The Chinese make what they call "Ho tea," which is manufactured of tea dust, or broken leaves, combined with the leaves of other plants, this tea being rolled up into pellets by the aid of gum.

Quite Germ-ane to Him.

Tobacco is an excellent fumigator, remarked Twofer, as he lighted up a dead-black cigar. "It drives germs out instantly.

"Count me as a germ," said Goodstyle, as soon as he had one whiff of it.

Thin.

The thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled has recently been turned out at the Halham Tin Works, near Swansea, Wales. It has a surface of fifty-five square inches and weighs but twenty grains. It would take 1,500 such sheets to make a layer an inch thick.

How to Mend Gloves.

If you wish to mend your gloves neatly turn them inside out and sew them over and over with fine cotton thread. Silk sewing is not the kind. If there is a tear, set a piece of kid under it and secure it with a few stitches; if you have not the kid of the right color, use a bit of ribbon or silk. Save the best parts of the old pair to mend the new. Court plaster will mend a break nicely, but always stiffens the kid.

WILL NOT PERMIT DELAY

In Cases of Heart Trouble—How to Act Quickly.

What to do till the doctor comes is a good thing to know, and is urgent in cases of heart disease. Keep in the house Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it will be found to exceed the skill even of the skilled physician. Many letters are in the possession of the proprietor of this medicine showing that death would have ensued from heart disease had it not been promptly taken when heart spasms had manifested themselves. It is a remarkable specific for this one particular purpose, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, strong as the statement may seem, will cure heart disease, either in its incipient stages or the more chronic.

This Was in Boston.

"When Lot's wife looked back," said the Sunday-school teacher, "what happened to her?"

She was transmuted into chloride of sodium," answered the class with one voice.

A Fellow Feeling.

Author made quite a hit with his new picture "Sympathy."

"What for? What was the idea?"

"Simply a blind man making his way across a crowded street."

"Humph! How did that typify sympathy?"

"Why, he's a fellow feeling, you know."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Faux Pas.

Tom—Harry's a good dresser?

Dick—Precious no; he doesn't know anything. I've seen him wear a lay-down collar to a stand-up party.

HAVE YOU TASTED

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Is Delicious.

Sold Only in Lead Packets.

WANTED

by a very persistent reading this paper, Grocery and general dealers for home trade. Write to us for terms and buy your winter supply from us. We can save you money. All new goods and at wholesale prices. Note address.

J. H. CANNING,
Wholesale Grocer,
Front Street East, Toronto.

A Blizzard!
A Hurricane!
A Cyclone!
A Tornado!

Wouldn't be enough to extinguish E. B. Eddy's "Flamers" when lit.

The best "light" for smokers in these high autumn winds

Made only by

THE E. B. EDDY CO. LIMITED

HULL.

Belting.
Shafting.
Pulleys,
Hangers.

Order Your Supplies of

OAK TANNED LEATHER BELTING

from us. We simply four grades, suitable for all classes of machinery. Everything in Belting Lines as Manufacturers. Tinsel Belt.

Lowest Prices for Cash.

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY,
41 Bay Street, Toronto.

Two Schools Under One Management.

CENTRAL Business College

OF TORONTO AND STRATFORD, ONT.

Unquestionably the leading Commercial Schools in Canada. Business advantages best in Canada. Moderate rates; students may enter at any time. Write to either school for circulars and mention this paper.

SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

Ore of Life Found at Last

Vitæ-Ore is very properly called Ore of Life. It was discovered by Professor Theo. Noel of Chicago, Geologist. Vitæ-ore makes an elixir which is Nature's Great Remedy for the cure of human ills. It will reach the ills of human diseases when drugs and doctors' nostrums fail. It is nature's great restorative, to which nothing is added. It is pure, as it comes from nature's laboratory. Sold only on direct orders or through local or travelling agents. Price $1 a package, or three for $2. Sent prepaid to any part of the globe on receipt of price. Send for circulars and testimonials. Vitæ-Ore Depot, 240 Adelaide street west, Toronto. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent.

T. N. U. 41

Will Pay you TO ATTEND THE NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE, for either a Business or a Shorthand Course. No one should expect to succeed without a good business training. Announcement free. C. A. Fleming, Owen Sound.

EVERYTHING FOR THE PRINTER—Type, Presses, Inks, Ready-Print Newspapers, Stereotype Matter Blocks, Typing, Engraving. TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, Toronto and Winnipeg.

