NOSEBLEED.

It Is That Causes It and How It Should Be Remedied.

...by regarded nosebleed as one of the ...tive characteristics of the human ...or he said that "man is the only ...re from whom blood flows at the ...s," and, properly understood, he ...ght. Of course blood will flow from ...rt of any animal when the arteries ...s of that part are opened, but it is a ...at nosebleed, occurring without any ...nt cause, is seldom, if ever, seen in ...ls. The reason for this human pe...ity is that the membrane lining the ...s in man is especially full of blood ...the walls of which are weak and ...ruptured by slight causes.

...usually very easy to recognize nose...t sometimes the blood flows back ...to the throat and then is coughed ...vomited and may be thought to ...om a hemorrhage of the lungs or ...h, and to cause much needless

...rule, nosebleed is a thing of slight ...ence and stops of itself after a little ...ut the Blood may escape in such ...y or the bleeding may continue so ...at the patient is greatly weakened. ...occurring in children, it has ordi...significance, though this is not ...to be taken for granted, but in old...s it may be a symptom of some ...ess, such as the beginning of ty...ever or a trouble of the liver or

...ed some of the common mani...s of that curious condition in ...ch is a tendency to severe hemor...rom any slight injury or even with...ny cause that can be discovered. ...d this predisposition, often ...d from frequent ...ate bleeding attacks of nosebleed ...times the income of them in spite ...s to control the hemorrhage. ...ysician is little to be done, for ...g usually stops of itself. The ...uld be made to sit quietly in a ...the head only slightly inclined ...ent enough to let the drops fall ...e into a basin. All clothing ...be loosened about the neck. Ice ...applied to the back of the neck, or ...may be cashed into the face or ...ed down the back.

...ation to insert a little piece ...the flowing nostril—sometimes ...ver of the ice is put into the ...and a small clot is there for a mo...r. A still better plan is to ...a little of alcohol and water as ...ve. The introduction ...the flowing nostril often ...the same purpose ...ed by a little wad of loose ...which has been picked apart. ...he nostrils fail, the physician ...summoned before exhaustion ...the Companion.

BUSINESS TACT.

...on How to Get and Hold ...Customers.

...How to Get and ...S. Bricker of ...the annual meeting of ...ation, he said: ...books as deliver...his money as ...ed to each ...ant lesson to ...one who differ ...said say: Busi...ship forms no ...it is all busi...gets orders ...patronage is ...and solicited ...between the two ...the distinc...is distinc...who has careful...of trade, can

...only a matter ...ence to a par...patronage, his ...however, are of ...r which we ...very much that ...the house. A ...bill is not ...part of his pur...a chance to sell to a ...duty bound to ...so well that ...When I re...him, I will ...we are so ...ach other and ...her, it would ...certain rule ...rule that be ...and not solicit ...one. Ability ...our goods will ...prices and honest ...buy again."

...the bigger I am ...judicial ermine ...ges in court ...lawyer would ...A newly ...made a sug...urts of New ...gentleman ...gets mad, ...hat way so on ...with: "I ...est fool on ...tempted to ...Judge, all ...I have been a fool ...lawyer glared ...red. "Yes, ...der." This ...little hair left ...to say it, sir!" ...would never ...have not the ...capacity!"—San

Customary Apologies.

...of the prisoner ...eight long weeks was strung. ...really enough— ..."twas that hung. —Chicago Tribune.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.

DR. TALMAGE CALLS FOR MORE ...OF IT IN DOING GOOD.

Wants More Sense in Matters of Religion—Absurdities of Church Architecture and Management—The Great Need of the World.

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Washington, Dec. 5.—Dr. Talmage in this discourse advocates more practical wisdom in efforts at doing good and assails some of the absurdities in church architecture and management. The text is Luke xvi, 8, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

That is another way of saying that Christians are not so skillful in the management of spiritual affairs as worldlings are skillful in the management of temporalities. I see all around me people who are alert, earnest, concentrated and skillful in monetary matters, who in the affairs of the soul are hazards, inane, inert. The great want of the world is more common sense in matters of religion. If one-half of the skill and forcefulness employed in financial affairs was employed in disseminating the truth of Christ and trying to make the world better, within ten years the last Juggernaut would fall, the last throne of oppression upset, the last iniquity tumble and the anthem that was chanted over Bethlehem on Christmas night would be echoed and re-echoed from all nations and kindred and people, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men."

