There were recorded last week 52 failures in the Dominion as against 54 the previous week, and 60 for the corresponding week of a year ago. Ontario with 30 had 8 more than all the other provinces—none of which, though, were of financial importance. Quebec had 11 failures; one was rated over $5,000, one under $1,000, and the others had our lowest credit or bank rating. Nova Scotia had two, New Brunswick one, Manitoba three, British Columbia five. None reported from Prince Edward Island.

The commercial situation in Ontario is unchanged. The snow storms have been followed by zero weather, which has been so severe in many localities that traffic has been somewhat impeded thereby. Business interests are also suffering by the increased activity in political circles, which have given rise to a feeling that elections are drawing near. The general feeling is that elections cannot come too soon, and the sooner that they are over the better. Tariff reform creates uncertainty and distrust, and while such feelings last there is little hope in any improvement in trade. The business situation is not without its favorable signs, and with the elections over, merchants and manufacturers would be able to adapt themselves to the new circumstances. As it is, travellers are sending in orders for only small sorting-up parcels, and prices generally remain unchanged.

### here and There.

Chicago authorities have succeeded in arresting 180 gamblers at one raid. But the fraternity still at liberty cannot sing: "I here's only a few of us left."

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That Alabama young woman who sued a young man who kissed her while they were passing through a tunnel on a railway train was doubly lucky. She got the kiss and damages too.

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There is an impression in the public mind that if a decision in any court is reversed by a higher court it is more just than it was before. Once it gets thoroughly credited the way will be clear for practical law reform.

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An idea of the extent to which the manufactured anti-toxine is carried on at the Pasteur Institute may be obtained when it is known that 150 horses are now used to furnish blood for the making of the serum. The horses are bled at intervals of fifteen days, and one horse has already furnished 320 litres (about 370 quarts) of blood, and it seems to thrive on the treatment.

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As the anti-big-hat bill favorably reported to the New York Legislature is not replete with details it would not be presumptuous to make a suggestion. Let a brass plate, with a hole or indentation the size of a legal standard hat, be suspended at the door of every theater. Any hat which cannot be passed through without touching may be left in the corridor.

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A new invention is out, and the preachers will go crazy over it. It's a church contribution box that is passed around instead of the plate. The coin falls through slots of different sizes, and all halves, quarters and dimes alight on velvet and make no noise; but coppers and five cent pieces drop on a Chinese gong which sounds to beat the band.

### Power From Rain.

With all the talk that there has been about utilizing waste energies, it seems just a little peculiar that no promising scheme has yet been evolved to turn to good account the prodigious power waste which has thus been shown to go on with every rainfall of any account. A project was advanced ten years ago, apparently in good faith, by some enterprising genius in the West Indies, to accomplish exactly this saving. What he proposed to do was to conduct the water from each roof during the heavy tropical rains into a main pipe supplying a small turbine coupled to a dynamo. The electricity so developed by passing showers was to be stored in accumulators, and these, as they became charged in variable times, depending, of course, on the rainfall, were to be collected and stored at central depots, from which the power was afterward to be distributed. Unfortunately, however, this enticing scheme did not materialize, so that the field is still open for some one else.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight; because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

### Sympathy.

We can be angels to one another in showing sympathy. Sympathy is, in its inmost essence, the response of feeling, the answer of thought to thought; and thus understood, its effects are akin to those we have just considered. Weakness of belief, as we saw, is born of loneliness, but is overcome by communion; and in like manner the spirit gathers strength from sympathy. Sympathy cures. It can calm passion, soothe sorrow and charm even bodily pain away. It is good for the headache and the heartache. It comforts the child, encourages the youth, heartens the toiler and smooths the last stages of the aged. It is the angel who never dies, and whose word never ceases. "Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee."

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Findloy Wark, Lysander, P.Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for bilious headache."

One thing must be borne in mind, that is, do not feed a plant with stimulants when sick—give it a rest. When it is unhealthy withhold water till it gets almost dry, then turn out the pot and shake off the outside soil, repot it in a new pot, only using a pot large enough to get a little fresh soil around the ball. Then give a good watering to settle the soil, and don't water again until it is dry, it won't take much water till it makes new roots. Bear in mind that more plants are killed by over watering and over feeding with patent plant foods than by starvation. If any stimulant be required use weak manure water made from cow manure.

## NEWSY CANADIAN ITEMS

### THE WEEK'S HAPPENING.

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

The Gazette contains a proclamation further postponing Parliament from Monday next until Monday, March 25th.