THE HOUSE AT THE CORNER

(CONTINUED.)

"My pretty Muriel," Kestrel murmured soothingly, "I'm going to ask you a tremendous favour."

Muriel raised her head. She was pale, and her face wore an almost terrified expression.

"Not to-night," she said. "Ask me for nothing to-night. Let me think for once that you love me as you swear you do. Do not ask payment for every kind word or act you bestow upon me."

"Who wants payment?" cried Kestrel, firing up with indignation. "I don't want payment. You shall have it back—every penny. I'll give you a cheque on my bankers to-morrow. Do you want to insult me?"

"I would not offend you, Ralph, indeed—"

"But you have offended me! What do you think I am made of? Have I no feelings? Payment, eh?"

"Forgive me, dearest; I spoke upon impulse. It was sweet to feel your love, to hear you vow it—and always you are spoiling all. It is asking me for money you will be every time; and it grieves me, dear, to feel a sort of doubt whether, after all, it is only as a friend that you think of me—a friend who can help you in your troubles. I am proud to do it, Ralph, and will always help you, dear, but I stopped you because I had prepared a little present for you, dear, and I wanted to give it to you all of my own accord, and you never asking me for anything this time at all."

"A present, eh? Ah, that's my sweet Muriel! But, by jove! you make a mistake; indeed you did. I wasn't going to ask you for money—'devil a stiver!' as your Irish girls say. I—I wanted you to—to—"

He paused, his brandy clogged brains refusing to provide a substitute for his intended petition.

"Tell me, dear. I will do anything to please you, Ralph," urged the submissive Muriel.

"I sha'n't ask you anything now, as you're such a brick," said Kestrel, evading the difficulty. "Show us the present—see if I like it. Is it money?"

"No, dear, not money this time; I thought what you had on Wednesday—"

"Tuesday—it was Tuesday."

"Well, on Tuesday, then; I thought that would last you."

"Every penny gone—every penny!"

"Well, dear, I'm sorry for that. I have got a scarf-pin for you. See, is it not a pretty one?"

"Humph! Yes, it's very pretty; but I say, sweetheart, you'll have to stump up a nigger little fifteen as well. Sorry to have to ask you; but can't help it."

"O Ralph!"

"Don't say 'O Ralph!' but out with the money, and make haste. We shall have that fellow Donovan back again any moment. O, he thinks I'm a Johnny, he does! He's been letting me into some nice little plans. I can tell you, I've promised to do what you want—or what he wants—but, Muriel, my dear, every man has his price, and mine's twenty pounds at the present moment. See?"

"I have no money here."

"Rot! you've always got money. Fork it out. I'm going a journey; must have coin for hotel bill, railway ticket, and all the other infernal things."

"I can give you a cheque for ten pounds."

"Cheque won't do, and ten pounds won't do; must have cash. You've always given me cash before."

"But to-day I spent all I had in buying you that pin—indeed, it's the truth I'm telling you!"

"What the dickens did you do that for?"

"Why, dear, it seems not nice to give money to the man one is engaged to; it is like buying him; it humiliates you and it humiliates me."

"What bosh! Stuff! fiddlesticks! It's just because you're so jolly mean, that's all! Look here, Muriel, if you're like

JEALOUSY IN THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ARCH, CABINET HE CROUCHED.

this before marriage, I'm blest if I shan't think twice about marrying you at all!"

She gazed at him for an instant, trembling from head to foot; then answered coldly and in a strange voice: "Very well."

This did not please him so well as it did the crouching figure by the buhl cabinet. Kestrel felt he had made a mistake, but, being drunk, had not tact to rectify it. He went from bad to worse.

"Look here," he said savagely, "it's all very well for you to say 'Very well,' and I dare say that's all your love for me amounts to—just a bit of cheap jewellery and 'Very well;' but I can tell you this, Miss Muriel O'Connor—or, to call you by your right name, Miss—"

"Silence! You swore never to utter that name, even to myself."

"Swore it! yes; and you swore to love me. I've sworn lots of things; you've sworn lots of things. Break one oath, break the lot. I don't care. I'll be even with you. That blackguard Dennis Donovan thinks he's the monkey and I'm the cat; so do you. But I'm not to be fooled with, I can tell you. Secrets I've got out of you, and money I will get. Dirty work's worth dirty money. So pay up, my precious wife that is to be—"

"Never! Your wife? Never!"

"Fork out the ten, I say, or by heaven I'll split—blow all your blooming tricks into the air, see if I don't!"

