The Same Case.

A lawyer having had occasion to summon an abusive cabman, was surprised when his clerks informed him that the cabby, not recognizing him, had called to know whether he would undertake his defence.

"Certainly?" was the reply with a smile of amusement. "Tell him we'll get him off for $5."

It was the cabman's turn to be surprised, however, on the action being withdrawn, and his recognizing the plaintiff and the solicitor as one and the same person.

"Why hang me if that ain't the cove I gave a $5 bill to!" he remarked, failing to see anything particularly humorous about the matter.

A Misunderstanding.

(Sapphira terribly agitated)—Oh, that is awful! And will the poor fellah never be able to see again?"

"See ... again? What are you talking about?"

"Why, ... you just told me that ... had his eyes shot out ..."

"Now I said he had his ice-yacht put this morning."

An Exception.

"I am very much afraid," said the kindly-faced old gentleman, "that young Blykins is very, exceedingly fast."

"He may be in some things," replied the merchant, "but he certainly gets over it when it comes to a matter of paying his bills."—American Industries.

The Trolley in Politics.

Politicians have discovered that one of the most effective canvassers ever depended upon for bringing votes to the polling booth is the trolley car. To swell the audience at the political mass meeting in Newark, N. J., last week, the Democrats engaged two cars to run all day throughout the city and advertise their meeting by huge signs which announced the speakers. Each car had drums and fifes on board, and at night they brought up the Democratic sympathizers to the meeting hall. Seeing the success of this move, the Republicans, who had been content with advertising their meeting on a furniture van covered with painted canvas signs, hired a car, nearly filled it with a big brass band and dispatched it triumphantly around the town. At night political clubs from all parts of Newark and the Oranges were carried in illuminated trolley cars to the place of meeting, and the demand for street car accommodation was so brisk that every special car of the company was in use.

A Maine Invention.

The newest market novelty is the tomato sausage. It is made in a domestic way at Portland, is a delicate pinkish white, and tastes of sage and ripe tomatoes. It has made quite a hit in that city among [illegible] towns.

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THE UNAPPRECIATED

REV. DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS IN BEHALF OF HUMBLE EFFORTS.

A Sermon Showing That God Rewards According to Effort and Not According to Opportunity—The Disabled in Life's Battles—Inconspicuous Spheres.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Dr. Talmage to-day preached his second sermon since coming to the national capital. If possible the audience was even larger than last Sunday. The subject was "The Disabled," the text selected being I. Samuel xxx, 24, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

If you have never seen an army change quarters, you have no idea of the amount of baggage—20 loads, 50 loads, 100 loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expeditions, but who are able to do some work; and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march 30 miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are 200 of those crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arms in a sling, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyration of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger rings and earrings, the necklaces, and wristlets, the head bands, diamond starred, and the coffers with coronets and carcanets, and pearls and sapphires and emeralds and all the wealth of plate and vases and decanters, and the silver, and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are in, ... and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to swoop on them! So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chedorlaomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So in our civil war more than one battle was lost because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccoughing off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the backs of camels and into wagons, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come! Yonder they come! The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzza. The Bible says David saluted them—that is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men staid at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had staid in the garrison and he looked round and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looked up from under his helmet and says: "No, no, let us have fair play," and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they brought back from the Amalekites and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekitish banquet, and the 200 crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on the garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the 400 men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me on an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America, I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message. Alas that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life! But that man surrounded by all palatial surroundings and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David and of Luther, and of John Knox, and of [illegible], and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai; I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never be called to slay a giant, I shall never preach on Mars hill, I shall never defy the diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital." There are women who say: "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had I should be as brave and as grand, but my business is to get children off to school and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready, and to keep account of the household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangulated by the whooping cough, and to get through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal and so insignificant I am clearly discouraged." Women, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who, moving, so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Suppose you give to two of your children errands and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give $1 and to the other you give $20. Do you reward the boy you gave $20 to for purchasing more with that amount of money than the other boy purchased with $1? Of course not. If God give wealth or social position or eloquence or 20 times the faculty to a man that he gives to the ordinary man, is he going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. In other words, if you and I were to do our whole duty and you have 20 times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because he gave you more? That would not be fair; that would not be right. These 200 men of the text who fainted by the brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff, and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this for all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination lock? A distinguished merchant goes forth at the summer watering place and he flashes past and you say, "Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one, "don't you know? That is the great importer, that is the great banker, that is the great manufacturer."