The yearly contract for supplying coal to the Grand Trunk has been awarded to Shipman, of Detroit, and the Erie R. R. Co.

Steps will be taken at once to rebuild the Queen's avenue Methodist Church at London, destroyed by fire on Saturday night.

Four convicts attempted to escape from the Kingston Penitentiary on Monday. They were caught before their plans were matured.

It is understood that Mr. Theodore Davie, the Premier of British Columbia, will soon be appointed Chief Justice of that province.

The monthly statement of Dominion finances shows a deficit of $8,000,000 for the seven months past, and an increase of $3,878,000 in the public debt.

A modern Sarah has been discovered in Arthabasca, Que., it is said, in the person of a French-Canadian woman 72 years old, who is the present mother of a fine baby boy.

On account of the prevalence of a virulent form of diphtheria in Ridgeway, Ont., the public school in that village has been closed. There is also an epidemic of typhoid fever.

It is rumored in Hamilton that an agreement has been made in New York by which the T. H. & B. railway would be taken over and run by the New York Central Railway Company.

At a funeral in Quebec the hearse got stuck in the snow and could not be moved. The horses were unhitched and the hearse with the body therein left standing in the road until next morning.

The Good Roads Convention adjourned Saturday. Resolutions were passed providing for the method to be adopted in furthering the objects of the association at the next session of the Legislature.

Trinity College School, Port Hope, was destroyed by fire shortly before midnight on Saturday. No live were lost, though many of the students an others had a narrow escape. The loss is covered by insurance.

The London Advertiser says that one ticket in 25 cents' worth is practically all that stands between the present horse car system and an electric road for the city of London. More progressive people would not boast of it.

Shortly after midnight on Saturday, Trinity College school, Port Hope, Ont., was completely destroyed by fire. The total loss is estimated at $80,000, with an insurance of $45,000 on the building and $16,000 on the contents.

Two men were arrested at Ingersoll, Ont., on Sunday, on the charge of making counterfeit money. The house of one of the prisoners was searched, and the moulds and materials with which the spurious coin was made were found.

The Monetary Times says that the statement of the assignee of the British American Starch Company of Brantford was not appearing due to read. The liabilities footed $53,207, and the dividend was 8552, about a cent on the dollar.

"The Orangemen of Lincoln, Wentworth and Brant will have a grand banquet here on July 12th," says the St. Catharines (Ont.) Journal, "on which occasion about 300 True Blue girls will form part of the attractions of the turnout."

J. E. W. Macfarlane, manager of the British Columbia Iron Works Society, Vancouver, B. C., was arrested on Thursday on the charge of attempting to bribe Ald. McCraney in order to secure the contract for the city's electric light plant.

The Buffalo Express tells of the proposed departure at an early day of a party of gentlemen for the gold regions on the Fraser river, B. C. They will purchase their machinery in Toronto in order to save the duty, and will ship via the C. P. R.

The evidence of Mr. F. T. Shutt, chemist at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, before the House Committee on Agriculture, has been printed. It contains much information in regard to soils, grasses, food for cattle, water, and fruit preservation.

Owing to the repressive measures by the County Council, gunders declined at the rate of 60 per cent. in Lennox last year. Owners of horses and stallions have been warned that the disease may be easily communicated to man and is almost always fatal.

A second wreck took place on the Grand Trunk railway on Friday, afternoon near Agincourt, when an express engine ran into a snowplough, which proved as disastrous as that near Weston earlier in the day, one engineer being killed, and several train hands injured.

Manager Schofield, of the Standard Bank of Chatham, Ont., will investigate the financial situation of the city, as disclosed by the Finance Committee, the Treasurer and the auditors, and will, after a careful enquiry, give a written opinion, to be presented to the City Council.

The executive of the Missionary Board of the Methodist Church has issued a statement dealing with the trouble among the missionaries in Japan. The missionaries were asked to state their grievances clearly, and Crossley and Hunter, it was intimated, had volunteered their services for the field.

The remains of Frank J. Joseph were recovered from the wrecked train at Wardlaw's Cut, by the auxiliary crew early on Saturday morning, and an inquest was opened at Weston on Saturday evening. Engineer Manwaring is in a critical condition at the General Hospital, and Mr. Monahan hovers between life and death at St. Michael's.

Wellington Burley Shelby, Neb., writes Mayor Wright, of Kingston, Ont., that he is on the trail of $3,000,000 alleged to have been stolen in 1812 from a bank in Kingston, and that he would pay the Mayor well for corresponding with him and giving him details of the theft. Kingston was not much of a town in 1812, and as for the existence of a bank holding $3,000,000, the probabilities are against it.