The clock struck eleven. An ominous silence fell upon the room. Kestrel stood balancing himself, with his legs wide apart and a leer of defiance upon his sodden face. Muriel faced him, deathly pale, sick with disgust, stricken with shame and dismay. The shadow by the buhl cabinet remained dark and motionless. At length Muriel spoke:

"I have told you I have no money in the house to-night—I have no means of getting any. I will write you a cheque for fifty pounds, which you must consider the price of your silence. Is that understood?"

"Make it a hundred."

"I can spare but fifty pounds."

"Say sixty, Muriel."

"Sixty, then."

She sat at her davenport, and rapidly wrote the cheque; then rising, she rang the bell for a servant.

"Take this audgo," giving Kestrel the cheque; "go, and forget me and all you know of me."

Turning to the servant who answered the summons, she said impassively, "Show Mr. Kestrel to the gate," and returned at once to the library.

Kestrel gazed after her stupidly for a moment; then muttered to the servant some incoherency about a "bit of a tiff," and pouring out half a tumbler of brandy gulped it down, and staggered out at the door.

When Muriel O'Connor returned to the drawing-room, which she did as soon as she heard the garden-gate close, she was weeping bitterly; her whole frame shook with the repression of hysterical sobs.

At the door stood Donovan, apparently in the act of departing.

"Dennis," she cried in great excitement and emotion, "Ralph Kestrel has threatened to disclose all he has learned of our plans. Have you trusted him with the Kilbally affair?"

"It was yourself that said, Tell him all—trust him with all; I'll go bail for Kestrel."

"Then follow him, watch where he goes, do not lose sight of him. He is intoxicated, and may get into trouble to-night. We have quarrelled, and in his present condition he may destroy all our hopes. Follow him at once—watch him—watch over him."

"Be easy, be easy!" replied the Irishman with a sinister smile. "I will take the best of care of Mr. Ralph Kestrel this night, Miss Muriel, for your sake and my own; and remember, then, that it's yourself as put the business into Dennis Donovan's hands to act for ye as seems best."

"As seems best to you, Dennis; yes, as it seems best to you."

Muriel O'Connor passed from the room and upstairs to her bedchamber, sobbing convulsively; and Dennis Donovan, with the same strange smile distorting his features, left the house stealthily by the gate in the wall, and followed a distant figure that staggered along in the moonlight.

As he went, his hand clutched the dagger that he had snatched from the wall, and he muttered over and over again the words:

"For your sake and my own! For your sake and my own!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Muriel O'Connor, locked in her bedchamber, safe from the observation of all, abandoned herself to the bitterness of love's disappointment and despair. The room was in darkness, save where the moonlight streamed in at the diamond-paned window and fell upon a couch at the foot of the bed; and there lay Muriel prostrated, with grief, her tears flowing beneath the tumbled masses of her hair.

Presently there came a gentle tap at the door, and, although she did not respond, the raging of her sobs was subdued a little. The knocking was repeated, and Muriel raised her tear-stained face into the moon rays to listen, but still she did not answer the summons. Then came a gentle voice saying "Muriel! Muriel dear!"

The tears ceased to flow, and her fair forehead was knitted into a frown, but still she made no response.

"Muriel dear! Muriel! Is there anything the matter?" came Laura's soft tones through the door.

Muriel rose to a sitting posture, and her eyes flashed angrily in the flood of light as she answered shortly.

"No."

"Are you in trouble?"

"No."

"Are you ill—in pain?"

"No."

"Will you not let me in, then? I have something to say to you."

"I do not wish to be disturbed."

"I want to tell you that I am going out."

"Going out?"

"I shall not be back again to-night?"

"What?"

Muriel rose to her feet, and flung back the loosened hair that fell about her shoulders.

"I am going to my sister."

"To your sister? To-night? Why?"

"Let me in, and I will tell you."

Muriel moved a pace towards the door, stopped, hesitated, and finally turned away.

"No," she answered in a cold hard tone. "Go—to your sister."

Laura Kingdon paused for a moment, surprised and hurt by this unaccustomed treatment; then, connecting it with the situation that had been witnessed in the drawing-room, her pride and scorn of all uncharitable misconstructions restrained her from saying more than

"I shall be back on Monday. Good-bye!"

To which Muriel O'Connor vouchsafed no reply.