Some years ago, on a train going to the southwest, as the porter of the sleeping car was making up the berths at the evening tide, I saw a man kneel down to pray. Worldly people looked on as much as to say, "What does this mean?" I suppose the most of the people in the car thought that the man was either insane or that he was a fanatic, but I disturbed no one when he arose. In after conversation with him I found out that he was a member of a church in a northern city, that he was a seafaring man and that he was on his way to New Orleans to take command of a vessel. I thought then, as I think now, that ten such men—men with such courage for God as that man had—ten such men would bring the whole city to Christ; 1,000 such men would bring this entire land to God; 10,000 such men, in a short time, would bring the whole earth into the kingdom of Jesus. That he was successful in worldly affairs I found out. That he was skillful in spiritual affairs you are well persuaded. If you had the courage, the pluck, the alertness, the acumen, the industry, the common sense in matters of the soul that they have in matters of the world, this would be a very different kind of earth in which to live.

Common Sense Lacking in Church Matters.

In the first place, my friends, we want more common sense in the building and equipment of churches. The idea of adaptiveness is always paramount in any other kind of structure. If bankers meet together, and they resolve upon putting up a bank, the bank is especially adapted to banking purposes; if a manufacturing company puts up a building, it is to be adapted to manufacturing purposes, but adaptiveness is not always the question in the rearing of churches. In many of our churches we want more light, more room, more ventilation, more comfort. Vast sums of money are expended on ecclesiastical structures and then sit down in them, and you ask a man how he likes the church. He says, "I like it very well; but I can't hear." As though a shawl factory were good for everything but making shawls! The value of the preacher dashes against the pillars. Men sit down under the shadows of the Gothic arches and shiver and feel they must be getting religion or something else, they feel so uncomfortable.

Oh, my friends, we want more common sense in the rearing of churches. There is no excuse for lack of light when the heavens are full of it, no excuse for lack of fresh air when the world swims in it. It ought to be an expression not only of our spiritual happiness, but of our physical comfort, when we say "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts! A day in thy court is better than a thousand."

Again, I remark we want more common sense in the obtaining of religious help. All men understand that in order to success in worldly directions they must concentrate. They think on that one object, on that one subject, until their mind takes fire with the velocity of their own thoughts. All their acumen, all their strategy, all their wisdom, all their common sense, they put in that one direction, and they succeed. But how seldom it is true in the matter of seeking after God. While no man expects to accomplish anything for this world without concentration and enthusiasm, how many there are expecting after awhile to get into the kingdom of God without the use of any such means!

Wisdom in Soul Saving.

A miller in California many years ago picked up a sparkle of gold from the bed of a stream which turned his mill. He held up that sparkle of gold until it bewitched nations. Tens of thousands of people left their homes. They took their blankets, and their pickaxes, and their pistols and went to the wilds of California. Cities sprang up suddenly on the Pacific coast. Merchants put aside their elegant apparel and put on the miner's garb. All the land was full of the talk about gold. Gold in the eyes, gold in the ears, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the streets—gold, gold, gold!

Word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of gold; that men have been digging there and have brought up gold, and amethyst, and carbuncle, and jasper, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of heaven were builded. Word comes of a man who, digging in that mine for one hour, has brought up treasures worth more than all the stars that keep vigil over our sick and dying world.

Is it a bonanza company that is formed? Is it undeveloped territory? Oh, no; the story is true. There are hundreds and thousands of people who would be willing to rise and testify that they have discovered that gold and have it in their possession. Notwithstanding all this, what is the circumstance? One would suppose that the announcement would send people in great excitement up and down our streets, that at midnight men would knock at your door asking how they may get those treasures. Instead of that many of us put our hands behind our back and walk up and down in front of the mine of eternal riches and say: "Well, if an to be saved, I will be saved and if I am to be lost I will be lost, and there is nothing to do about it."

Why, my brother, do you not do that way in business matters? Why do you not to-morrow go to your store and sit down and fold your arms and say: "If these goods are to be sold, they will be sold, and if they are not to be sold, they will not be sold. There is nothing for me to do about it." No, you dispatch your agents, you print your advertisements, you adorn your show windows, you push those goods, you use the instrumentality. Oh, that men were as wise in the matter of the soul as they are wise in the matter of dollars and cents!

God's Sovereignty.

This doctrine of God's sovereignty, how it is misquoted and spoken of as though it were an iron chain which bound us hand and foot for time and for eternity, when so far from that, in every fiber of your body, in every faculty of your mind, in every passion of your soul, you are a free man—a free man—and it will no more to-morrow be a matter of choice whether you shall go to business through Pennsylvania avenue or some other street, it will be no more a matter of choice with you to-morrow whether you shall go to Philadelphia or New York or stay at home, than it is this hour a matter of free choice whether you accept Christ or reject him.