The older members of the Central Presbyterian Church, Toronto, have made a stand against the younger members' proposition to introduce into the service solo-singing and psalm-chanting. The former declare their intention of leaving the church if the congregation carried such a motion, but it was overwhelmingly defeated. As heretofore, the attendance of young people at the Central Church will be meager.

There was a rear-end collision on the Grand Trunk Friday afternoon between Malton and Wes on. Two passenger trains, No. 4 Chicago express and No. 6 local, were proceeding to Toronto, and the former, becoming fast in a snowdrift, was run into by the other. Several passengers were seriously injured, and one, Mr. Frank Joseph, editor of the Law Digest, it is feared has been burned to death in the ruins.

At the session of the convention of St. Andrew's Brotherhood of Canada, at Woodstock, Ont., Canon DuMoulin, of Toronto, delivered an eloquent address, in which he said that woman had forsaken the vocation God had given her in being the keen and constant competitor of man. He said that this wonderful evolution was unscriptural, and that sooner or later it must totter to its fall. The time was not far distant when woman would be deposed from the throne she had usurped, and be driven back to her own domestic domains.

Two hundred applications are filed for the fire brigade vacancies in Toronto, which shows no lack of men willing to risk their lives for $2 a month. Ossian Cole, the Chief of Police's request that his force be increased by a personal stream of applicants poor in. One would be stalwart, hailing from the country, weighed over 200 pounds, was 6 feet 2 inches high and measured 48 inches around the chest. As he was only 20 years old, he was told that if he would call on his next birthday he would be accepted.

A big horse show is to be held in Toronto about April 15th. If the drill shed is not available, it will be held in the Mutual street rink. It will be a provincial affair; breeders will attend in large numbers, and society will help make it successful, because it is under the auspices of the Hunt Club and the Agriculture and Arts Association. The Governor General and Lady Aberdeen and the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will be asked to give the first of the proposed series of big horse shows their patronage.

The shipping trade of Quebec appears to be declining steadily, year by year. The comparative statement of the number and tonnage of sailing vessels and steamers entered and cleared, just compiled and issued by the Custom-house authorities, shows that the total number of vessels which arrived in 1893 was 431, against only 389 in 1894. Great Britain supplied 234 of these in 1893, and 225 in 1894, while Norway and Sweden sent 155 in the former and 128 in the latter year. The total clearances in 1893 were 345, as against 294 in 1894. Most of these went to the United Kingdom.

"A trick of Canadian girls to keep the hands warm in severe weather is worth noting," says the New-York Times. "They braid in a number of silver dollars and slip them into a not too purse, carrying the latter in their muffs. The coins, treated in this way, retain the heat for several hours, and can be thrust down the dress to prot ct the chest r put about the throat, or applied almost anywhere about the body where the cold is most felt." The story must be true, and the girls, consequently, are responsible for the limited number of silver dollars in circulation in Canada. They also wear necklaces and ear-drops of hot silver, and cash boxes full of them serve the purposes of hot bricks when they go sleighing.

The Attorney-General of Ontario is said to be in possession of "a little red book," entries in which tend to incriminate some of the jurymen in the recent murder trial at Brantford, Ont., when Mrs. Harriet of New Durham in Brant county was acquitted despite the most direct and damaging evidence against her of murdering her husband by administering poison in his medicine. Deputy-Adjutant-General Cartwright, acc rding to the Toronto News, says that the charges are serious, and that they will be sifted to the very bottom. He admitted the difficulty of proving that jurors had been tampered with, but he believed they had been reached in some way. Alluding to the matter, the Brantford Expositor says: "It is to be hoped the Attorney-General's department will thoroughly investigate the entire matter and establish the real facts, whatever they may be. We are unwilling to believe that there are men in this county who have fallen so low as to violate their oaths of office and, Judas-like, betray the ends of justice for a few pieces of silver.

### NEW COMPANIES INCORPORATED.

Among the new companies incorporated in Saturday's Ontario Gazette are the Garden City Carpet Manufacturing Co. of Ontario, with a capital stock of $10,000; the Niagara Neckwear Co., with a capital stock of $20,000; the Henderson Cycle Manufacturing Co., of Brantford, with a capital stock of $24,000; the Hupwell Primary Battery Co. of Ontario, with a capital stock of $45,000.