Once for 36 hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship, and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge, we came out of the cyclone and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when years after I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism, and his continuance, and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the captain, who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every eventide and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering hearts:

> I love to steal a while away
> From every cumbering care
> And spend the hours of setting day
> In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting service?

Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education. They call him a bookworm. Wherever they find him—in the barn or in the house—he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "that Ed. cannot get an education." His father, work as hard as he will, can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed. has retired to his room and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: "Father, I wish you would send Ed. to college. If you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do." The mother says: "Yes, I will get along without any hired help although I am not as strong as I used to be. I think I can get along without any hired help." The father says, "Well I think by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance." Sugar is banished from the table, butter is banished from the plate. That family is put down on rigid—yea, suffering—economy that the boy may go to college. Time passes on. Commencement day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Commencement day has come, and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after a while it comes to a climax of interest as the valedictorian is to be introduced. Ed. has studied so hard and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause, sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the galleries are his sisters in their plain hats and their faded shawls, and the old fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years, he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look over on the platform and they laugh and they cry, and they sit down, and they look pale and then they are very much flushed. Ed. gets the garlands, and the old fashioned group in the gallery have their full share of the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self sacrifices made for others, he will give grand and glorious recognition. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this subject, also, for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but through sickness or collapse of fortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These 200 men of the text were veterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him pull aside the turban, and see the mark of a battle ax. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men, crippled, weak and old, by the brook Besor, to have no share in the spoils of triumph? I was in the Soldiers' Hospital in Paris, and I saw there some of the men of the first Napoleon, and I asked them where they had fought under their great commander. One man said, "I was at Austerlitz." Another man said, "I was at the Pyramids." Another man said, "I was in the awful retreat from Moscow." Another man said, "I was at the bridge of Lodi." Some of them were lame; they were all aged. Did the French Government turn off these old soldiers to die in want? No; their last days were spent like princes. Do you think my Lord is going to turn off his soldiers because they are weak and worn and because they fainted by the brook Besor? Are they going to get no part of the spoils of the victory? Just look at them. Do you think those crevices in the face are wrinkles? No; they are battle scars. They fought against sickness, they fought against trouble, they fought against sin, they fought for God, they fought for the church, they fought for the truth, they fought for heaven. When they had plenty of money, their names were always on the subscription list. When there was any hard work to be done for God, they were ready to take the heaviest part of it. When there came a great revival, they were ready to pray all night for the anxious and the sin struck. They were ready to do any work, endure any sacrifice, do the most unpopular thing that God demanded of them. But now they cannot go further. Now they have physical infirmities. Now their head troubles them. They are weak and faint by the brook Besor. Are they to have no share in the triumph? Are they to get none of the treasures, none of the spoils of conquest? You must think that Christ has a very short memory if you think he has forgotten their services.

Fear not, ye aged ones. Just tarry by the stuff and wait for your share of the spoils. Yonder they are coming. I hear the bleating of the fat lambs and I see the jewels glint in the sun. It makes me laugh to think how you will be surprised when they throw a chain of gold over your neck and tell you to go in and dine with the king. I see you backing out because you feel unworthy. The shining ones come up on the one side, and the shining ones come up on the other side, and they push you on and they push you up and they say, "Here is an old soldier of Jesus Christ," and the shining ones will rush out toward you and say, "Yes, that man saved my soul," or they will rush out and say, "Oh, yes, she was with me in the last sickness." And then the cry will go round the circle, "Come in, come in, come in, come up. We saw you away down there, old and sick and decrepit and discouraged because you could not go to the front, but 'As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.'"

