If subscribers who do not receive their paper regularly will please notify us at once.
Advertising rates on application.

MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895.

Week's Commercial Summary.

Twenty-five years ago bananas growing in Jamaica was insignificant, just enough for home wants, but during 1892-93 bananas were exported from the island to the value of over £400,000.

The United States Treasury gold reserve stands at $41,215,181, the lowest point it is likely to reach for some time, as the gold of the Belmont-Morgan syndicate will soon begin to make its appearance in the reserve and swell its proportions until it again reaches $100,000,000.

The failures in the Dominion last week numbered 51, as compared with 52 the week before, and 55 for the same week in 1894. Ontario leads the list with 20, being one more than the previous week, and 7 more than in all the other provinces combined. None were of any commercial importance. Quebec had 13 failures; 11 of which had our lowest credit or blank rating. Nova Scotia had 2, New Brunswick 4, and Manitoba 5. None were recorded in British Columbia or Prince Edward Island.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s review of the trade situation in the United States for the past week says: Another week's exports of gold and withdrawals from the Treasury have been almost entirely stopped by the contract for purchases of gold from Messrs. Belmont & Morgan. For the moment business only waits to know whether sales of American securities and withdrawals of gold from the Treasury have been lastingly stopped by the increase of confidence. The two obstacles which block the path just now are exceeding cheapness of farm produce and restricted operations in industries. There has been no gain in prices of farm products on the whole; corn is nominally half a cent higher, but with an insignificant movement, while wheat also, with a movement half of last year's, is a quarter of a cent lower for the week.

Wholesale trade of Toronto is without special feature. The more moderate weather tends to improve the general feeling, and the distribution of merchandise will be facilitated. Merchants speak with more confidence regarding the outlook for spring trade, but there are no indications of enhanced prices for leading staples. The comparatively small stocks of merchandise in country points remains as one of the favorable factors in the trade situation. But manufacturers still complain of heavy stocks, with a limited demand from the trade. The movement of country produce has been restricted by the heavy fall of snow in many sections of the province, and in consequence higher prices are quoted for barley, oats and peas. Freights are lower from western points, and to this fact the higher prices of produce are also partly due. There is practically no wheat coming out, which gives rise to the feeling that there is no more of this cereal in the country than will supply domestic requirements.

Here and There.

Five hundred years ago not one man in ten thousand could read or write.

× × ×

If Queen Lil stays in prison she will not have a board bill to pay.

× × ×

The winter days in Sweden are only six hours long.

× × ×

Dr. Parkhurst says that belief in immortality is difficult only because we think so.

× × ×

We often hear men complaining of their hopes being dissipated, and, as a rule, that's just what ails the complainant.

× × ×

A Dakota court is struggling with a prisoner named Szczys. We do not know what he is charged with, but from his name we suspect it is soda water.

× × ×

A leading astronomer says that the moon looks better when it is half full. Alas, what a woeful example.

× × ×

February is the month in which the greatest number of births occur; June the month in which the fewest.

× × ×

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. It should be made with the heart and remembered by the head.

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I warmed the oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

Kindness.

Do not be afraid of spoiling anyone with kindness. It can't be done. Instead of spoiling, it beautifies the character, cheers the heart and helps to raise the burden from shoulders which, though brave, sometimes grow very, very tired. Let not a little adversity frighten you away, for under the most frigid exterior there is always to be found a tender chord which can be touched by kindness and which responds in beautiful harmonies to those little acts of courtesy that are as sunshine to a struggling plant.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

The chief evidence upon which the Hawaiian Government relied for the prosecution of the conspirators in the recent uprising of the Royalists was obtained by torturing Capt. William Davies, of the steamer Waimanolo, a citizen of the United States. He was strung up by the thumbs until he gave all the information that the Government required.

It Does the Business.

If you want to know what Miller's Emulsion of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil will do for a consumptive patient ask one who has tried it. Ask any one who has used it in lung troubles of any kind. What they say about Miller's Emulsion shall be its recommendation. It is the finest preparation of its kind in the world, and is worth its weight in gold to a consumptive sufferer, whom it will raise from a bed of sickness to health and strength of body and mind, giving a new lease of life. Thousands testify to the value of Miller's Emulsion. 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.