In the army of banners there is no conscript. Men are not to be dragged into heaven. Among all the tens of thousands of the Lord's soldiery there is not one man but will tell you, "I chose Christ; I wanted him; I desired to be in his service; I am not a conscript—I am a volunteer." Oh, that men would bring the same common sense in the matter of religion that they have in the matters of the world—the same concentration, the same push, the same enthusiasm in the one case, a secular enthusiasm in the other, a consecrated enthusiasm.

Again, I remark we want more common sense in the building up and enlargement of our Christian character. There are many who have for 40 years been running the Christian race, and they have not run a quarter of a mile. No business man would be willing to have his investments unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar, you expect that dollar to come home bringing another dollar on its back. What would you think of a man who should invest $10,000 in a monetary institution, then go off for five years, make no inquiry in regard to the investment, then come back, step up to the cashier of the institution and say, "Have you that $10,000 safely that I lodged with you?" but asking no question about interest or about dividend? Why, you say, "That is not a common sense." Neither is it, but that is the way we act in matters of the soul. We make the more important investment than $10,000. We invest our soul. Is it accumulative? Are we growing in grace? Are we getting better? Are we getting worse? God declares many dividends, but we do not collect them. We do not want them. Oh, that in this matter of accumulation we were as wise in the matters of the soul as we are in the matters of the world.

Eternity in the Bible.

How little common sense in the reading of the Scriptures. We get any other book and we open it, and we say "Now what does this book mean to teach me? It is a book on astronomy. It will teach me astronomy. It is a book on political economy. It will teach me political economy." Taking up this Bible, do we ask of it does what it means to teach? It means to do just one thing. Get the world converted and get us all to heaven. That is what it proposes to do. But instead of that we go into the Bible as botanists to pick flowers, or we go as pugilists to get something to fight other Christians with, or we go as logicians trying to sharpen our mental faculties for a keen argument, and we do not like this about the Bible, and we do not like that, and we do not like the other thing. What would you think of a man lost on the mountains? Night has come down. He cannot find his way home, and he sees a light in a mountain cabin. He goes to it and knocks at the door. The mountaineer comes out and finds the traveler and says: "Well, here! I have a lantern. You can take it, and it will guide you on the way home." And suppose the traveler should say: "I don't like this lantern. I don't like the handle of it. There are 10 or 15 things about it I don't like. If you can't give me a better lantern than that, I won't have any!"

Now, this Bible is to us a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path, a guide us through the midnight of this world to the gates of the celestial city. Let us stop and say we do not like that, and we do not like that, and we do not like the other thing. Oh, how much wiser we would be if by its holy light we found our way to our everlasting home. Then, we do not read the Bible as we read other books. We read it perhaps an hour or five minutes just before we retire at night. We are weary and sleepy, so somnolent we hardly know which end of the book is up. We drop off to sleep perhaps on the story of Samson, and the foxes or upon some genealogical table, important in its place, but stirring no more religious emotion than the announcement that somebody begat somebody else and he begat somebody else, instead of opening the book and saying, "Now I must read for my immortal life; my eternity is involved in this book."

Gifts From Heaven.

How we use common sense in prayer! We say, "O Lord, give me this," and "O Lord, give me that," and "O Lord, give me something else," and we do not stop to get it, or, getting it, we do not know we have it. We have no anxiety about it. We do not watch and wait for the coming. As a merchant you telegraph to write to some other city for a bill of goods. You say, "Send me by express or by such a steamer or by such a rail train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph: "What is the matter with those goods? We haven't received them. Send them right away. We want them now or we don't want them at all." And you keep writing and telegraphing and keep sending your wagon to the depot or to the express office or to the wharf until you get the goods. In matters of religion we are not so wise as that. We ask certain things to be sent from heaven. We do not know whether they come or not. We have not any special anxiety as to whether they come or not. We may get them and we may not get them. Instead of at 7 o'clock in the morning saying, "Have I got that blessing?" at 12 o'clock, Monday, asking, "Have I got that blessing?" at 7 o'clock in the evening saying, "Have I received that blessing?" and not getting it, pleading, pleading—begging, pleading, asking, asking until you get it? Now, my brethren, is not that common sense? If we ask a thing from God who has sworn by his eternal throne that he will do that which we ask, is it not common sense that we should wait and wait until we get it?