There is high consolation, also, in this for aged ministers. I see some of them here to-day. They sit in pews in our churches. They used to stand in pulpits. Their hair is white with the blossoms of the tree of life. Their names marked on the roll of the general assembly, or of the consociation, 'Emeritus.' They sometimes hear a text announced which brings to mind a sermon they preached 50 years ago on the same subject. They preached more gospel on $400 a year than some of their successors preach on $4,000. Some Sunday the old minister is in a church and near by in another pew there is a husband and a wife and a row of children. And after the benediction the lady comes up and says, "Doctor, you don't know me, do you?" "Well," he says, "your face is familiar, but I cannot call you by name." "Why," she says, "you baptized me and you married me and you buried my father and mother and sisters." "Oh, yes," he says, "my eyesight isn't as good as it used to be." They are in all our churches—the heroes of 1820, the heroes of 1832, the heroes of 1857. By the long grave trench that cut through half a century, they have stood sounding the resurrection. They have been in more Balaklavas and they have taken more Sebastopols than you ever heard of. Sometimes they get a little fretful because they cannot be at the front. They hear the sound of the battle and the old war horse champs his bit. But the 60,000 ministers of religion this day standing in the brunt of the fray shall have no more reward than those retired veterans. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Cheer up, men and women of unappreciated services. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment, and the thousands of souls which were wafted into glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name has been mentioned in connection with the salvation of the millions of souls brought to God through the Methodism which he founded, he will take his throne. But between the two thrones of Charles Wesley and John Wesley there will be a throne higher than either, on which shall sit Susannah Wesley, who with maternal consecration in Epworth rectory, Lincolnshire, started those two souls on their triumphant mission of the sermon and song through all the following ages. Oh, what a day that will be for many who rocked Christian cradles with weary foot, and who patched worn out garments and darned socks, and out of a small income made the children comfortable for the winter. What a day that will be for those to whom the world gave the cold shoulder, and called them nobodies and begrudged them the least recognition, and who, weary and worn and sick, fainted by the brook Besor. Oh, that will be a mighty day when the Son of David shall distribute among them the garlands, the crowns, the scepters, the chariots, the thrones. And then it shall be found out that all who on earth served God in inconspicuous spheres receive just as much reward as those who filled the earth with uproar of achievement. Then they shall understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the pillared and the domed magnificence of my text, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Champagne Wake.

The dead man had been a great champagne drinker all his life, and, having a comfortable fortune, determined that his demise should be baptized in wine. A week before his death he telegraphed for two of his most intimate friends, one in Cleveland and the other in Cincinnati, to be the watchers at his bedside from the day of his death to the hour of his funeral and made both promise to drink nothing but champagne during the wake. Well, they did as he requested. Beside the coffin they sat for three days, with a dozen cases of the finest wine close at hand, and when the day of the funeral arrived the room was filled with empty bottles. One bottle, a magnum, was placed in the coffin to be buried with the departed. It is said that the friends could not bear to see a full bottle buried, so they sent an empty one into the grave just to fool the corpse! Not having changed their linen for three days of wake and drunk, they went hurriedly to a hotel to put themselves in trim for the funeral. When they started back to the house they found that they were lost. After wandering here and there for an hour they stopped a wise-looking cabby and asked if he knew where their departed host lived, to which he made reply that he was not sure, but if they would take a stroll up Prairie avenue till they came to the first house with crape on the door and a funeral outside, it "would be the place they was a-lookin' fur!" Fortunately, they arrived too late for the funeral, but there was plenty of wine left, and in it they found consolation.

The Art of Selling.

That goods will not sell themselves is an opinion well advanced by Ironmongery. You may be the best of buyers—and that is half the accomplishment of a good man of business—but that will not be sufficient unless you are a master of the art of selling goods. A good shop, a bright shop, and a well-arranged shop are also necessary to the making up of a good business. They help the selling, but they will not do it all. Goods well bought, and these other desiderata, are like the paints and brushes in a studio. They are necessary to the work of making the picture, but it needs the artist's talent to use them and produce the desired result. Many persons enter a shop—attracted by advertisements or window display, or perhaps from mere curiosity—and are received coldly, and made to feel more like interlopers than friends, if the cause of their entry is sharply and abruptly demanded. The art of selling partly lies in understanding just how to treat different classes of customers. The successful salesman must study so as to learn all about the goods he has to sell—something of their manufacture, and all about their uses and value. But, after all, he must study human nature, and have regard for varying likes and dislikes, opinions and prejudices. Such knowledge, with tact in its application, will teach the salesman how to adapt himself to his different classes so as to give the greatest satisfaction to all, and that means getting as much business as possible from all.

Origin of Pumice-Stone.