### CHILD NEARLY FROZEN IN STRATFORD.

The Beacon says: A report was current in the city to-day that two negroes had been frozen to death last night in a shell of a house on the Gordon survey. On investigation it was found that one child belonging to a family named Harris was badly frozen. There are a number of colored people living in that part of the city, and there is room for some missionary work of a practical nature among them. The house was without glass in the windows, and there was hardly any wood to make a fire of. The child that suffered was between two and three years of age. The greater part of its little body shows signs of the frost.

A Poultry and Pet-stock Association has been formed at Cobourg, Ont., with the object of holding an exhibition on February 26th, 27th and 28th, and March 1st.

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 a 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.

### They Could Do Better.

Let me give your an instance of fitness and intelligence of one legislator from Colorado—happily they are not all like him. During the last session of the Legislature the women of that state were endeavoring to secure the franchise, and to that end three of them called upon this legislator and asked him what his views were on equal suffrage. He said:

"I hain't never thought nothing about it, and I don't believe in women's rights, nohow."

"But," they said, "don't you think it is time you did think about it?" Won't you help us?"

Now mark the beautiful relevancy of his reply. He leaned back, thrust one hand into his trousers' pocket, and with the other emphasized his intelligent response:

"I wouldn't marry you, nor you, nor you!"

They had asked his opinion on equal suffrage! But their answer was more to the point than his. They said very sweetly:

"Well, perhaps your wife couldn't do any better, but we can."

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

### Died While At Prayer.

John Noveu, of Gatineau Point, died in the Basilica shortly before noon on Friday. He went to kneel in the aisle beside the firs pew, and f ll forward on his side. Some of those present in the church noticed Noveu breathing heavily, and sought assistance of Father Groulx, of the bishop's palace, who arrived in time to administer the last rites of the church. It is supposed that apoplexy was the cause of death.

### Science Triumphant at Last.

Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the outcome of the latest scientific researches. There was always a prejudice against taking Cod Liver Oil on account of its disagreeable taste, but Miller's Emulsion is agreeable to the palate, and that is one reason why it has become so popular with the medical fraternity, the hospitals of the country and the households wherever consumption or lung troubles prevails. 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.

Cattle, especially the milky mothers of the herd, should have a full share of the farmer's care and attention. They cannot be herded together in the fold like sheep. They can, however, be made comfortable in stalls without extra conditions.

## WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT

### DOINGS OVER THE LINE.

What Our Neighbors have Done during the Past Week in Making the History of the World.

Fifty per cent of the orange crop in Florida has been killed by the recent cold.

Atlanta, Ga., has the unusual experience of about three and a half inches of snow.

Last year 61,919,077 pieces of coin were struck at the Mint, including over 6,000,000 worth of sovereigns and half sovereigns, £942,856 of silver and £33,485 of bronze.

By the decisive vote of thirty-six to twenty the United States Senate on Saturday voted to inaugurate the project of laying a cable from the Pacific coast to Hawaii.

Miss Anna Gould, the youngest sister of George Gould, is engaged to Count de Castellanne, of Paris, and the wedding will take place in New York some time in the spring.

Excessive tea-drinking is said to be on the increase in America. Of the patients applying in one week at a dispensary in Brooklyn, 10 per cent. were said to be tea drunkards.

Mrs. Nellie W. Pope was arraigned in the police court at Detroit on the charge of murdering her husband, Dr. Horace E. Pope. She pleaded not guilty, and her examination was set for February 21st.

Sixty thousand dollars in gold was found by Jesse J. Drew at his saw mill near Hollandale, Miss., on Wednesday. The treasure is supposed to have been buried during the civil war by Capt. Barfield.

At San Francisco an attempt was made to kill F. W. Hellman, president of the Nevada Bank. Wm. Holland fired two shots at the banker near his residence on California street and then shot himself. He is mortally wounded. The shots fired at Mr. Hellman went wide of the mark.

John Bathoff, of Grant County, Ok., awoke the other night to find the dog in the house mad. He grabbed the animal just as it leaped on his child's bed and had a terrible struggle. Aided by his wife he killed it with an axe, but was severely bitten on the arms and legs. He will be sent to Chicago to receive the Pasteur treatment.

The first regular scheduled train to make a trip through the new belt line tunnel, which is six miles long, and which cost the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company $7,000,000, was the Philadelphia and New York fast freight, to which a passenger coach was attached for the accommodation of a party of railroad and electric experts. Work has been in progress on the tunnel for more than four years.