But I remark again, we want more common sense in doing good. Oh, how many people there are who want to do good and they are dead failures! Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the same ingenuity, the same stratagem, the same common sense in the world as Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would succeed in one direction as well as they succeed in the other. There are many men who have an arrogant way with them, although they may not feel arrogant in their souls. Or they have a patronizing way. They talk to a man of the world in a manner which seems to say: "Do you wish you were as good as I am? I have to look clear down before I can see you, you are so far beneath me." That manner always disgusts, always drives men away from the kingdom of Jesus Christ instead of bringing them in.

Imitate Jesus Christ.

When I was a lad, I was one day in a village store and there was a large group of young men. There full of rollicking and fun, and a Christian man came in, a very good man, a Christian man, without any intention of the subject and while they were in great hilarity said to one of them, "George, what is the first step of wisdom?" George looked up and said, "Excuse me, sir, I am in no mood for business." We thought it was a very rough answer, but it was provoked. Religion had been hurled in our face as though it were a bombshell. We must be natural in the presentation of religion to the world. Do you suppose that Mary in her conversations with Christ lost her simplicity, or that Paul, wandering from Mars hill, took the tone? Why is it people cannot talk naturally in prayer meetings and religious subjects as they do in worldly pursuits? For no one ever succeeds in Christian work unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of the field. We want to imitate him who talked with farmers about the husbandman who went forth to sow, and who talked with the fishermen about the net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talked with the vine dresser about the tender vine, and talked with those newly affianced about the marriage supper, and talked with the cramped in money matters about the two debtors, and talked with the woman about the yeast that leavened the whole lump, and talked with the shepherd about the lost sheep.

Oh, we might gather even the stars of the sky and twist them like forgetmenots in the garland of Jesus. We must bring everything to him—the wealth of language, the tenderness of sentiment, the delicacy of morning dew, the saffron of floating cloud, the tangled surf of the roaring sea, the bursting thunder guns of the storm's bombardment. Yes, every star must point down to him, every heliotrope must breathe his praise, every drop in the summer shower must flash his glory, all the tree branches of the forest must thrum their music in the grand march which shall celebrate a world redeemed.

Blasted by Sin.

Now, all this being so, what is the common sense thing for you and for me to do? What we do I think will depend upon three facts—three great facts:—

The first fact, that sin has ruined us. It has blasted body, mind and soul. We want no Bible to prove that we are sinners. Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself an imperfect and a sinful being is simply a fool and not to be argued with. We all feel that sin has disorganized our entire nature. That is one fact. Another fact is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct, to redeem. That is a second fact. The third fact is that the only time we are sure Christ will pardon us is the present. Now, what is the common sense thing for us to do in view of these three facts? You will all agree with me—to quit sin, take Christ, and take him now.

Suppose some business man in whose skill you had perfect confidence should tell you that to-morrow, Monday morning, between 11 and 12 o'clock, you could by a certain financial transaction make $5,000, but that on Tuesday, perhaps you might make it, but there would be an anxiousness about it, and on Wednesday there would not be so much, and Thursday less, Friday less, and so on less and less—when would you attend to the matter? Why, your common sense would dictate: "Immediately I will attend to that matter, between 11 and 12 o'clock to-morrow, Monday morning, for then I can easily accomplish it, but on Tuesday I may not, and on Wednesday there is less prospect and less and less. I will attend to it to-morrow." Now, let us bring our common sense in this matter of religion. Here are the hopes of the gospel. We may get them now. To-morrow we may get them, and we may not. Now day we may and we may not, the prospect less and less and less and less, the only sure time now—now. I would not talk to you in this way if I did not know that Christ was able to save all the people. I would not to-into a hospital and tear off the bandages from the wounds if I had no balm to apply. I would not have the face to tell a man he is a sinner unless I had at the same time the authority for saying he may be saved.

A Divine Raphael.

Suppose in Venice there is a Raphael, a faded picture, great in its time, bearing some marks of its greatness. History describes that picture. It is nearly faded away. You say, "Oh, what a pity that so wonderful a picture by Raphael should be nearly defaced!" After awhile a man comes up, a very unskillful in art, and he proposes to retouch it. You say, "Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is. You will only make it worse." After awhile there comes an artist who is the equal of Raphael. He says, "I will retouch that picture and bring out all its original power." You have full confidence in his ability. He touches it here and there. Feature after feature comes out, when he is done with the defaced picture it is complete in all its original power.

Now, God impresses his image on our race, but that image has been defaced for hundreds and for thousands of years, getting fainter and fainter. Here comes up a divine Raphael. He says, "I can restore that picture." He has all power in heaven and on earth. He is the equal of the one who made the picture, the equal of the one who drew the image of God in our soul. He touches this sin, and it is gone; that transgression, and it is gone, and all the defacement disappears, and "where sin abounded grace doth much more abound." Will you have the defacement or will you have the restoration? I am well persuaded that if I could by a touch of heavenly pathos in two minutes put before you what has been done to save your soul, there would be an emotional tide overwhelming.