Pumice-stone is the theme of Mr. Norman Douglass' report transmitted to the foreign office by our ambassador at Rome, and this important item in the Italian exports furnishes some interesting details, says the London Daily News. Pumice, as is well known, is of volcanic origin, being a trachytic lava which has been rendered light by the escape of gases when in a molten state. It is found in most of the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea and elsewhere, but it is at present almost exclusively obtained from the little island of Lipari. Most of the volcanoes of Lipari have ejected pumaceous rocks, but the best stone is all the product of one mountain, Monte Chiolca, nearly 2,000 feet in height, with its two accessory craters. The district in which the pumice is excavated covers an area of three square miles. It has been calculated that about 1,000 hands are engaged in this industry, 600 of whom are employed in extracting the mineral. Pumice is brought to the surface in large blocks or in baskets and is carried thus either to the neighboring village, or to the seashore, to be taken thence in boats. The supply is said to be practically inexhaustible.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

THE MINISTERS FROM OTTAWA COMMENCE THEIR TOUR IN ONTARIO.

Is the Constitution to Blame?—Sir John Carling's Withdrawal—Joe Martin Safe for Winnipeg—The Vacant Seat for Cardwell—The Montreal District.

Wilfrid Laurier has "done his turn," to use the language of the theater, and his esteemed enemies, the Ministers from Ottawa, have commenced their tour in Ontario. Last week they spoke to the good people of Owen Sound and the Conservatives of London. Their speeches at the pretty town on the Georgian bay were not filled with interest to the average Canadian. The addresses at London were notable in that something in the way of an outline of the Government's future policy on the school question was vouchsafed to the Ministerial supporters.

Is the Constitution to Blame?

Dr. Montague it was who gave vent to these weighty remarks. "If there is any trouble in respect of this question," said the Secretary of State, "it is the fault, not of the Conservative party, but of the Constitution of Canada." Whereat the loyal auditors cheered enthusiastically. But, was the [illegible] entirely right in his claim? The Liberals will say that he was very far from being so. They will acknowledge that the British North America Act has provided that certain things shall be done in certain contingencies. "But," they will say, "the British North America Act cannot be held to serve as a shield for a time-serving Administration. The men in power at Ottawa have done everything in the way of procrastination that they could do. And now they fall back on the excuse that the Constitution is to blame."

Sir John Carling's Withdrawal.

There would be little profit or interest in speculation as to the validity of this excuse. Gentlemen who have votes will be swayed by their political opinions, not by argument on the case. The most notable feature of the London meeting was, not the statement of Dr. Montague, but the fact that Sir John Carling on that platform said farewell to politics. This kindly old man who has done his party many a good turn in days gone by, has been superseded by younger and more complaisant men. The managers of the party long desired his eviction from the position of an active Minister. And now he is to withdraw finally from politics. In 1891 he was a senator, but he resigned in order to return to the Commons chamber. It is very problematical whether the gentlemen of the Government would consent to his being given a senatorship now. The war horse is worn out. Other men who may be depended upon to make their advancement valuable to the party, have been clamoring for seats in the Red Chamber. Their demands are more insistent than Sir John's. And they will win. Had Macdonald been alive the fine faced old man from London would not have been sent empty away. The First Premier had a very kindly feeling for Carling. When Sir John Macdonald lived in Toronto, in the days that the Grits were in power, Carling did him many a good turn. In those times money was scarce with Macdonald. He "needed coin," to use the vernacular of to-day. And Carling saw to it that the great Conservative never lacked. By no means let it be understood that the man from London in any way doled out charity. Sir John Macdonald would not have accepted it. What Carling did was to send much legal business for the deposed prime minister. The belief was that the Pacific scandal had been well grounded in that Sir John Macdonald had plenty of money. A politician who is now an old man assures me that the supposition was not founded on facts. Macdonald, never a saving man, went out of office a poor man. Money was necessary to him, and it was Carling who sent many a client to his office. And Macdonald did not forget. He never suffered Carling's claims to be passed over. Knighthood came after Macdonald's death, but it was Macdonald who obtained the honor for the member from London.

And now the men who form the fifth ministry of Canada have forgotten Sir John Carling, what he has been and what he has done. Their friends are of to-day. They have many demands made on them, and this quiet, old man sits by and says nothing. True, in his declining days his administrative strength left him. But he has deserved something from his party. Five Ontario seats in the Senate yawn vacant for occupants. Why should not the old man be given one of these?