The Erie railroad does not check bicycles or allow them to be checked over the lines, but it carries them free under a release of liability when accompanied by owner, the owner agreeing to receive and deliver the machine at the door of baggage car.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The Marquis of Salisbury was the guest of the Irish Loyalist Club at their inaugural banquet at the Hotel Metropole, London, on Saturday evening.

LATEST CANADIAN NEWS.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Arranged and Condensed For Our Busy Readers, Each Province Furnishing Its Quota of Interesting Items.

Lady Henry Somerset is obliged through illness to cancel her engagements throughout Canada.

Two more cases of smallpox have broken out in Malahide township, making seven new cases in the past few days.

About 100 men working on the T. H. & B. railway struck on Saturday. Pay not forthcoming is said to be the cause.

The Toronto Trades and Labor Council express strong disapprobation of General Booth's proposed colonization scheme.

Mrs. McMahon, the Hamilton woman found guilty of passing counterfeit money was sentenced to two years and six months in penitentiary.

The Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway Company have issued a writ against the Spectator Printing Company, claiming $50,000 for alleged libel.

Prof. Foster, of McMaster University, has resigned his position in connection with that institution to take a chair shortly in the University of Chicago.

Prof. Dale, of the University of Toronto, has been dismissed from his position on account of the statements made in a letter published by him in last Saturday's Globe.

Four new cases of smallpox have developed in Malahide township. They are all persons who have been exposed to the disease, and have resided in quarantined houses.

Robert Newbury, a retired farmer, at Tottenham, on Saturday shot his wife and niece, and then committed suicide. His wife was killed instantly, but the niece is expected to recover.

The Hamilton Radical Electric Railway Company have given notice that it will apply for an amendment to its charter to allow it to operate the Guelph and Berlin branches by either steam or electricity.

The Queen's avenue Methodists, London, have decided to rebuild at once on the old site. The new structure will be an imposing one. About $20,000 has already been subscribed by a few wealthy members.

The Rev. Andre M. Garin, O.M.I., died on Saturday in St. John's Hospital, Lowell, Mass., at the age of 70 years. His early career he was a missionary among the Indians in the Canadian Northwest.

The Manitoba Legislature was opened on Thursday. In the speech from the throne the Government expressed the resolution "not to recede from its determination" to uphold the present Public School system.

At a Coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death in the case of William Davis, the victim of the Binkley Hollow dynamite explosion. The family are very poorly off, and a subscription is being started for them.

The Newmarket Court has dismissed the summons granted to the Anti-Gambling League against the stewards of the Jockey Club, which was applied for and obtained on the ground that the club was guilty of illegal betting.

The General Trunk Line Association has decided to raise the immigrant fare between New York and Chicago from $18 to $15 on May 1. Immigrant rates will be correspondingly raised from other Atlantic seaboard points in the Trunk Line territory.

One of the workmen on the T., H. and B. Railway line named Wm. Davis was blown to pieces by an explosion of dynamite at Binkley's Hollow. The explosion was felt at a great distance. A horse was injured and several narrow escapes of other workmen took place.

Mrs. Richard Simpson, of Toronto, died Tuesday night at Steubenville, O., from burns received. Her dress caught fire from a grate, and she ran into the yard, where she rolled in the snow. Neighbors tried to extinguish the blazing clothes, but failed.

Mr. Joseph Octave Arsenault, who has been for many years a prominent figure in the public affairs of Prince Edward Island, will fill the chair in the Senate left vacant by the appointment of Mr. Howlan as Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island.

This cold weather is very hard on quail and Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville, have offered to donate fifty bushels of grain to feed the birds. The Windsor Keystone Gun Club have accepted the offer, and have started for the quail districts to scatter the grain.

The Butter and Cheese Association held a meeting in Montreal Monday, at which a resolution was passed by a narrow majority, declaring that the association viewed with alarm the proposition of the Dominion Government to advance 20 cts. per pound for shipment to England of winter creamery butter.

The cavalry return of comparative efficiency for the last annual drill shows the highest number of points awarded to any one troop is 114, to A Troop, Manitoba Dragoons. B Troop, Manitoba Dragoons, comes next with 113 points. The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards of Ottawa comes third with 112½ points, only a point and a half behind the leading troop.