"Mamma," said a little child to her mother, when she was being put to bed at night; "mamma, what makes your hand so scarred and twisted and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night after I had put you to bed I heard a cry, a shriek upstairs. I came up and found the bed was on fire, and you were on fire, and I took hold of you and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off and trying to put you away I burned my hand, and it has been scarred and twisted ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand." But I got that, my child, in trying to save you."

O man, woman, I wish to-day I could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the fire, burned in snatching you away from the flame. Ay, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart—burned for you. "By his stripes ye are healed."

All Watches to Agree.

Very unique and original is the scheme advanced by Signor Marconi, a young and illustrious inventor of the system of wireless telegraphy. There is every likelihood that in the future an individual walking through the streets of a large city will realize that his watch is keeping the best of time—that is, without any attention from himself, is being synchronized and forced to record the proper time with absolute accuracy. At present a regulating clock in Washington automatically synchronizes clocks in other cities, but this will not be necessary in the light of this new invention, to utilize wires of any description or to depend upon a mechanism which can only affect it through the medium of a metallic conductor.

The new system of projecting ether waves through the air to points eight miles distant will really inclose a large city within a magic circle. Those moving within it carrying watches designed so that the announcement that somebody need never concern themselves about the mainspring, hairspring, gear, wheels or lack of adjustment in any part, because the rays proceeding from a central source will govern their timepiece and keep it in perfect accord with the original electric chronometer. The office boy plodding to his temple of sorrow cannot excuse himself by saying that the clock was slow. People hurrying to a train cannot set their watches ahead, but will have to hurry harder than ever, and those departments of the commercial world in which time plays an important part will realize that it passes for all alike, and the word "late" may, under this new and valuable training, be stricken from the English language as useless and obsolete.—Philadelphia Record.

The Mark of Intelligence.

That we live in an age of reform is one of the ever-present facts that faces intelligence. To define the fine line that separates mere change from reform is difficult. Some of us go through life with the feeling that all things of the past are bad, are unfit up to the standard of the knowledge of to-day, so that we are prepared to revise and throw aside every opinion. Every new idea is accepted as an advance. Change is not always progress, nor discoveries the mile-stone, the trade-marks of knowledge. All that is valuable in the increase of knowledge simplifies living. Living becomes an art, the perfection of which ceases only at the grave, so that the whole of life is cumulative. To master the knowledge that brings God into closer relation, that makes life not a period of suffering but a period of acquisition, of health and happiness; to make health the normal condition of every soul born in this world is to make visible the divinity in man that is his crown of glory. This is possible only as the new builds on the old. Construction, not destruction, is the mark of progress. Cumulation not annihilation, is the secret of spiritual growth; whether for the individual or the nation. The mastery of the past is possible only when wisdom sits enthroned. Change is not, then, the impulse of the moment, but the silent growth of the passing days, unheralded, but known by the fine impulse that makes for better things.

To Drive a Needle Through a Copper Coin.

"An apparent mechanical impossibility may be accomplished by simple means, using a copper cent, and a cork, with a common cambric needle as accessories," says the magician Harry Kellar, describing "How I Do My Tricks" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Announce that you will drive a small needle through a coin, and you will be ready to accept your statement, yet it is very simple and any one can do it. Take a copper coin, place it upon two small blocks of wood, leaving a very narrow open space between the blocks. Now, having selected a good, sound cork, force the needle through it until the point just appears at the other end. Break off the portion of the head of the needle showing above the top of the cork. Place the cork upon the coin and strike it a fair, smart blow with a hammer. The needle will be driven entirely through the penny by a single blow."

Charity of Speech.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things are as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges. Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgments, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

The Bank of Hamilton has opened a branch at Manitou, Manitoba.

Grand Trunk securities are higher. Cables from London quoted the 4 per cent. guaranteed stock at 67½.

The bank clearings for Winnipeg for the week ending Nov. 26th were: Clearings, $2,883,357; balances, $619,8..

The stock of wheat at Toronto is 38,413 bushels as against 50,851 bushels last week and 236,313 bushels a year ago.

The wheat markets are stronger. The statistical position is strong, and the gossip favors higher prices. The contract wheat in Chicago is only 2,029,000 bushels.

The weather has been against the anthracite coal market, and stove has continued to sell at about $4 net in New York harbor, which is 35 cents below the official circular. Demand was small.

The movement of grain in Ontario has been curtailed of late in consequence of bad condition of country roads. The demand for white oats is less urgent for export, and the quotations are now 23 to 23½ high freights.