Our commercial telegraph reports from the United States are only negatively satisfactory. They do not report trade as improved, but say there are some points of improvement." Prices of farm products are no better all round, though there have been, of course, fluctuations. Iron and steel have declined a little, some grades of certain goods are lower in woollens there has been more doing, but prices are weak. Sales of foreign wool in the United States are noticeably larger, with the tone of the trade, then they were for the corresponding week last year. Receipts of corn have been limited, and values are a shade higher. Failures in the United States for the week ended February amounted to 281, as compared with 385 for the corresponding week of last year.

Consumers of oranges should beware of frozen fruit coming from Florida. An orange specialist in Florida says that frozen oranges are poisonous, and deaths have been known to occur from eating them. On the occasion of a former freeze there he says that the Boston or Massachusetts Board of Health forbade the importation of frozen oranges as poisonous and dangerous to the public health. Notice of such an embargo has not yet been given since the present freeze in Florida. This gentleman says that not only have the orange groves and the vegetable gardens been seriously injured, and in many instances wholly destroyed, but even in the extreme south of Florida the cocoanut trees and the pineapples have been seriously injured, and in some places killed by the frost.

Wm. Brusseau, who has within a week told two stories of the murder of Dr. Pope in his home in Detroit, Saturday night made a clean breast of the whole affair to the police. According to Brusseau's latest story, the murder was a carefully planned affair, in which Mrs. Pope, the doctor's wife, was the moving spirit, and $14,000 the object. For two weeks before the fatal day the two planned the crime in every particular. On Saturday night Mrs. Pope made her husband sleep in a chair at her bedside. Toward morning she quietly called Brusseau and the latter secured the hatchet and struck the doctor on the head. Then, in obedience to the woman's command, he rained a half-dozen or more blows on their victim's skull. Mrs. Pope's eight-year-old daughter, who slept at her side during the murder, was then awakened, and the three carefully rehearsed the story they were to tell the police.

It is said that out of a total population in New York of 1,891,000 70.48 per cent. or 1,333,000, live in 39,139 tenement houses. Apartment houses of the better class are not included among tenement houses. The Springfield Republican comments on the remarkable fact that the death rate is in one of its most thickly settled tenement-house districts, occupied by some of its poorest people, in the wards where the Jewish population is the densest. The death rate among the crowded Jews was in 1891 only 15.73 to each thousand, and in 1893 only 17.14. The comparatively cleanly habits of these Jews, their observance of the Mosaic law about food, and their abstinence from alcoholic liquors are given as explanations of this low death rate. In the Italian districts the death rate is double what it is among the Jews, and the population not so dense, and even in the wards occupied by wealthy people the death rate is greater than among the Jews.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

### A QUEER HOTEL.

#### Refuge from a Texas Cyclone.

While travelling through the Panhandle of Texas during the spring of 1893 I discovered a hotel which I believe to be the only one of the kind in the United States, for its manager and proprietor seemed to have invented the plan.

About 4 o'clock one afternoon in the early part of May my train rolled into a little town, the name of which need not be given. As I stepped to the platform my attention was at once drawn to a rather solemn looking man with red hair, who seemed to be acting as a kind of hotel runner.

"Cave House, sir? Cave House?" he called. "Go to the Cave? Bad-looking cloud, sir, very."

I wondered what the bad-looking cloud had to do with the matter, but as there seemed to be no hotel to compete with the Cave House, I decided to put up there. I thought anything at all about the Cave House, I decided to put up there. I thought anything at all about the name, I supposed it to indicate that the house was owned or managed by old Mr. Cave, or some of his family. However, I asked no questions, but turned my grip over to the Cave man and trudged on after him. As we left the station I was impressed with the truth of my companion's observation as to the badness of the cloud; but it was the time of year when bad-looking clouds are not an uncommon affair in Northern Texas. For several weeks, just preceding, real cyclones had been in what might be called rather an unsettled condition. One week before this day the little town of Cheyenne had been almost demolished by a storm, and the week before that an awful cyclone had visited several places in Oklahoma. It was now the time of year when nervous Eastern people would enjoy living in that part of the world. The cloud now approaching was evidently not of an ordinary character. To begin with, it was of a deep green color, such as one never sees in a cloud. Moreover, the whole mass had a bubbling, boiling appearance, as if it was a vast caldron, under which the evil spirits of the air had kindled their fires. The whole was a dark, lowering, wide-spreading mass that seemed almost to touch the ground in its course. A buzzing, hissing, rumbling noise filled the air, as if a dozen locomotives were all letting off steam at the same time. The majestic centre of all the disturbance came sweeping on as if the prince of the powers of the air were propelling it. As we moved off, I noticed with surprise that we were going in a direction opposite to that of the main part of the town, but said nothing. I noticed, too, that most of the houses seemed deserted. The few inhabitants were visible were mostly out in their yards watching the oncoming cloud.