The aggregate of the chattel mortgages registered in Ontario at the end of 1893 was a little over $9,000,000. Of this total $3,000,000 represented indebtedness incurred by farmers, $1,000,000 by lumbermen, $740,000 by merchants, $638,000 by manufacturers and $204,000 by printers and publishers. These figures probably account for the growing strength of the Patron element in the Province.

The poet of the Guelph Herald, who is writing some capital verse, wants to know "if the angels look down with a smile on the meadows and weep when they think of the town?" We are not in the secrets of the angels, but we feel ourselves authorized to state that if Guelph is marked on the celestial map the angels probably shed tears every time their eyes fall on it, and they think of its crooked ways—we mean the crooked streets, for Guelph is laid out like the spokes of a wheel.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I have never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or liver and kidney complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

The Butter Trade.

The imports of Canadian butter into the United Kingdom for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1894, were 20,857 cwt., against 43,160 for the year previous, showing a decrease of 22,273 cwt., or over 50 per cent.; but when it is remembered that fifteen or twenty years ago the United Kingdom imported 200,000 to 250,000 cwt. of butter from Canada, some idea may be formed of the great decadence of the trade. And, strange as it may seem, when Canada's export butter trade with Great Britain was at its zenith, the quality was far inferior to that of the present time, as creamery butter had not been heard of in the Dominion. In those days the make was all dairy. In the autumn the largest shipments were made, and as Great Britain's masses were then much less particular than they have since become regarding quality, a well kept keg of butter was considered a dainty article. Since then, however, the English palate has changed, so much so that large butter centres like Morrisburg and Brockville have almost gone out of the business, so far as the export trade is concerned, and turned their attention to the manufacture of cheese, which has stood them in good stead. No doubt the extensive cheese make in Canada for the last few years has taken the place of butter making, and this has caused to a large extent the falling away in our butter trade. But further, during the last few years there has been a large expansion in the Australian and New Zealand butter trade, which, to a certain extent, has taken the place of the Canadian for the time being.

The Trade Bulletin says: "Although the quality of Canadian butter shipped to England this season has been much smaller than at any time during the past twenty years, quite a lot of it is still held on the other side, as there appears to be no market there except at ruinously low prices. Consequently holders of this butter suggested in their last letters the idea of reshipping it to Montreal, where it is presumed by the owners that it could be sold to better advantage than in England, after adding the extra cost of reshipment. This is a further proof that England does not want our stale creamery, but only our choice fresh creamery. We can turn out as prime an article as Denmark, Ireland, Sweden or Norway; but if it is not shipped in its fresh state it is no good for Britishers, as they prefer fresh butterine instead. There has been an advance of 3s to 5s in the English markets according to late mail advices from England; but inferior to fair Canadian is only quoted at 55s to 70s, which is equal to about 11c to 14c here, while fine to choice Canadian creamery ranges from 85s to 95s, or equal to 17c to 19c here. The market here has the reverse of a bright outlook, stocks being in excess of the demand, which is confined to the local trade.

The trend of the market in Great Britain during the last year agrees with that of former years, and shows that the average price of Irish butter in casks was 14 shillings to 18 shillings per cwt. higher from the middle of September to the end of November than during the months of June and July. These figures are from 8 cents to 32 cents per pound. The price of finest Irish creamery butter was from 8 shillings to 12 shillings per cwt. higher from the middle of September to the end of the year than it was during June and July. That may indicate the desirability of landing the bulk of our creamery butter in first-class condition in Great Britain from August onwards until April.

As the quantity of Canadian creamery butter which goes to England is less than 2 per cent. of the total quantity of butter imported into England, our shipments cannot yet have a very great influence in determining the market price for the finest butter in the British markets.

The great point to be sought by Canadian manufacturers and shippers of butter is, to put the Canadian article on the English market of such a quality that it will command the highest price.

Agitation in the world of homeopathic medicine has been as very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individualities of men have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of these bodies have been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations—foremost in illustration of which truth stands the world-famous remedy to general debility and languor "Quinine Wine" and which, when obtainable in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant, to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its improvements, has, from the first discovery of the great virtues of Quinine as a medical agent, been one of the most thoroughly discussed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonics and natural life-giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to their importance, and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public comes into the market purged of all the defects which skilful observation and scientific opinion has pointed out in the less perfect preparations of the past. All druggists sell it.

TRIED OF CALENDARS.