With a heart too full of serious misgivings on other grounds to take much heed of this, Laura descended the stairs and passed from the house. A pale angry face at an upper window watched her as she hurriedly turned the corner of the road, and took the same course that Ralph Kestrel had taken shortly before; and far into the night a furious woman paced to and fro in a moonlit room, involving in desperate terms against love and friendship.

Ten minutes later, two trains drew up at the platform of an Underground railway-station. Into one, bound eastward, stepped hastily a young woman clad in dark attire, a veil drawn over her face so as almost to conceal the beauty of its contour and the deep lustre of her blue eyes; while from the train going west alighted a counterpart of this traveller, so deeply resembling her in height, face, and form as to seem identical with her.

The trill of guards' whistles, the slamming of doors, the snorting of engines, the rumble of many wheels, and Laura Kingdon was speeding to her sister's home, while Dorothy Dundas stood trembling on the platform of the railway station whence her sister had departed in quest of her.

CHAPTER IX.

DESERTED.

Alone in a second-class carriage of the train that burrowed its way eastward, Laura Kingdon sat scanning with anxious interest the contents of that little bundle of letters which she had obtained from Ralph Kestrel. They told a melancholy story of blind infatuation, dread of the home-coming of a husband whose devotion had failed to win the allegiance of a weak romantic nature. They were mad letters in which the writer abandoned herself to the tyranny of passion, and flung off every restraining influence of prudence and honour. Laura read on through page upon page of folly, closely written, reckless, full of yearning for reciprocated love, full of tempestuous upbraiding for coldness and lack of sympathy and response. She read, and her soul grew sick within her; even her first fierce determination to save seemed to faint by the way.

When she had left the drawing-room, ostensibly to search for Lord Willmore in the garden, that purpose had been driven from her mind by a burning anxiety to know the truth as to the relations existing between Kestrel and her sister. Dorothy's was one of those shallow natures almost incapable of keeping a secret, although with cunning enough to attempt deceit; and it had not overtaxed Laura's penetration to discover signs of a dangerous predilection on the part of her sister for Kestrel.

Her offers to come and reside with Dorothy during the absence of Captain Dundas had been again and again obstinately rejected, and this fact alone had caused Laura unceasing anxiety. Her remonstrances had at last caused a rupture in the affection, that bound the sisters closely during all their lives, and it was easy for Laura to perceive that some powerful disturbing influence was at work to so counteract the forces of nature and duty.

The imminent return of Dorothy's loyal-hearted and unsuspecting husband—who, when leaving for the Antipodes, while the winter yet lay heavily upon London, had taken Laura apart for a moment on the snow-swept deck, and had given her special charge of her sister, for his sake—increased the terror of the situation.

With the key to all the dreaded truth in her possession, Laura cared little for her personal interests. The embarrassment of being discovered kissing a libertine's hand affected her little, as we have seen, and even the newly-pledged love of Lord Willmore had become second in her thoughts. As she stepped into the garden she saw that the lamps had been lighted in the summer-house across the lawn, and thither she quickly bent her steps. Flinging the letters hastily upon the table, she took up the first that came to hand, and, in the right of her sisterly guardianship fell to perusing it. The letter proved to be of recent date and ran thus:

"MY OWN DEAREST BELOVED.—He is coming home; he will be here on Sunday at the latest. Why have you deserted me? Why do you not write? I love you so dearly that my love is all my life. Did return is to me like the coming of an executioner. He has been good to me, and I dare not look him in the face. I cannot welcome him home; I cannot bear the thought of long years in the custody of my gaoler. I dare not think of one hour in the presence of my judge. Death would be better far than that Ben and I should ever meet again. Save me, Ralph! save me, I implore you, from my husband or from death! Night and the day is one ever-growing fear. I shall go mad if you do not come between me and despair of living again with one I have never loved.—Yours, yours, yours.

"DOROTHY DUNDAS."

"My God!" cried Laura aloud, dropping her hand with the letter in it upon the table in the full light of the lamp. "My God! if he had read this!"

She raised her eyes, and Lord Willmore stood before her. Instinctively she clutched at the scattered letters, and, gathering them together, rose and stood over them like a tigress over her young. A deathly pallor overspread her face, that had been burning with the shame of what she had read; the gentle calm and purity of her countenance was all gone, for amidst the conflicting emotions of her heart she took to herself all the guiltiness of her sister, and suffered a tenfold humiliation. To a purity without stain, to a truly unselfish nature, to a vivid sense of honour and chastity, the disgrace of one near and dear is more acute than if it were personal.