"Say, Cave man," I queried, "where have all the town folks hidden themselves?"

"Under the ground, mister—under the ground," replied my companion, with a significant laugh. "Here we are, though, at the Cape House. You'll find lots of 'em down there."

As he spoke he opened the gate to what seemed to be the back yard of a private residence. I noticed quite a number of people in the back yard, but hesitated about entering.

"I don't want to go in that place, man. Where's the hotel?"

"There it is, right over yonder," said he, impatiently. "Ain't you got no eyes? I told you before you started that it was a cave house. You didn't think of stopping at a regular hotel, did you?"

"If you've a mind to get blowed all to thunder, you can go, but I won't. That cloud is going to do its do in a mighty little while now."

It seemed that such was the case. The wind began to come in fierce, fitful gusts. The flashing of the lightning and the rolling of the thunder were almost continuous. A few large heavy drops of rain fell. I was not at heart pining to be "blowed all to thunder," so I decided to put up all night at the Cave House. The mound of earth was a natural one. It had been excavated and an entrance made on the north-east side, because the cyclones of the region always come from the southward. As I entered I beheld such a sight as I never saw before and never expect to see again. Before me was an underground room forty feet long by twenty feet broad. Seated on boards around the walls, and on boxes, stools and chairs in the floor, were about 250 men, women and children. The dim, weird light of the low-hanging lanterns shone on pale faces, and gave them an effect beyond description. All had now come in. The massive double doors were closed and barred. We could tell by the wool hat and shriek of the wind outside that the storm-king was hard at his work. It was then nearly a comfort to know there was a foot of solid, natural earth in all the walls, and that overhead four feet of earth was propped up, and in addition, with massive oaken timbers. The walls were ceiled, and there was a plank flooring, underfoot. All would have been well enough with us, had it not been for the stifling heat. Think of over 250 people packed and jammed into such a room as I have described, with no ventilation save such as could be obtained through the two stove pipes passing through the roof! It was awful. I stood it till about ten o'clock and then after much persuasion, I induced my landlord to open the door and let me out. Rain was pouring but the wind had ceased. Through the rain and mud and darkness I tramped over a mile, until I found the only "regular" hotel in the town. Here I stayed until morning, but I afterwards learned that the rest of the crowd spent the night in the Cave House. In the morning I saw that the storm had uprooted trees and unroofed houses in our immediate vicinity, but had done no more serious damage. Farther east, near Gainesville the cloud had come nearer the ground. Here it had blown a freight off the track, and caused some loss of life. It was not a "bad storm" comparatively speaking, but it was as bad a one as I care to see.

The Cave Hotel was a paying enterprise. It cost its owner about $200 originally, and as he charged each person 50 cents a night for sleeping—or rather, staying—in it, he soon got his money back. A bad looking cloud always brought him a financial harvest. But for the shortness of the season, he would have grown rich at the business.

Do you feel as though your friends had all deserted you, business calamities overwhelmed you, your body refusing to perform its duties, and even the sun had taken refuge behind a cloud? Then use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and hope will return and despondency disappear. Mr. R. H. Baker, Ingoldsby, writes: "I am completely cured of dyspepsia that caused me great suffering for three years. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the medicine that effected the cure after trying many other medicines.

The best citizen ideals are rudely shattered when a lynching community gets conscience-stricken and undertakes to punish its lynchers. That has happened in Mount Sterling, Ky., and it is found that a best citizen who has been a leader in all the lynching parties of the town for the last dozen years was once sentenced to nineteen years in the penitentiary for murder and actually served five years before he was pardoned.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently stated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when attainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result; improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, not gaged by the opinions of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The imports of Manitoba wheat from Buffalo to which point considerable quantities were brought down from Port Arthur in bond, before the close of lake navigation, cause considerable comment among the trade here. It is stated that action may be taken on the part of Canadian holders of Manitoba wheat to enforce the payment of 15c. per bushel duty on this wheat coming from Buffalo.

France imports ten times as much wine as it exports.

## AN OPPORTUNITY MISSED

### NEVER COMES BACK.

The Value of Seizing Advantages "In the Nick of Time."—Elements of Commercial, Literary and Political Success.

Rev. Dr. Talmage again found himself facing a vast audience at the Academy of Music, Sunday, February 10th, while thousands surged around the entrances, unable to gain admission. The Academy was crowded shortly after three o'clock, and the preliminary service of song was participated in by the throngs that filled the corridors and by many of those at the doors on both Irving Place and Fourteenth street as well. The distinguished divine took for his subject: "Opportunity," the text selected being, Gal. 6: 10. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good."