He Would Try the Company That Sent Out None.

A long, lean, lank man, apparently laboring under some strong motive for excitement, stepped into a prominent insurance office on King street the other morning and asked:

"Do you give away calendars for 1895 here?"

"Yes, sir," answered the agent.

"Are they printed with great big black letters, with red letters for Sundays and little birds flying all over them?"

"Yes."

"Is there a string tied to them so they can be hung up in front of you?"

"Yes."

"Got plenty of them?"

"We have any quantity of them, sir. Want one?"

"Are there mottoes at the bottom telling you about watching out for fires and where to get insured and all that?"

"Certainly."

"How many companies do you represent?"

"Six or eight. There's the old reliable—"

"Never mind. Do all of them send out calendars?"

"Yes, sir; all except one, but—"

"Do you mean to say that you have one company that doesn't send out calendars and doesn't intend to send out any for 1895?"

"Yes."

"Then," cried the long, lean, lank man, feverishly, "that's the one I'm looking for. I want to insure my life for $50,000 in that company. I've had forty-seven calendars for 1895 from forty-seven different companies stuck on my desk since the beginning of this week, and the worm has turned, sir; the worm has turned."

Inflammation of the Eyes Cured.—Mr. Jacob D. Miller, Newbury, writes: "I was troubled with inflammation of the eyes so that, during nearly the whole of the summer of 1892 I could not work; I took several bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and it gives me great pleasure to inform you that it cured me of my affliction. It is an excellent medicine for costiveness."

Items of Interest.

Uncle Sam has 802 lighthouses.

The Czar owns 100,000,000 acres.

Boilers are cleaned by electricity.

England boasts electric bicycles.

London will have a 1,150 foot tower.

A co-operative railroad is projected.

A Paris clock pendulum is 377 feet long.

Paris has porous glass window panes.

English typewriter girls are called typists.

The world's wheat crop, 447,479,000 bushels.

Washington, D.C., has 600 varieties of trees.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Papa Caught.

First little boy—What you laughin' at?

Second little boy—Papa is scoldin' everybody in the house 'cause he says he can't lay a thing down a minute without someone pickin' it up an' lostin' it—he, he, he!

First little boy—What's he lost?

Second little boy—His pencil.

First little boy—Where is it?

Second little boy—Behind his ear.

A woman died recently in Allentown who had lived as a servant in one family for a period of sixty-seven years. Another servant died in the service of a Boston family, at the same time after serving sixty-two years.

UNCLE SAM'S TERRITORY

FURNISHES SOME ITEMS

Of General Interest To Canadian Readers. Nearly Every State Adds Its Noteworthy Item.

George J. Gould was elected commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club.

The banks of Omaha, Neb., have $3,000,000 in gold in their vaults.

Boston boasts of having had 610 pairs of twins and nine triplets during the past year.

Kate Field told the Democratic Club in Chicago that prohibition was intemperate.

Parker Pillsbury is now the sole survivor of the more conspicuous early Abolitionists.

A saloon in which free lunch is served with temperance drinks was opened in Chicago.

Harrison Stevens, colored, was hanged at Dawson, Ga., for the murder of J. G. Wells a year ago.

A movement is to be made in the Michigan Legislature to increase the price of liquor licenses.

Ambrose Smith, a New Orleans attorney, was convicted of embezzling $1,000 belonging to a client.

Theodore D. Weld, one of the original anti-slavery agitators, died Sunday in Boston, aged ninety-one years.

Col. Benjamin Ayerigg, of Passaic, N. J., who for a number of years was the oldest graduate of Columbia College, is dead.

A Wisconsin lumber dealer has sold 7,000,000 feet of pine, to be shipped to England, and for which he will receive pay in gold.

A. S. Trude has been selected as counsel for the committee that is going to investigate the Chicago police department.

The costliest painting in America is "1807," painted by Meissonier for A. T. Stewart. Henry Hilton paid $66,500 for it.

A bill has been introduced in the West Virginia Legislature providing that criminal nonsuits have a very great influence in determining the market price for the finest butter in the British markets.

The great point to be sought by Canadian manufacturers and shippers of butter is, to put the Canadian article on the English market of such a quality that it will command the highest price.