The visible supply of grain in the United States and Canada increased 735,000 bushels during the week, and the total is 32,708,000 bushels, against 56,971,000 bushels a year ago. The amount afloat to Europe increased 16,000 bushels and the total is 30,320,000 bushels as against 32,160,000 bushels a year ago. Combined the total is 63,028,000 bushels as against 92,121,000 bushels a year ago, a decrease of 29,103,000 bushels.

Montreal advices indicate somewhat of a lull in the business activity that has of late prevailed, but an interim of comparative quiet is only natural and seasonable after the rush of getting off goods by last river boats and before winter rail freights went into effect. Retail dry goods business in the country seems relatively better than in the city, and mail sorting orders are still coming in in fair number.

The holiday has interfered somewhat with the movement of merchandise at Toronto this week. A large number of travellers returned from their trips on Wednesday, and the volume of business consequently was curtailed. Country roads too, are breaking up, and the movement of produce has not been as large as usual. City trade, however, has been fairly active, and the outlook continues satisfactory. Prices are firm all around. The stock of wheat is diminishing, and the surplus remaining at the end of the season will be small. Still higher prices are confidently expected in the near future.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

Here and There.

A good round steak makes a square meal.

The wise man knows he doesn't know it all.

A good strong bank draft is the thing to raise the dust.

Do birds use their pin-feathers for fastening the others on?

Children have to be taught to lie just as they do to tell the truth.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Why, the coroner, of course.

A sparring entertainment is sure of being attended by two box parties, at least.

The cycle racer who wipes out all previous records might also be called an eraser.

The brightest light isn't always the pleasantest. Neither is the brightest person.

A Slick Actor.

After the old railroad detective had laughed to himself till general attention was attracted, he proceeded to explain: "That cuss was the finest actor and the quickest witted fellow I ever met in all my experience. You all remember the big Ashtabula disaster. Well, I was lucky enough to kick loose and get on solid ground among the first.

"Just as I was hurrying to the assistance of some of those fellows who were pinned in, I saw this fellow walk rapidly away from the wreck, as straight as a gun barrel and without a limp. Suddenly he throw up his hands, fell forward and set up the awfulest shrieking I ever heard come from a human being. He attracted to himself every one of us that should have been working to save those in such imminent peril. Women knelt and tried to soothe him. Men brought water and tried to place him in the most comfortable position; but there was not a break or a let up in his terrible yelling. I spoke sharply to him several times but nothing would stop him. On the relief train and to the hospital he kept whooping it up.

"No sooner was the fellow quieted down than he had a lawyer called and began a suit for heavy damages. This hurry made me suspicious and I took the attending physician into my confidence. Not a bone was broken, there was not a cut or a bruise, but it was just possible that there might be an internal injury. I wouldn't believe it and induced the doctor to give the patient a strong electric shock without warning. When it was done the rascal sprang out of bed as from a red hot stove, hustled into his clothes and never stopped running till he reached a saloon. The whole thing was a bluff for damages."

THE WOMAN IN GRAY.

"I've a story to tell you, sir, that may perhaps throw light upon a mystery of which you have written much and which thousands have wondered at, and all have failed to solve the mystery of the woman in gray. Who is she, from whence did she come, where did she go and why her mystery?"

So much like an ancient mariner spoke an old man as he drew a police reporter aside from a crowd to a bench in a dingy corridor of the Four Courts. His hair was white and long, and his face was wrinkled and very pale. A flowing white beard overspread his hollow chest. His eyes were bright, almost sparkling. His form was bent, and he leaned upon a staff. He was well clad and seemed drawn to the uncanny surroundings by some spirit of old association, which also made him reminiscent.

"From words that I have just overheard I know you, sir, and I want to tell you this story. Don't ask me for names and dates and places, for, after all, the lives are the same no matter where, how or by whom they are lived. Men and women are not creatures of names, times or places, but they are only creatures of love, disappointment, joy, grief and pain. Men are not loved, hated or honored for the time, place or name under which they live. Neither do men cease with their time or place, but extinctus amabitur idem.

"I have seen three generations of men in manhood, the first in St. Louis years ago, and the latter two in an eastern city where my home is. In that eastern city I learned the story I am about to relate to you.

"It was not many years ago that I know them—the persons whom my story concerns. They were three. The central figure in that trio was a beautiful young girl, about 20 years old when she came into the story I am about to tell. She was richly endowed with womanly grace and worldly wealth. She was not from St. Louis, but she traced her ancestry to the founders of the city and was bound by ties of blood to families still represented here and honored for their lineage.