In the presence of her newly-sworn lover Laura Kingdon felt her sister's abasement as if it were her own. And he, standing there in the lamplight rigidly, his features aghast with dismay, pallid as hers, his heart scarcely beating in his breast—what were his thoughts, his fears, his conflictions of the meaning of what he had heard and saw? He could not doubt that Laura herself had been the writer of those letters. He was acquainted with her penmanship, and the glimpse he caught had shown the characters to be apparently identical with Laura's writing. And had she not impulsively gathered them from his sight? Had she not previously trembled in the presence of that drunken voice, and shamelessly sought a private conference with a man who boasted of his licentiousness?

Clearly as the day, Ernest Willmore saw himself as the dupe of intriguants whose sordid aim was to better her social condition had matters gone in direction. And yet his faith in her goodness was stronger than he realised. It was an instinct, like his belief in God.

His primary thought was, "I had meant to make this woman my wife," and he was conscious only of a culmination of damning evidence against her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOVE LAUGHS AT COLD,

Whatever May Be the Weather Couples Spoon in the Park.

It may be all very true that "love laughs at locksmiths," but it appears to be equally true that love laughs at cold weather. For three months or more I have been watching the performances of several pairs of lovers in Johnson Park. It is a beautiful place in summer—I know of no more dainty spot in all the earth, yet it is not quite an ideal place for love-making if one desires any particular degree of isolation. But all through the summer evenings these lovers have told each other the "old, old story" night after night in the little park. It is always light there. The gleam of the electric lights and the windows of many residences make any part of the park almost as light as day, but these lovers seem to have become accustomed to all that, and have even become so tame that they have grown to disregard even the children who play in the park during the early evening. This season of love-making has served as amusement for many residents living in that neighborhood, and everyone supposed that when the cold weather came on the young people would disappear and continue their billing and cooing in somebody's parlor; but not so. During all the cold evenings of the past week, at least two couples have never missed a night. As soon as it is fairly dark they appear on the benches just as affectionate as ever, if not a little more so, because as the nights grow colder they sit a little closer together, and there are not so many windows open from which they are watched, and not so many mischievous children to throw sticks at them. I believe that must be what is known as true love, for it certainly cannot be a false love that induces two human beings to sit out of doors such nights as we have had during the past week.—Buffalo News.

What a Bridegroom Should Do.

There is a modern definition of a bridegroom which is a little cruel certainly, but which pretty well describes the position of that personage. A bridegroom is said to be a thing in a black coat who attends weddings. And it is quite true that in point of importance he ranks very low down indeed in the eyes of the spectator. Yet there is not the slightest reason really why he should appear in such a very poor light as he too often does.

He need not, for instance, come into church or the room as if he were being led to execution. He need not hang his head as if caught in the commission of a crime, or blunder about with an awkwardness which makes every girl present feel thankful she is not in the bride's shoes.

No doubt his position is painful and trying. He feels that he is the target for all eyes, when, in fact, he is nothing of the kind. Let him start by convincing himself that he is not to waste a chance on him when there are the bride and the bridesmaids to be looked at, and he will find it easier to preserve his self-possession. He must try to look happy, no matter how he feels.

Can a worse compliment be paid to the girl he has induced to marry him than looking as if he regretted his folly? He must try to look manly, not only for her sake, but his own, for she is very likely to regret her decision at the last moment when she sees how it seems to affect him. He should look proud.

Surely it ought to be the proudest moment of his life; he should be elated, and not ashamed. He should be in good spirits, yet not carried away by them. A jocular bridegroom is a thing one has only to see once to remember with horror for the rest of one's days.—N. Y. Times.

An Acquired Gift.

"I'm a victim of kleptomania, your honor," pleaded the prisoner. "I can't help stealing."

"Indeed, said the justice with interest. "I've heard of such cases. Is your kleptomania a natural or acquired gift?"

"Acquired, your honor, replied the prisoner thoughtlessly.

"I thought so. Ten dollars and costs. Call the next case.—Chicago Evening Post.

Why He Felt Good.

"Hallo, Bill, you seem in rare good spirits. What's made you so?"

"The boss sent me to buy half a pound of meat. On the way I dropped it in the mud, and he said I could eat it myself."

GOD AND THE NATION.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS TO THE GATHERING CONGRESSMEN.

He is Sure That Divinity is on Our Side, and That the Church Will Purify Politics and Protect the Ballot Box in the End.