Agitation in the world of homeopathic medicine has been as very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individualities of men have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of these bodies have been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations—foremost in illustration of which truth stands the world-famous remedy to general debility and languor "Quinine Wine" and which, when obtainable in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant, to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its improvements, has, from the first discovery of the great virtues of Quinine as a medical agent, been one of the most thoroughly discussed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonics and natural life-giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to their importance, and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public comes into the market purged of all the defects which skilful observation and scientific opinion has pointed out in the less perfect preparations of the past. All druggists sell it.

FOREIGN.

The Pope's health is much improved.

The King of Spain is suffering from an attack of rheum.

The last sacrament has been administered to the Archduke Albrecht of Austria, the Emperor's uncle.

On Saturday the German Reichstag adopted the resolution instructing the Government to issue invitations for an international monetary convention.

A despatch from Arco, in South Tyrol says that Archduke Albrech, who is suffering from congestion of the lungs, is sinking, and his death is hourly expected.

Emperor William is ill with a cold, and confined to his room. He was unable to receive the agrarian deputation which was to have called upon him Saturday.

Only a Squaw and Her Baby.

The first faint trace of daylight is appearing as the tired troopers, divested of heavy coats, canteen and cup, spurs and sling belts, creep upward through the snow and loose rocks to the place assigned each group along the edge of the bluff that affords shelter from the wintry blast to the lone Cheyenne village nestling in the bend of the frozen creek below. Save the soft crunching of the snow beneath the pressure of hands and knees, perfect stillness prevails, and in a few moments more the village will be so completely surrounded that escape will be impossible, and daylight will reveal the uselessness of resistance. Then a quick return to the agency must be made, for the thermometer registers twenty-seven below, and even the horses, left far down in the canon, will soon perish for want of shelter.

But the eighty-three miles ride in the stinging cold has benumbed the sense of touch, and a bit of glary ice brings a trooper and his carbine rattling down among the loose rocks, while the shrill, snapping bark of the Indian dogs awakens the sleepy guard, and, following this alarm, out from the tepees rush the redskins.

Believing that capture can mean naught else than death, the Indians take deadly aim with their Winchesters, then swiftly retreat to the only point left open by the troops, who, seeing their comrades falling, wait not for the word of command, but send in a destructive fire just as the last of the band, a Cheyenne squaw with babe and child, join the retreat.

A stray bullet shatters the mother's right arm, and, but for the maiden's quick movement, the babe would have fallen. Forging swiftly ahead, the child does not see the mother hurled unconscious to the ground by a bullet that crashes through her right thigh, and she has almost reached the rocks when a leaden messenger of death touches her heart, and, relaxing all hold on the babe, the little maid staggers and sinks forward in a heap on the snow.

Daylight comes quickly, and the stillness that follows this deadly outburst is pierced only by the pitiful cry of the babe stretched on the icy crust and helplessly appealing for the shelter and warmth of the mother's breast. And then the form of that mother is seen to move forward, warning its way gradually from side to side, and slowly, but surely, inch by inch, lessening the distance between self and babe.

Fourteen minutes—an age—have passed, and she has crawled but half the distance, and now lies motionless, with her face toward the bluff. An inexpressible agony that finds vent only through her eyes is more than human sight can stand, and dropping his field glasses, a sergeant leaps downward to carry the babe to her side, and—is shot dead before a dozen steps are taken.

The sun's rays brings no warmth, and the piteous cry is growing fainter and fainter. But the mother is again sinking her one hand through the crust of the snow and dragging her wounded form forward; and reaching the babe, with an almost superhuman effort she rolls over on her back, in the movement divesting herself of the blanket that forms her only outer garment, and, drawing the wee tot to her breast, tucks the blanket lovingly around the little body, and folding it in her arm, still its murmur with a mother's touch. Then she places the fingers of her broken, dangling arm caressingly on the cold cheek of the little maiden.

When the Indians, chilled and heart broken, raise a flag of truce, the soldiers hurry to the mother's side. But the baby's lips are tightly frozen to the icy breast, and mother and babe and little sister have crossed the Last Range.

Eve and the Apple.

A modern scoffer, who like other scoffers has now and then gleams of light, has lately written that the reason why Eve yielded to the serpent was because apples are good for the complexion and that he told her so.