Joe Martin Safe for Winnipeg.

After in Winnipeg the local Conservatives have renewed their efforts to induce Hugh John Macdonald to return to the field of politics. The son of his father is the only man in Winnipeg who would stand a 'ghost of a chance of beating Joseph Martin. He had seven sessions in parliament, and he became heartily sick of the whole thing. Four times he went to Sir John Thompson, when that good man was premier, and tendered his resignation. Sir John declined to accept it. The Government could not afford to open any seats at that time, and Hugh John was bound to continue as member for Winnipeg. Finally, two years ago, he sent in his resignation with an intimation that it must be accepted. It was accepted; and in the by-election, as all men know, Joe Martin, the Grit and the father of the Manitoba School law, was elected. His opponent was Colin Campbell, a good-natured, well-meaning and completely incompetent gentleman. At the time it was hinted that the Ottawa Government had no special desire to have a Government supporter elected. It is a fact that not a single Minister went to Winnipeg to stump for the Government nominee. Mr. Daly, even, remained away. It would be presupposing too much to assert that the presence of the Minister of the Interior would have made any appreciable difference. But his absence certainly gave color to the assertion that the Government took no great interest in the result.

Hugh John Macdonald has renewed his asseveration that wild horses shall not drag him into politics again. With Stewart Tupper, the eldest son of Sir Charles, he has a lucrative law practice in Winnipeg. "Why," says he, "should I pay out money—for that is what I shall have to do—for the empty honor of sitting in parliament? I tried it once. The game is not worth the candle." One can fancy that his indisposition to accept the call gives Joseph Martin little cause for regret. The ex-Attorney General of Manitoba knows as well as does anyone else that in Winnipeg no man but Hugh John Macdonald can defeat him.

The Vacant Seat for Cardwell.

At last "Bob" White has given to his constituents a categorical explanation of his action in resigning the seat for Cardwell. There is nothing very startling in the statement. Mr. White assures his supporters that his faith in the Government is unshaken. In fact, the most important part of this looked-for manifesto is Mr. White's veiled allusion to his certainty of being appointed Collector of Customs at Montreal. From what I have heard this week, I gather that Mr. White's confidence is not unwarranted. The French Conservatives of Montreal have been moving heaven and earth to have one of their own nationality appointed to the post. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, however, is convinced that to pass over Mr. White's claims would be to throw away the seat for Cardwell. The Premier believes, and is warranted in believing, that Cardwell would go Grit or McCarthyite if the Montreal position were given to anybody but Mr. White. And it is because of this fear on the part of the Prime Minister quite as much as on account of his own claims, that R. S. White will be given this comfortable position.

Meanwhile the Grits of Cardwell have hopes that they will be able to redeem the seat. They count upon the undivided support of the six hundred Irish Catholic voters in the riding. It is hard for the unprejudiced onlooker to see just why these electors should vote for the Liberals. Mr. Laurier promises nothing in respect of the school question. He and the Government are equally lacking in policy on the case. Should a Liberal candidate promise a sweeping remedial bill he will be jeopardizing his party's chances in English Canada. It is inconceivable that the Grit managers will allow any such mistake to be made. Our friend Stubbs, the McCarthyite candidate, seems to have a much better chance of election than either young Mr. Willoughby, the Toronto lawyer who is the Conservative nominee, or whatever Liberal shall uphold the standard of Wilfrid Laurier. Stubbs is a local man, and in the coming elections the candidate who dwells in the constituency will enter the fray at an advantage over the imported aspirant. As has been pointed out in this correspondence before, the voters in the agricultural districts have become tired of sending Toronto lawyers to parliament. The candidate of the Patrons will also have an effect in this direction.

The Montreal District.

All is not unalloyed unanimity in the Conservative camp of the Montreal district. Two weeks ago Dr. H. Girouard was nominated to contest Jacques Cartier, vacated by his father's advancement to the Supreme Court Bench. At the convention there was a strong anti-Girouard clique, the members of which held that a stronger candidate could be found. Mr. Girouard is in every way a pleasant young man, but his opponents assert that he is lacking in experience. Now the nominee refuses to run unless the candidature is offered to him by a unanimous vote. The men behind the scenes are doing their best to bring about an understanding, and it is probable that they will be successful.