Washington, Dec. 1.—As to-morrow the congress of the United States assembles, and many of the members were present at the delivery of this sermon, Dr. Talmage took a most appropriate theme, showing that in all their work they might realize that God has always been on the side of this nation. Text, II. Kings vi, 17, "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

The American congress is assembling. Arriving or already arrived are the representatives of all sections of this beloved land. Let us welcome them with prayer and benedictions. A nobler group of men never entered Washington than those who will to-morrow take their place in the senate chamber and the house of representatives. Whether they come alone or leave their families at the homestead for awhile, may the blessing of the Eternal God be upon them! We invite them to our churches, and together, they in political spheres, and we in religious circles, will give the coming months to consideration of the best interests of this country, which God has blessed so much in the past that I propose to show you and show them, so far as I may now reach their ear or to-morrow their eye through the printing press, that God will be with them to help them, as in the text he filled the mountains with help for Elisha.

As it cost England many regiments and $3,000,000 a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the king of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—perhaps 50,000 men to take Elisha. During the night the army of Syrians came around the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the manservant of Elisha rushed in and said: "What shall we do? There is a whole army come to destroy you! We must die!" We must die! But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and saw the mountains all around full of supernatural forces, and he knew that if there were 50,000 Syrians against him there were 100,000 angels for him, and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his affrighted manservant the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire, and warriors of fire with brandished swords of fire, and the brilliancy of that morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalcade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side as a nation. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of pure hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and chariots of divine rescue.

You will notice that the divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John, when they come to describe the divine equipage, always represent it as a wheeled, harnessed, an upholstered conveyance. It is not a chariot like kings and land conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, deliverance through burning escapes. Chariot of rescue! Yes, but a chariot of fire. All our national disenthralments have been through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulation nations rise. Chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire. But how do I know that this divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last 119 years. The American Revolution started from the pen of John Hancock in Independence hall, in 1776. The colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side the mightiest nation of the earth, the largest armies, the grandest navies and the most distinguished commanders and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing as against immensity.

I do not know how many can read the history of those times without admitting the contest was decided by the upper forces. Then, in 1861, when our civil war was opened, many at the north and at the south pronounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice; it was not wealth against poverty; it was not large states against small states. It was heroism against heroism; it was the resources of many generations against the resources of generations; it was the prayer of the north against the prayer of the south; it was one half of the nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination? "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side as a nation. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of pure hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and chariots of divine rescue.

You will notice that the divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John, when they come to describe the divine equipage, always represent it as a wheeled, harnessed, an upholstered conveyance. It is not a chariot like kings and land conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, deliverance through burning escapes. Chariot of rescue! Yes, but a chariot of fire. All our national disenthralments have been through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulation nations rise. Chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire. But how do I know that this divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last 119 years. The American Revolution started from the pen of John Hancock in Independence hall, in 1776. The colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side the mightiest nation of the earth, the largest armies, the grandest navies and the most distinguished commanders and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing as against immensity.

I do not know how many can read the history of those times without admitting the contest was decided by the upper forces. Then, in 1861, when our civil war was opened, many at the north and at the south pronounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice; it was not wealth against poverty; it was not large states against small states. It was heroism against heroism; it was the resources of many generations against the resources of generations; it was the prayer of the north against the prayer of the south; it was one half of the nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination? Yes; we are going to have a national religion. There are two kinds of national religion. The one is supported by the state and is a matter of human politics, and it has great patronage, and under it men will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of $75,000 a year, and here are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and canonicals, and room for 1,000 people, yet an audience of 50 people, or 20 people or 10 or 2. We want no such religion as that, no such national religion, but we want this kind of national religion—the vast majority of the people converted and evangelized—and then they will manage the secular as well as the religious.

Do you say that this is impracticable? No. The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God, and that this is his book, and that he has the strength and the honesty to fulfil his promises. One of the ancient emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counsellor said was impossible, and I have to tell you to-day that man's impossibles are God's easies. "Hath he said, an I shall not he not do it? Hath he commanded, and will he not bring it to pass?" The Christian religion is coming to take possession of every ballot box, of every school house, of every mountain, of every acre of our national domain. This nation, notwithstanding all the evil influences that are trying to destroy it, is going to live.