"She lived in an eastern city. There she knew and loved an artist. The tender passion was returned, and but for one thing all was well and propitious with their love. The artist was a genius, his devotion to his art being second only to his devotion to the young woman whom he loved. His work was much sought after. There was a peculiar sameness about all his pictures, however. He had a hobby in art, always affecting the sombre in tints. The gray of November landscapes was a passion with him. He carried this taste into a pet name for his fiancee, for when he petted her he called her his 'little gray mouse.' She liked the pet name, for she was but a timid, clinging child of love.

"The one thing that disturbed the happiness of these two was the foolish jealousy of the artist lover. The object of this jealousy was a young man of fortune and leisure, who was a friend of the pair. He knew of their love and secretly regarded it, but he did love the young woman. He concealed his love, always conducting himself as a friend of the two, and nothing more. He did not know that he was the innocent cause of frequent outbursts of jealous accusations by the ardent artist against his sweetheart. The girl always passionately avowed her love for the artist and declared the other man to be but a friend.

"The artist and his fiancee were accustomed to frequently visit art exhibits together. One gray afternoon they went to a large art museum. She was clad in gray. For hours they loitered before the pictures. At last the young woman complained of weariness and wanted to sit down to rest.

"'Come into the next department, and you can rest while I look at the pictures there,' he suggested.

"'No, I am going to rest right here,' she said, just a bit pettishly, as she found an easy chair, and she would not go with him. He left her saying that he would be back soon.

"He had scarcely gone before the mutual friend of the pair happened along and stopped for a moment to chat with the woman whom he loved, but to whom, for honor's sake, he would not declare his love. He soon passed on and left her to wait for the artist whom he envied and whom she loved devotedly.

"The artist never came. The young woman waited until the dusk had fallen. As the moments wore on her heart began to smite her, and then came a sense of sickening fear and then a flow of tears. She searched the gallery. He was not there. Suddenly a look of horror came into her eyes and with it the inward questions "Did he come back? Did he see Vernon speaking with me, and did he go away forever?" At last the gallery closed. The woman in gray was driven to her home, hoping yet that he would come to her.

"The evening passed and the artist did not come. The next morning the young woman was in a raging fever, delirious, constantly calling for her absent lover. At last she recovered but was never the same woman. The artist never returned. As frequently happens in great cities, he had disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up.

"The woman, now grown almost to middle age, still searches for him quietly and mysteriously. The habit of visiting large gatherings, especially art exhibits, has grown upon her until it has become a mania. She goes to these places always clad in gray. She glides about as though possessed of the spirit of mystery. In her eyes there is always that look of an awakening question powerful and awful, repelling all questions from those who would be curious. 'Did he see Vernon speaking with me, and did he go away forever?' This woman in gray has always been a mystery wherever she has gone, but none has ever learned her story from her lips. Her lips are closed, but her heart speaks.

"'No, don't ask me for names or dates, for her secret is sacred and it would be a sacrilege to reveal it,' said the old man. 'When death shall come and eternity shall bring light to her clouded brain, she may fearn the mystery of that sombre afternoon, or perhaps in her wandering faithful search she may find the lost artist and dispel his jealousy by the story of her devotion.'

And the old man turned away from a dazed auditor.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Got the Marble Heart.

A sad case has come to light. A young gentleman of New Orleans recently proposed bringing a damage suit against the board of health. He had engaged himself by correspondence to marry a girl whom he had never seen. He sent her his photograph several days ago and when she got it, after the zealous fumigating clerks had got in their work, his eyes were punched out, his nose and ears perforated and the likeness left represented a Zulu warrior. The girl gave him the marble heart.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Canadian Home Journal.

The December number of The Canadian Home Journal is particularly interesting and well and profusely illustrated. The cover and first two pages are devoted to the town of Barrie, Ont. It is prettily sketched, and gives eleven beautiful views of the town and surrounding scenery.

In the fancy work page are illustrations and directions for a complete set of table linen in holly design, any or all of which would be most suitable for handsome Christmas gifts, and any piece of which can be obtained through the Journal.

There is a quaintly written poem, covering a full page, by William Van Buren Thompson, entitled "Jane," elaborately and artistically illustrated by Paul Caron. And possibly most important of the Journal's contents is a page on the newly organized Canada Club, which, as the idea unfolds in each number of the Journal, will be of special interest to every Canadian woman. The current issue also contains some receipts for delicious candies, with full directions how to make them at home; a page by Mrs. Joy on the Christmas dinner menu; Christmas stories and games for the children; the latest fashions in midwinter furs and gowns; three pages of music, and a number of other interesting articles, all beautifully illustrated.