In Centre Montreal, also, there is trouble. At first it was proposed that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries should be offered the nomination. The plan was well conceived, but Mr. Costigan declined to aid his party mates. It might be all very well—we can imagine him reasoning thus—for him to assist the party by his prestige as a Minister of the Crown. But the chances of defeat would be too many. Victoria, N. B., for which riding he is the member, is a safe Conservative riding. The Caraquet railway helped to make it so. Montreal Centre sent Dr. Guerin, a Liberal, to the provincial legislature the other day. And Montreal Centre is quite liable to send a Liberal to Ottawa if the Conservative candidate be not a strong man. Efforts are being made to induce Sir William Hingston to run. Sir William, though by no means an active politician, is a strong Conservative. He has plenty of money and plenty of time. If the Conservatives can secure him he would make a strong candidate, the only one, perhaps, who can be depended upon to defeat Hon. James McShane.

Though the Conservative papers are doing their best to prove that there is something akin to disruption in the ranks of the Liberals of the Montreal district, there seems to be little reason for believing that the supporters of Mr. Laurier have had any serious falling out. Truth to tell, these French politicians are so erratic that no man knows what they will do next. Honore Beaugrand, the editor of La Patrie, has been trying to saddle Mr. Laurier with a reputation for being a Radical. Mr. Beaugrand is not a particularly ardent lover of British connection. He never has concealed his opinions. From him it was that Mercier got the catchword of "A new Future on the Banks of the St. Lawrence." In 1888 the cry stood the Count in good stead. Times have changed. Most men in Quebec attach little importance to anything that Mr. Beaugrand says or does. He is theatrical and irresponsible. Wilfrid Laurier is too far-seeing to allow his followers to negotiate an alliance with Beaugrand. And J. Israel Tarte, who is the chief Liberal lieutenant in Quebec, has a feeling for Mr. Beaugrand that is the opposite of affectionate. Probably, if the truth were known, Mr. Beaugrand is well satisfied with what he has achieved. He is a notoriety hunter. His name has been in every Montrealer's mouth for a week. What more could he want?

Canadian Sealers' Indemnity.

It can hardly be hoped that the visit to Washington of Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper will be productive of any tangible result in the near future. After the close of the Behring Sea arbitration, it was announced that the United States Administration had agreed to pay Canadian sealers the sum of $425,000 as compensation for the illegal seizure of their ships. The Canadians engaged in the seal fishery were well pleased with the arrangement, and fingered the dollars in anticipation. A hitch arose. Congress declined to vote the amount, and the money was not paid over. It was to stir up the Americans that our Ministers went to Washington. They have been reticent since their return, but it is improbable that the money will be voted at the coming session of Congress. A presidential election looms up, and both Republicans and Democrats will be loth to pass a vote which will call for the payment of money to British subjects. On the contrary, if the question comes up in either the Senate or the House of Representatives, there will be a wild rush on the part of the legislators to denounce effete England, and to tie another knot in the lion's tail. Politics is a curious business, and, in the great republic, as Alice would have said when traveling through Wonderland, it is "curiouser and curiouser."

THE SQUARES OF LONDON.

They Are Mostly Laid Out in Dutch Fashion.

Some of the London squares are quaint and charming, being mostly laid out in the Dutch fashion. Golden Square, near Regent street, Red Lion and Queen squares, in Bloomsbury, are capital specimens. The first, though so close to Regent street, might be a dozen times away; there is a welcome unkemptness; the grass is rank and wild; there are old trees ranged around its borders in a systematical way. The houses round are picturesque, because each is distinct. It is given over to commission agents, merchants and trade generally, yet within but a few years it was a place of genteel residence, like a usual square, and we find the late Cardinal Wiseman living in a substantial mansion here. Dickens, it will be remembered, placed Ralph Nickleby's house here, which is described on the occasion of the party to Sir Frederick and Sir Mulberry as having almost palatial apartments and the richest furniture. As we wander round we are struck with the melancholy tone of the inclosure, yet everything seems brisk enough; but it belongs to the old world.

The square itself is very attractive and original, with a sort of Dutch or foreign air; we note the fine trees which shelter it all around in symmetrical lines, and the Roman warrior sort of statue in the center arrayed in full armor, and representing George II. The grass and walks are laid out with a certain free-and-easy carelessness that is very acceptable and contrasts with the trim, shaven, soulless treatment of modern squares. Altogether a visit to Golden square will interest.