Never since, according to John Milton, when "satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of it the Atlantic ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us, the arctic sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent of 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles and all of it but one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—100,000,000 and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods and grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien the narrow waist of a giant continent all to be under one government and all free and all Christian and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth, if according to the expectation of many good people he shall at last set up his throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere—Christ or satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the cliffs of her Newfoundland, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches, the one reaching from Baffin's bay to Tierra del Fuego and the other from Behring strait to Cape Horn, and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all human computation? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious and national movements.

Ah, it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what boodlers of this continent so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be 7 feet by 3, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon—the youngest of us all. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulcher, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden.

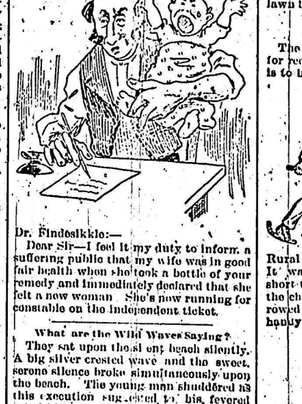
One of the seven wonders of the world was the white marble watch tower of pharos of Egypt. Sostiratus, the architect and sculptor, after building that watch tower, cut his name on it. Then he covered it with plaster, and, to please the king, he put the monarch's name on the outside of the plastering, and the storms beat and the seas dashed in their fury, and they washed off the plastering, and they washed it out, and they washed it down, but the name of Sostiratus was deep out in the imperishable rock. So across the face of this nation there have been a great many name written—across our finances, across our religions, names worthy of remembrance, names written on the architecture of our churches and our schools and our asylums and our homes of mercy, but God is the architect of this continent, and he was the sculptor of all its grandeurs, and long after—through the wash of the ages and the tempests of centuries—all other names shall be obliterated the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and the world shall see that the God who made this continent has redeemed it by his grace from all its sorrows and from all its crimes.

Have you faith in such a thing as that? After all the chariots have been unwheeled, and after all the war chargers have been crippled, the chariots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in triumph, followed by all the armies of heaven on white horses. God could do without us, but he will not. The weakest of us, the faintest of us, the smallest brained of us, will have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name, like the name of Sostiratus, cut in imperishable rock and conspicuous for countries, but we shall be remembered in a better place than that, even in the heart of him who came to redeem us and redeem the world, and our names will be seen close to the signature of his wound, for, as today he throws out his arms to us, he says, "Behold, I have graven them on the palms of my hands." By the mightiest of all agencies, the potency of prayer, I beg you to seek our national welfare.

Some time ago there were 4,000,000 letters in the dead letter post-office in this city—letters that lost their way—but not one prayer ever directed to the heart of God miscarried. The way is all clear, the ascent of your supplication heavenward in behalf of this nation. Before the postal communication was so easy, and long ago, on a rock 100 feet high, on the coast of England, there was a barrel fastened to a post, and the great letters on the side of the rock, so it could be seen far out at sea, were the words, "Post-office," and when ships came by, a boat put out to take and fetch letters. And so sacred were those deposits of affection in that barrel that no lock was ever put upon that barrel, although it contained messages for America and Europe and Asia and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. Many a storm-tossed sailor, homesick, got messages of kindness by that rock, and many a homestead heard good news from a long gone. Would that all the heights of our national prosperity were in interchange of sympathies—prayers going up meeting blessings coming down! Postal celestial, not by a storm-struck rock on a wintry coast, but by the Rock of Ages.

The first hint of paper making in Europe was in Constantinople. The process was brought from China by way of Samprecand in A. D. 651.

A Testimonial.



Dr. Findeslkkie:—

Dear Sir—I feel it my duty to inform a suffering public that my wife was in good fair health when she took a bottle of your remedy and immediately declared that she felt a new woman. She's now running for constable on the Independent ticket.

What are the Wild Waves Saying?

They sat upon the silent beach silently. A big silver crested wave and the sweet, serene silence broke simultaneously upon the beach. The young man shuddered as this execution suggested to his fevered mind his own pecuniary condition, and as the big wave receded and lost itself in the deep, dark depths of the ocean, his silvery voice burst out upon the stilly morn in riotous oceans of flowery eloquence. But, like the wave, he could not move her rocks.

A sweet, sad smile emerged from his full, sensitive mouth, played fitful about his handsome face for a moment and was lost in the lovely yellow of his billous beard, and a look of pain sat rigidly upon his marble brow.

His lips moved convulsively in an effort to speak again, but as his full, free silvery voice ventured out upon the golden standard silence there was a shock, and he drew it hurriedly back.