Whether the argument was needed or not, it is a true one. Nothing in all our varied and fascinating range of fruit holds quite the quality of an apple. A ripe raw apple at its best is digested in eighty-five minutes, and the malic acid which gives it its distinctive character stimulates the liver, assists digestion, and neutralizes much noxious matter which, if not eliminated, produces eruptions of the skin. They do not satisfy like potatoes, complain people to whom they have been recommended as food, but the starch of the potato added to the surplus of starch we are always eating makes that vegetable a thoroughly undesirable stand-by. The more fruit we add to our dietary the clearer brains advocates of the clearer skin we are likely to have. Our forefathers must have felt this intuitively, for the chief relaxation of New England evenings was apple-eating, and no one has given us much more picturesque putting of this fact than Beecher.

Snap Shots.

How do poor men get so many bricks in their hats?

The man who has got a good opinion of himself is sick.

The children of this generation are not called limbs, but kids, and that is about right.

With some people self-denial is a flat contradiction.

The devil is the same old thing over again.

The man who leads the procession does not always head the list.

Many people waste time looking after things that have passed away.

If some mortals were not deceitful they would be at war continually.

No matter how reckless one may be he cannot run over his bad habits with impunity.

Do not walk about with your record under your arm.

One may know what he wants at present, but he does not know what he is going to want after he gets it.

Wit and Wisdom.

Debts are troublesome, but, as a general rule, they don't give half as much trouble to debtors as to creditors.

The Persistent Suitor—I never drink, smoke or play cards. The Dear Girl—Do you think I'm going to marry a freak?

Guido—Now, you will have to be careful; many a tourist has broken his neck at this spot. Traveller (to his wife)—Susan, you go first.

Enquirer—Do you think any person is ever buried alive? Physician—I should say not. There is no danger of such a thing if a regular physician is in attendance.

Banks (from his berth, feebly)—I say, steward, do you think it's all up with me? Steward (cheerfully)—Hoverything for the present, sir, but your happetite will be a-comin' by and-bye.

Celtic Politeness—Lady—Thank you, sir, but I don't want to deprive you of your comfortable seat. O'Rooney—Be th' powers, ma'm, it was comfortable no longer whin oi saw you standin'.

Counsel for the defendant—True, your Honor, my client did call the plaintiff a donkey, but at the present high market rate of these valuable animals is it not rather a compliment than otherwise?

Soul Hunger.

The Christian Endeavor topic for the week is "Soul Hunger and Soul Food," and the scripture lesson is taken from the beautiful psalm entitled "Quam Delecta" commencing "How amiable are Thy dwellings, oh, Lord of Hosts." The theme is suggested by the Sunday school lesson, or more strictly speaking, is the spiritual application of the lesson allegory. There are few more encouraging passages than this one which might be summed up in the words of one of the beatitudes. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness sake, for they shall be filled. The thought was the continual burden of Christ's teachings and pervades his utterances throughout the New Testament.

During the Performance.

Antony—Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me—

Voice (in audience)—Don't yer do it! You're a sinker if yer do. He owes me $20 on a board bill.

France imports ten times as much wine as exports.

CALL TO OUTSIDERS.

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at New York Academy of Music.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Three thousand persons were turned away from the Academy of Music this afternoon, being unable to gain admission. A few minutes after the doors were opened the auditorium and doors were densely crowded. Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon for the day was, "A Call to Outsiders," the text chosen being John, 10: 16—"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we may fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the deer and pheasants, and pluck the flowers and fruits in the royal conservatory. No, it is the Father's orchard, and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood, next to the country schoolhouse, there was an orchard of apples owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually dedaying, and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. One day, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, we were ruined by the same temptation, some of us invaded that orchard; but soon retreated, for the man came after us at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse, and cried out: "Boys, drop those apples or I'll set the dog on you."

"Well, my friend, there are Christian men who have the church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world; but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders as though they had no business there, though the Lord wants them all to come and take the largest and ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized, at thirteen months of age, and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, that therefore you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for I shall place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there; for, as Christ said to His favored people long ago, so he says to you and to me: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

McDonald, the scotchman, has four or five dozen head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some of them are in his yard; they are scattered around in sight or ten different places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says, "I see you have thirty sheep; I have just counted them." "No," says MacDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than that. Some are here, and some are elsewhere. They are scattered all around about. I have four or five thousand in my flocks. Other sheep I have which are not in this fold."