Berkeley square everyone knows. Yet it has an extraordinary sympathetic attraction from its grass and fine shading old trees. No one, we may be sure, had noted that these leafy patriarchs seem to range in two rows down the middle like an avenue. The fact is it was the demesne of the lawn in front of the old Berkeley house, which stood at the back of Devonshire house. The mansions round are very fine and the iron work, railings, etc., are all admired and to be admired. There are some queer things to be told about squares; for instance that there was a Gen. Strode, who had a mania for setting up statues in squares at his own expense. We have seen equestrian statues in Leicester square propped up with a broomstick, with portions broken away.—Gentleman's Magazine.

None Ever Like It.

Contributor——Tell me candidly, is there anything original in that manuscript?

The Editor—Yes, the spelling.

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A QUEER PROPOSAL.

It Came Tardily, but it Was a Model in Its Brevity, and so was the Answer.

An aristocratic young lady of Madgeburg, Germany, had spent some time at the country-seat of her uncle, and a young cavalier from Berlin had been paying much attention to her. Everybody thought that it would be a good match for both, and affairs went on swimmingly, until the day drew near when the young lady was to return home. The nearer the day came the more disappointed were the young miss and her mother at the failure of the young man to ask the all-important question. Finally, they left their relatives' house in great dismay, and just before leaving the young lady remarked to her uncle that it probably was as well for both, as her mother had not much use for such a "chicken-hearted son-in-law." They left on a train on the narrow-gauge railway, connecting the valley with the nearest town.

After they had gone the young man questioned the uncle why the young lady had gone away so angry and hardly noticed him when bidding good-by. The uncle, a blunt ex-soldier, repeated the remark made by his niece when leaving to the young man, who was touched to the quick by the insinuation of cowardice contained therein. He was very much in love with the lady, and had abstained from broaching the subject on account of his not considering it proper to propose anywhere but at the young lady's home which he intended visiting before long.

This remark, however, roused his sense of honor, and, without saying another word, he mounted his horse, which happened to stand ready for an outing, and galloped after the train, which had left a quarter of an hour before. Owing to benign Providence, and the management of this country railroad, he caught the train before it had reached the next station, Karow; he spied the young lady at the window of a first-class compartment, and riding up to the train before it came to a full stop, almost shouted Breathlessly: "My dear Miss——, I ask for your hand. Yes or no?"

In the station Karow, just as the train arrived, a "Yes" was joyfully given by the young Miss and tearfully approved by her mamma.

The Value of Poultices.

Most ills are vastly helped, and some are wholly cured, by the simplest remedies. Among these poultices stand at the head of the list. Nearly everyone is acquainted with their worth when local inflammatory conditions are recognized. Who has not had at some time in his life a "festered" finger or a boil? and what more quickly relieved the pain than the soft, warm poultice? In deep-seated inflammation, such as in affections within the chest or the abdomen, poultices are of inestimable service. In pneumonia a poultice like a jacket is often placed about the sufferer. So too, in bronchitis, "catarrh of the breast" so called, and so common among infants, the poultice is called into service. The easiest way to make such a poultice is to spread the moist mixture, whatever it may be, upon an under-vest. Split open the vest, so the spreading can be done smoothly and quickly. Pin it together with safety pins closely about the patient, and cover the vest all over with a jacket of oiled silk. If this cannot be procured use oil-cloth of any kind. The reason why a poultice needs covering is to keep it warm and moist. The only way to accomplish this is by placing over the poultice a substance which is both impervious to air and moisture. No matter what the poultice is to be used to relieve, nor where it is to be applied, it must be kept warm all the time or it does no possible good. If one is so situated that even oil-cloth is beyond reach, either fill a bottle with hot water and place it on the poultice, or heat an iron and place against it if a pendant part like the hand or foot is poulticed.

Good Enough For Her.

The resources of a properly trained Biddy are practically inexhaustible. A short time ago I bought some very expensive hothouse grapes for a member of the family who had been sick, but they were not fancied at the time, and I asked the maid to take them away. The next morning I went to her and told her to take the fruit to the sick room.

"Sure, ma'am, Oi can't. 'Tis meself thought ye wanted them throw'd away," with the peculiarly stupid look an Irish girl puts on and takes off with ease.