At Denver, Colorado, years ago, an audience had assembled for divine worship. The pastor of the church for whom I was to preach that night, interested in the seating of the people, stood in the pulpit looking from side to side, and when no more people could be crowed within the walls, he turned to me and said, with startling emphasis: "What an opportunity!" Immediately that word began to charge, and while a hymn was being sung, at every stanza the word "opportunity" swiftly and mightily unfolded, and while the opening prayer was being made, the word piled up into Alps and Himalaya of meaning, and spread out into other latitudes and longitudes of significance, until it became hemispheric, and it still grew in altitude and circumference until it encircled other worlds, and swept out, and on, and around until it was as big as eternity. Never since have I read or heard that word without being thrilled with its magnitude and momentum. Opportunity! Although in the text to some it may seem a mild and quiet note, in the great Gospel harmony it is a staccato passage. It is one of the loveliest and awfulest words in our language. Of more than one hundred thousand words of English vocabulary, "As we have opportunity, let us do good."

What is an opportunity? The lexicographer would coolly tell you it is a conjunction of favorable circumstances for accomplishing a purpose; but words cannot tell what it is. Take a thousand years to manufacture a definition, and you could not successfully describe it. Opportunity! The measuring with which the Angel of the Apocalypse measured heaven could not measure this postal word of my text. Stand on the edge of the precipice of all time and let down the fathoming line hand under hand, and lower down and lower down, and for a quintillion of years let it sink, and the lead will not strike the bottom. Opportunity! But while I do not attempt to measure or define the word, I will, God helping me, take the responsibility of telling you something about opportunity.

First, it is very swift in its motions. Sometimes within one minute it starts from the throne of God, sweeps around the earth, and re-ascends the throne from which it started. Within less than sixty seconds it fulfilled its mission.

In the second place, opportunity never comes back. Perhaps an opportunity very much like it may arrive, but that one, never. Naturalists tell us of insects which are born, fulfil their mission, and expire in an hour; but many opportunities die so soon after they are born that their brevity of life is incalculable. What most amazes me is that opportunities do such overshadowing, far-reaching and tremendous work in such short earthly allowance. You are a business man of large experience. The past eighteen months have been hard on business. A young merchant at his wits' end came into your office or your house, and you said, "Times are hard now but better days will come. I have seen things as bad or worse, but we got out, and we will get out of this. The brightest days that this country ever saw are yet to come." The young man to whom you said that was ready for suicide, or something worse—namely, a fraudulent turn to get out of his desparaitu position. Your hopefulness inspired him for all time, and thirty years after you are dead he will be reaping the advantage of your optimism. Your opportunity to do that one thing for that young man was not half as long as the time I have taken to rehearse it.

In yonder third gallery you sit, a man of the world, but you wish everybody well. While the clerks are standing round in your store, or the men in your factory are taking their noon spell some one says, "Have you heard that one of our men has been converted at the revival meeting in the Methodist Church?" "Well, I do not believe in revivals. These things do not last. People get excited and join the church, and are no better than they were before." Yes, but men would keep away from those meetings." Do you know, oh man, what you did in that minute of depreciation? There were two young men in that group who that night would have gone to those meetings and been saved from this world and the next, but you decided them not to go. They are social natures. They already drink more than is good for them, and are disposed to be wild. From the time they hear you say that, they accelerated their steps on the downward road. In ten years they will be through with their dissipations and pass into the Great Beyond. That little talk of yours decided their destiny for this world and the next. You had an opportunity that you misimproved. Another time when you confront those two immortals in the last judgment, and they tell you of that unfortunate talk of yours that flung them over the precipice? Oh, man of the world, why did you not say in that noon spell of conversation "Good; I am glad that man got religion. I wish I had it myself. Let us all go to-night. Come on; I will meet you at the church door at eight o'clock." You see, you would have taken them all to heaven, and you would have got there yourself. Golden opportunity gone!