So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians and there is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pedo-Baptist fold, the only difference between these last two being the mode of pop-washing, and so they are scattered all over. When we come with our statistics, and say to Christ, I am ready to do whatever Thou wantest me to do. I am ready to take whatever thou commandest me to take. If there be any power in religion as these people say, let me have the advantage of it. Will you try that experiment now? I do not at this point of my discourse say that there is anything in religion; but I simply say, try it—try it. Do not take my counsel or the counsel of any clergyman, if you despise clergymen. Perhaps we may be talking professionally; perhaps we may be hypocritical in our utterances; perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some respectable layman, as John Milton, the poet; as William Wilberforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician. They never preached or pretended to preach; and yet putting down, on his telescope, and another his parliamentary scroll, and another his electrician's wire, they all declare the adaptedness of Christ's religion to the wants and troubles of the world. If you will not take the recommendation of ministers of the Gospel, then take the recommendation of highly respectable laymen. Oh men, skeptical and stuck through with unrest, would you not like to have some of the peace which broods over our soul to-day? I know all about your doubts. I have been through them all. I have gone through all the curriculum. I have doubted whether there is a God, whether Christ is God. I have doubted whether the Bible was true. I have doubted the immortality of the soul. I have doubted my own existence. I have doubted everything, and yet, out of the hot desert of doubt I have come into the broad, luxuriant, sunshiny land of Gospel hope and peace, and comfort; and so I have confidence in preaching to you and asking you to come in. However often you may have spoken against the Bible, or however much you may have caricatured religion, step ashore from that rocking and tumultuous sea. If you go home to-day adhering to infidelities, you will not sleep one wink. You do not want your children to come up with your scepticism. You can not afford to die in that midnight darkness, can you? If you do not believe in anything else, you believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Then let me tell you God loves you more than them all. Oh, you must come in. You will come in. The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and Jesus this very moment—whether you sit or stand—looks into your eyes and says: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, that the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many sheep among those who have been flung of evil habits. It makes me sad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and after they had run out there was nothing to touch the depth of a very bad case. If they were hunting, and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the brakes and hedges for the lost game than they have been looking for that lost soul. People tell us that if a man have delirium tremens twice he cannot be reclaimed; that after a woman has sacrificed her integrity she cannot be restored. The Bible has distinctly intimated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon 490 times; that is, seventy times seven. There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin; but, saved by the grace of Jesus, and washed by his blood, they stand there radiant now. There are those who plunged into the very lowest of all the hells of New York, who have for the tenth time been lifted up, and finally, by the grace of God, they stand in heaven gloriously rescued by the grace promised to the chief of sinners. I want to tell you that God loved to take hold of a very bad case. When the church casts you off, and when the clergyman casts you off, and when society casts you off, and when business associates casts you off, and when father casts you off, and when mother casts you off, and when everybody casts you off, your first cry for help will bend the Eternal God clear down into the ditch of your suffering and shame.

The Good Templars cannot save you, although they are a grand institution. The Sons of Temperance cannot save you, although they are mighty for good. Signing the temperance pledge cannot save you, although I believe in it. Nothing but the grace of the Eternal God can save you, and that will if you will throw yourself on it. There is a man in this house who said to me: "Unless God helps me I cannot be delivered. I have tried everything, sir; but now I have got in the habit of prayer, and when I come to a drinking saloon I pray that God will make me safe past, and I pray until I am past. He does help me." For every man given to strong drink there are scores of traps set; and when he goes out on business to-morrow he will be in infinite peril, and no one but the everywhere present God can see that man through. O! they talk about the catacombs of Naples, about the catacombs of Rome and the catacombs of Egypt—the burial places under the city where the dust of a great multitude lies; but I tell you New York has its catacombs, and Philadelphia its catacombs. They are the underground restaurants, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Young man, you know it. God help you. There is no need of going into the art gallery to see in the skilful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his son wound around with serpents. There are families represented in this house that are wrapped in the dartardom of fang and scale and venom—a living Laocoon of ghastliness and horror. What are you to do? I am not speaking into the air. I am talking to hundreds of men who must be saved by Christ's Gospel or never be saved at all. What are you going to do?