"Thrown away, Bridget!" I exclaimed, angrily. "How could you be so stupid? Don't you know that kind of grapes are awfully expensive?"

Don't be put out, ma'am, Bridget said soothingly. "Sure, not one was wasted. Oi ate ivery good grape meself!"

No Alternative.

Her eyes were red with weeping.

"Unkind fate," she moaned.

The man who was tearing his hair at the other side of the room acquiesced.

"But there is no alternative," he said, in a hollow voice. "Sign."

He pointed to the paper before her. With trembling hand she took the pen.

"We've got to mortgage the home," he continued, "or take less ice each morning, and we must keep up appearances."

With a quick, dry sob she wrote her name.

K&K=DRS·K&K=DRS·K&K=DRS·K&K
SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH
LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD
MAKE NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN
THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body induced by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives and future happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age, at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach matrimony but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life:—The farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions.
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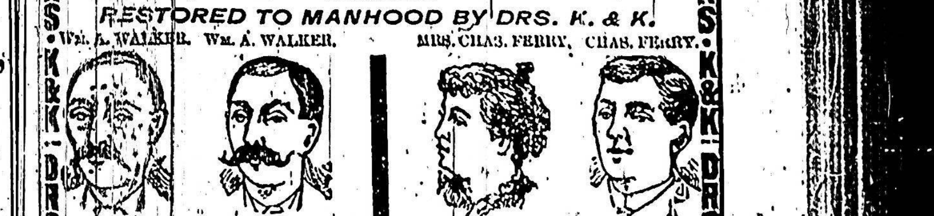
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Wm. A. Walker of 16th Street says:—"I have suffered untold agonies for my "gay life." I was indiscreet when young and ignorant. As "One of the Boys" I contracted Syphilis and other Private diseases. I had ulcers in the mouth and throat, bone pains, hair loose, pimples on face, finger nails came off, eyebrows fell out, became thin and despondent. Seven doctors treated me with Mercury, Potash, etc. They helped me but could not cure me. Finally a friend induced me to try Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. Their treatment is wonderful. You feel yourself gaining every day. I have never heard of them failing to cure in a single case."
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A Mother's Beautiful Child
Dragged Nearly to Death's Door by Severe Nervous Disease—Suffered Extreme Pain in the Head—Doctors Could Do Nothing—South American Nervine Called in at the Eleventh Hour and Restores to Health Little Annie Joy, of West Toronto Junction—The Great Remedy is Reducing the Death Rate of All Canadian Cities.

MISS ANNIE JOY, WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.
A bright little lad, or golden-haired girl, is the delight of your home. Whether you revel in riches, or know something of the privations of poverty, that child is all the world to you. It is no wonder that mother and father become anxious when sickness overtakes the little one.
The remedy, fathers and mothers, is near by. South American Nervine has been the means of giving back the bloom of youth to thousands of suffering little ones. It is not a medicine that buoys up the parents' hopes, only to have them in a short time dashed down again lower than ever. Whether with child or adult, it promptly gets at the seat of all disease, which is the nerve centres. From this fact it is peculiarly efficacious in the treatment of nervous diseases of man, woman or child.
A recent case is that as told by Mrs. M. A. Joy, of West Toronto Junction, whose little daughter Annie, aged 15 years, had been a sufferer from severe nervous depression for about two years. As with all mothers, no trouble and expense was spared in the effort to bring relief to the child. The little one suffered extreme pains in the head, so distressing at times as to render her completely helpless, sapping all her strength. The best skill of the most skilled physicians was called into request, but little Annie steadily grew worse. Becoming more hopeless and discouraged as the weeks went by, Mrs. Joy decided on trying South American Nervine as almost a last resort. Employing her own words she said: "I determined to give it a trial, although I felt it was useless."
To-day it is all happiness around that home, for before one bottle of the medicine had been taken, the mother tells us Annie commenced to show decided signs of improvement. The child has taken three bottles and has practically regained her natural health and vigor. There is nothing surprising in the fact that Mrs. Joy cannot speak too highly of South American Nervine.
Much was at stake, but this wonderful discovery proved equal to the emergency, and so it does in every case. Thousands of letters on file from well-known citizens prove this. For nervous diseases of young or old, from whatever cause, it is an absolutely infallible cure.

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