RHEUMATISM.

No One Need Suffer.

Mrs. L. G. Pratt, a clever nurse in Cleveland, writes that: "After being troubled by very painful attacks of rheumatism in the shoulder for over ten years I tried a bottle of your Trask's Magnetic Ointment. For two years I had been unable to raise my arm, but after two thorough applications my shoulder was entirely cured, and I can not speak highly enough in its praise." Since then she has used it for others in her capacity as nurse.

This ointment penetrates the frame, permeates the inflamed tissues with its soothing, healing qualities, takes out the soreness completely and leaves the muscles and joints in their proper healthy condition. Twenty-five and fifty cents a bottle. Francis U. Kahle, 127 Bay street, Toronto.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

Training a Husband.

Bumper is a rough old bear and his daughter inherited some of his disposition. He loves to tell how she trained her husband, whose ways did not meet with her approval, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Why that fellow," the old gentleman says with a laugh that is a roar, "had no more gumption than to think he could carry on just as though he had no wife to please. I knew better from the start, but I knew that she could take care of herself and half a dozen like him. He smoked cigarettes in the parlor, just as though he was in his bachelor quarters. She put in her protest, and he declared that he hadn't surrendered any of his personal rights when he married her. Now she's not a girl to go into tantrums or set up a howl. But the very next time he had a few friends in there blowing cigarette smoke through their noses, she glided in gracefully, took a seat, threw one little foot over the other on an ottoman, and let one of those same little coffin nails... He was mortified and on his high horse, but I could have told him just how much good that would do him. She played the game till she made him quit. Then he got to staying at the club till the wee hours. She enlisted me; we managed to get home one morning at 4; he didn't see me, she would give him no satisfaction and he just begged of her to remain at home with him after that. You bet she'll keep his toes on the mark."

KIDNEY WARNING.

A Score of Symptoms Tell the Victim that Kidney Disorders have Fastened Themselves on Him—South American Kidney Cure is the Potent Remedy.

A simple backache, or a little pain in the kidney region, may cause you no alarm, but it is one of the never-failing signs of kidney disease, and to neglect the warning may mean the deep seating of that most insidious of diseases which puts more people in an untimely grave than all other causes combined. South American Kidney Cure relieves in six hours, and cures permanently.

The One Motive.

The religion of Christ is not a law, but a spirit—not a creed, but a life. To this one motive of love God has entrusted the whole work of winning the souls of his redeemed. The heart of man was made for love—pants and pines for it; only in the love of Christ, and not in restrictions, can his soul expand. Now it was reserved for one to pierce, with the glance of intuition, down into the springs of human action, and to proclaim the simplicity of its machinery. "Love," said the apostle after Him, "love is the fulfilling of the law."

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and it is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

For Slender Women.

Columns of conflicting advice have been written from time to time for the benefit of women who wish to get thin, and, as it is not enough for the woman who desires to put on a little extra flesh to draw her conclusions from the reverse side of the fleshy woman's instructions, she is coming in for a goodly share of counsel, too, which is all excellent in a way, but the regime of exercise and diet which is advised for perfect development from the standard of too much or too little flesh is usually an absorbing process which leaves very little time for other things and the average woman soon wearies of it if she has the courage to attempt it at all. The simple recipe, "Eat vegetables and plenty of butter, drink milk, sweet wine and stout, take cod-liver oil, go to bed early, sleep a little during each day, and laugh as much as possible," will often help the thin woman immensely. Cream may be substituted for the cod-liver oil, if preferred.

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

She Knew the Speech.

"Matilda," fervently exclaimed the love-lorn youth, "I can no longer endure this suspense and uncertainty. I must know my fate this night. For months I have carried your image in my heart. You have been the—the—"

"The lodestar of your existence, and the Ultima Thule of all your hopes, Mr. Clugston," suggested Matilda, observing that the young man hesitated.

"Why, how did you know what I was going to say?" he demanded in astonishment.

"I got it from Lulu Bilderback and Mary Jane Wheelhouse," replied Matilda. "It's the same thing you said to them; I can repeat the whole speech, Mr. Clugston."

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

His Reason.

"Why, Frankie," said his mother, "what are you reading in that book about bringing up children?"

"I'm just looking to see whether I'm being properly brought up."

A Useful Present.

Mrs. Jobbs—What on earth is that?

Mr. Jobbs—That, my dear, is a barometer—a present from our son at college.

"Oh, I've heard of them. Isn't the dear boy thoughtful! Which way do we screw it when we want the weather to be fine?"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid; and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before