At length with a supreme effort he drew himself tightly together and stuck. He was pleading for a lock of her—a token of love. How earnestly, how eloquently he pleaded! What plaintive pathos and perspiration attended his burning words! Who could resist him? A lock of hair! It was but a small thing, she ruminated, supposing that the whole suit cost $50. She gave it to him. He pressed it joyfully to his heart. She loved him! O bliss! Oh, my! Oh, yes. "Darling!" he murmured, in a softly modulated, melodramatic voice; "I love you. I worship you! Tell me, dearest, that you love me in return." I must love loved another," he added, as the thirty-ninth wave of unrequited love strode hurriedly through his mind.

A heavy blush mantled her brow for a moment and then sild slowly down her hair and fell sloshily into the sand.

"I do love you, George," she answered fervently. "I adore you."

"And I know it, Sweetheart," he gurgled; and under the influence of that Elysian joy and his unpaid board bill combined with an effort to press her to his bosom despite the sleeves she wore, seven large beads of perspiration stood out upon his classic brow, and then ran consecutively down upon his subsecant features.

"Know it?" she repeated interrogatively; and a shade of disappointment swept horizontally across her mobile face, removing large clusters of snowy whiteness where it swept. She had entertained a certain clandestine joy in the thought that she had played her part well and kept him in the Republican party without reference to what the true sentiments she entertained for him were. Now she had prima-facie evidence that she was mistaken, and that she has been kept in the dark herself, and she was aggrieved. "And how," she questioned poutingly, "did you know it?"

"I knew it," he rejoined, pressing the bit of hair to his lips, "I know that you adored me by your locks," he breathed ecstatically, and all at once.

And as he folded her to his palpitating breast the tide chased itself hurriedly out and the silent crab buried its blushing face in the sand and spake not.—New York Herald.

ROYAL SCALP FOOD

Price $1.00

6 Bottles $5.00 Exp. Pd.

ONE HONEST MAN AND BUT ONE RELIABLE HAIR FOOD.

NO DYE.

We feed the Hair that which it lacks and nature restores the color.

THEORY.

ROYAL SCALP FOOD destroys the diseased germs of the scalp and a healthy action set up.

It cleanses the pores and strengthens the hair that may remain in existence, and with it will not exist. Dandruff is the scale the same as you do a field of potatoes, and it feeds the germs of baldness.

CURES BALDNESS.
STOPS FALLING HAIR.
CURES DANDRUFF.
RESTORES FEED AND GRAY HAIR TO NATURAL COLOR AND VITALITY.
PERFECTLY HARMLESS.
WARRANTED.
CLEAR AS WATER.
NO SEDIMENT.
NO SULPHUR OR LEAD.

ROYAL SCALP FOOD CO.
BOX 275, WINDSOR, ONT.

A PERFECT LAWN.

One of the most beautiful things in the world is a smooth, velvety lawn, and a writer in a gardeners' magazine tells how it can be produced. It may be pointed out that certain manures are more favorable to some plants forming the herbage than others, and when one kind of manure only is used, those of the plants to which it is specially adapted will grow with undue vigor and crowd out the others. For instance, dressings of wood ashes and lime, in consequence of the potash they contain, and consequence of its power of rendering the potash in the soil available to the plant food, have a favorable effect upon the growth of the clovers. On the other hand, nitrogenous manures, such as nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia, promote the growth of grasses, and as a proper balance of grasses and clovers is essential to the production of a velvety turf, provision must be made for both classes. When artificial fertilizers are used they should, therefore, be such as superphosphates or bone meal, kainit, and nitrate of soda will give these constituents. The superphosphate and kainit must be mixed in the proportion of two tons to one, and applied at the rate of half a ton to the square rod. Subsequently a dressing of nitrate of soda should be applied at the rate of one pound to the square yard. The mixture may be applied in the autumn or in February, and the nitrate must be kept back until about the end of March or the beginning of April. But the application of artificial food does not suffice for the perfection of the soil for a lawn. Stagnant water should be carefully guarded against, and if it is found that the soil is not sufficiently porous to admit of the passage of the water, it must be made porous by drying the surface, and then sieving it sufficiently to prevent the passage of the lumps, and then mixing in sand or other porous soil, or the turf in the autumn, will disappear, and not only will the growth of grasses and clovers be promoted, but the lawn being furnished with a good growth of turf, will prevent the injurious effects of long dry weather.

Reeling and Wire.

The following is a description of a contrivance for reeling up the wire when a fence is to be taken down and the wire supplied to the