Do not put your trust in bromide of potassium, or in Jamaica ginger, or anything else apothecaries can mix. Put your trust only in the Eternal God, and He will see you through. Some of you do not have temptations every day. It is a periodic temptation that comes every six weeks, or every three months, when it seems as if the powers of darkness kin drive around about your tongue the fires of the pit. It is well enough, at such a time, in some of you do, to seek medical counsel; but your first and most important cry must be to God. If the fiends will drag you to the slaughter, make them do it on your knees. O! now that the paroxysm of thirst is coming again upon that man, help him! Fling him into the pit of hell the fiend that assaults his soul this moment. Oh! my head aches to see men go on in this fearful struggle without Christ.

There are in this house those whose hands so tremble from dissipation that they can hardly hold a book; and yet I have to tell you that they will yet preach the Gospel, and on communion days carry around consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, because of their holy life and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The Church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

While I have hope for all prodigals, there are some people in this house whom I gave up. I mean those who have been church-goers all their life, who have maintained outward morality, but who, notwithstanding twenty, thirty, forty years of Christian advantages, have never yielded their heart to Christ. They are Gospel hardened. I could call their names now, and if they would rise up in scorn, I could rise up in scorn. Gospel hardened! Men who have not more than that the shining mirror on the city pavement. As Christ says: "The publicans and harlots will go into the Kingdom of God before them." They have resisted all the importunity of Divine mercy, and have gone, during these thirty years, through most powerful earthquakes of religious feeling, and they are farther away from God than ever. Ah! well, they will tide down sick, and some day it will be to them they are dead. No hope?

But I turn to outsiders with a hope that thrills through my body and soul. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." You are not Gospel hardened. You have not heard or read many sermons during the last few years. As you come in today everything was moved, and all the services are suggestive of your early days. How sweet the opening hymn sounded in your ears, and how blessed is this hour. Everything suggestive of heaven. You do not weep, but the shower is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh! the bitter past! My! the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark. God help me! God pity me!" Think the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition, that sets all heaven flying this way, and God steps in and hears back the hounds of temptation to their kennel, and around about the poor wounded soul put the covert of the pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something far. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheep fold. The shepherd lets them down, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in, some of them their fleece torn with the brambles, some of them their feet lame with the briers, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Her First Appearance in the Affair.

"Yes, it was awful at first," she replied in answer to a question. "I thought I should die, and I sort of made the plunge all at once, too.

"It was this way. There were one or two articles in the room when I went behind the screen to get ready; two or three more came in, and I thought I never could do it. I was all ready, but I did not come out. I stood there. Then I began to jump into my clothes as fast as I could. I was going to run home.

"One of the artists, who knew it was my first time, and suspected from the length of time I took what was the matter, asked me if I was not nearly ready. "I told him, in trembling voice, I could not.

"They all laughed at me, and they said it was simply a matter of business, and I might as well get over my embarrassment at first as last.

"It was quite dark in the room and they together threw a little silken scarf they threw over me to relieve my feelings a trifle. I guessed they could not see very plainly. I wound the scarf carefully around myself, and then came out hesitatingly, not quite decided yet whether I should not run for the door and home, silk scarf and all."

"I stood up on the platform, where the model sits or stands, and felt comparatively secure, as it grew darker all the time. Suddenly they turned the electric lights full upon me, and I thought I should die. Oh! you can't imagine what an awful feeling it was. Finally I had to drop my part of silk scarf that I had clung to like a drowning man to a straw. Do you know, really I did not feel so bad without it as I had trying to hide behind it.

"They commented and criticised me as though I had merely been a statue or a painting in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable, so gradually I forgot my self consciousness and began to take an interest in what they were saying."

A Mean Fellow.

"There goes the big brute of a man," said one of the saleswomen in the house furnishing department to her friend in crockery quarter.

"What did he do?" asked the crockery girl, as she took a look at the departing figure of the male customer.

"Do? Why, he asked me to show him the largest coal scuttle we had, and when I showed it to him he said he wanted a bigger one, but he took it. He said he wanted it for a present for his wife, and he wanted a big, so she would not have to go down to the cellar so often."

The girl at the crockery counter agreed with her friend that a man who would make his wife a present of a coal scuttle was a "brute."

Grand Duke George, the Czarowitch, the brother of the reigning Czar, who is passing the winter at Livadia, in the Crimea, is daily growing worse from the pulmonary disease with which he is afflicted.