The day I left our country home to look after myself, we rode across country, and my father was driving. Of course I said nothing that implied how I felt. But there are hundreds of men here, who from their own experience know how I felt. At such a time a young man may be hopeful, and even impatient, to get into the battle of life for himself, but to leave the homestead where everything has been done for you; your father, or older brothers taking your part when you were imposed on by larger boys; and your mother always around, when you got the cold, with mustard applications for the chest, or herb tea to make you sweat off the fever, and sweet mixtures in the cup by the bed to stop the cough, taking sometimes too much of it because it was pleasant to take; and then to go out with no one to stand between you and the world, gives one a choking sensation at the throat, and a home-sickness before you have got three miles away from the old folks. There was on the day I spoke of a silence for a long while, and then my father began to tell how good the Lord had been to him in sickness and in health, and when times of hardship came how Providence had always provided the means of livelihood for the large household; and he wound up by saying, "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." My father has been dead thirty years, but in all the crises of my life—and there have been many of them—I have felt the mighty boost of that lesson in the farm wagon. "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." The fact was, my father saw that this was his opportunity, and he improved it. This is one reason why I am an enthusiastic friend of all Young Men's Christian Associations. They get hold of so many young men just arriving in the city, and while they are very impressionable, and it is the best opportunity to do them good. Young men looked to us as we first entered the great city; and so, many people! It seemed some meeting must have just closed to fill the streets in that way; and then the big placards announcing all styles of amusements, and so many of them on each night, and every night, after our home had been spent in regions where only once or twice in a whole year there has been an entertainment in schoolhouse or church. That is the opportunity. Start that innocent young man in the right direction. Six weeks after will be too late. Tell me what such a young man does with his first six weeks in the great city, and I will tell you what he will be throughout his life on earth, and where he will spend the ages of eternity. Opportunity!

We all recognize that commercial, and literary, and political success depend upon taking advantage of opportunity. The great surgeons of England feared to touch the tumor of King George IV. Sir Astley Cooper looked at it and said to the king: "I will out Your Majesty as though you were a plowman." That was Sir Astley's opportunity. Lord Clive was his father's dinner, climbing church steeples and doing reckless things. His father sent him to Madras, India, as a clerk in the service of an English officer. Clive watched his time, and when war broke out came to be the chief of the host that saved India for England. That was Lord Clive's opportunity. Pauline Lucca, the almost matchless singer, was but little recognized in Berlin in the absence of the soloist in the German choir she took her place and began the enchantment of the world. That day was Lucca's opportunity. John Scott, who afterward became Lord Eldon, had stumbled his way along in the practice of law until the case of Akroyd vs. Smithson was to be tried, and his speech that day opened the avenues of success. That was Lord Eldon's opportunity. William H. Seward was given by his father a thousand dollars to get a collegiate education. That money soon gone his father said, "Now, you must fight your own way," and he did, until gubernatorial chair, and United States senatorial chair were his, with a right to the presidential chair, if the meanness of American politics had not swindled him out of it. The day when his father told him to fight his own way was William H. Seward's opportunity. John Henry Newman, lying becalmed a whole week in an orange boat in the Strait of Bonifacio, wrote his immortal hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light. That was John Henry Newman's opportunity. You know Kirke White's immortal hymn, "When Marshalled on the Nightly Plain." He wrote it in a boat by a lantern on a stormy night as he was sailing along a rocky coast. That was Kirk White's opportunity.

The importance of making the most of opportunities as they present themselves is acknowledged in all other directions; why not in the matter of usefulness? The difference of usefulness of good men and women is not so much the difference in brain or social position, or wealth, but in equipment of Christian common sense; to know just the time when to say the right word or do the right thing. There are good people who can always be depended upon to say the right thing at the wrong time. A merchant selling goods over the counter to a wily customer who would like to get them at less than cost; a railroad conductor while taking up the tickets from passengers (who want to work off a last year's free pass, or get through at half rate a child fully grown); a housekeeper trying to get the table ready in nine for guests, although the oven has failed to do its work, and the grocer has neglected to fulfill the order given him; those are not opportunities for religious address. Do not rush up to a man in the busiest part of the day, and when a half dozen people are waiting for him, and ask, "How is your soul?"

But there are plenty of at occasions. It is interesting to see the sportsman, gun in hand and pouch at side, and accompanied by the hounds yoiping down the road, off on hunting expedition, but the best hunters in this world are those who hunt for opportunities to do good, and the game is something to gladden earth and Heaven. I will point out some of the opportunities. When a soul is in bereavement is the best time to talk of Gospel consolation and heavenly reunion. When a man has lost his property is the best time to talk to him of heavenly inheritance, in the case that can never be levied on. When one is sick is the best time to talk to him about the supernatural latitude in which unhealth is an impossibility. When the Holy Spirit is moving on a community is the best time to tell a man he ought to be saved. By a word; by a smile; by a look; by a prayer, the work may be so thoroughly done that all eternity cannot undoit. As the harp was invented from hearing the twang of a b